

And now with no further adue

Allow me to introduce first Crackavelli The Boss has gotten worse  
(ha ha)

Don't get the paremedic get a hurse Pull up to the hole, put that bit  
ch off in reverse I try to murder 'em with every verse I've done a mi  
llion shows never rehersed it comes natural, I'm a natural, you're a  
casual Tee if you even think about F\* \*\*in' with me

I've came time and Time again and again off the top of the mind i did  
n't require a pen

I only wrote when it was premeditated a mad man lniitic, don't get me  
agravated

Hits that I've walked straghter and never hesitated

Afiliated related somehow assosiated with the greatest that ever play  
ed in my city dawg I used to want my peice of the pie now i want it a  
ll

I useeta just want now i want your's

Catch 'em at red lights

Kick in they F\* \*\*in' doors

Make 'em get on the floor and tell ya where it's at

And when they ask who sent ya

Tell 'em Big Stak mak

[repeat]

It ain't even safe to have your kids in the car 'cause these fakers k  
now you paid and they know where you are and where you live at, what  
kind of

Life is that motion censors and gaurd dogs, these people got gaurds d  
awg

I swear to God I'm not runnin' tell 'em commin' if they commin'

Stop al they Gum bampin' Know i'm dumpin' on somethin'

And leavin' empty rounds all over the ground, you can say one thing

But Stak, I put it down

I held Tennessee down on the west coast

When you don't go no further left without being in the ocean

Time Squire, Been there thinkin' of Young Buck, Pete Gates and Mac Nai  
r

I swear on everything holy to me the only way to stop me is by puttin'  
' holes through me

Ya hoes to me, I ain't scared nereone of ya'll and you gonna F\* \*\* ar  
ound and make my people burry one a ya'll

We can start a label an call body snatchers be the reason they don't  
show up at the party after the show, man i don't need no extra doe, y  
ou ain; t trin' ta get robed for your necklece hoe

(ha ha)

These rappers with dimonds and lexas' lookin' a lot like lunches and  
breakfastes'

Yo Ima have to pay my light bill regaurdless

Thus explainin why I'm heartless

(Haa Ha)

7 Albums, Hunderd thousands, Local rapped 'em outa town 'em  
Hit 'em hard every swing, reputaition's everything  
Never came fake or fronted  
Gave cash villians what they wanted  
Anthems, bangers heated sh\*t  
Imataters Eat a D\*\*k  
This the the click that started the whole Sh\*t, who you really though  
t you was playin' with Bitch  
We keep 'em commin', Street Flavor, Murder you with a strap for a pei  
ce of paper  
Stop now? F\* \*k Naw, F\* \*k Stak? F\* \*k Ya'll.  
Stop the presses call the Florest they sya he's his pronasouras.

[Chorus x2]  
(ha ha)