

Cry

Guru

Cry, what up? What up? What up?
I got them 5 dolla Baldhead Slick CD's
What up? What up? Come and get 'em
Yo come here, come here man, yo
Didn't, didn't I say, didn't I tell you
Not to come around here with that shit
Huh, get down

Yo I keep my enemies close, now I'm ready to squeeze
Watch 'em all cry and make 'em get on they knees
Cry, cry, I want you to cry
Yes, I want you to get on your knees and cry

Get on your knees and cry, you know the reason why
You ungrateful motherfucker, can't believe you lied
You tried to fake me snake me 'cuz my heart is good
I knew you would, you played the role as hard as you could

Revenge is my ammo, black whip, tinted windows
Relentless is my wrath, we in the mix like chemicals
Why I'm actin' that way? 'Cuz this ain't back in the days
Still hold a grudge, old man thug about to blast you away

I'll straggle ya plot, effortlessly with one thought
This is way past gun talk, so many blocks I done rocked
You didn't know that I was thorough, didn't you?
5 Boroughs of crews, I'm 'bout to bury you dudes

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Yo, look me in the eye and explain to me why
That I should let things slide, we used to be on the same side
Now it's all twisted and we no longer kick it
You had your chance to advance with me, bitch, you missed it

It's too late to beg or plead, too late for apologies
Stop leavin' messages, word, stop calling me
See, I got a nice little treat for you
I'ma make it crazy tough in these streets for you
I don't wanna hear nothin' 'cuz I called your bluff
You call yourself buck, my click'll flip and fuck you up

Punks that don't know me, think I'm mellow and calm
But my peeps they know, I'm wild, gully and slightly gone
Yo, stupid, you 'bout to catch the whole can of this
Whoop ass, you shook fast, you shit your pants on this
I'm never losin' mine, I don't feel like doin' time
But I still ain't gonna have nobody foolin' with mine

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Anger management, yeah, I probably need that
You feelin' my feedback, just stay down on your knees, cat
You quiet, that's 'cuz you afraid of dying
Afraid of losin' yo' head when my lead start flying

You can't be serious, try to fuck with my career in this
A 100 soldiers every city, you suckers can't come near da click
I don't even got the time for the likes of you
So what I'd like to do is finish weirdos like you

Just for schemin', boy, you coulda made it but you hated
So now, you gon' find out that the pain is excruciating
So fuck what you be sayin' 'cuz nobody heard
This is a dirty game, I'm takin' all your chips, that's my word

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