

WOLVES

III Bill

Take your colors off you can walk through with civilians
(Go) soldiers are gonna come down on ya'
Now take off your colors... Hey, you hear me?
Fuck you
We're marchin' down to the next station, right through these lame fucks territory

I'm about to body somethin' you probably frontin' (Get 'em)
Look around nigga, ain't nobody comin'
Your whole crew ran on you, left your ass
Now you the only nigga here that's left to blast
You fucked up now homie, you gon' get it nigga
Tryin' to cop a plea? Nah, I ain't with it nigga
Over there, that was the last stop
And when you crossed (Steelware Ave) that was the last cop you'll see for the rest of your stay (Facts)
It ain't gon' be long anyway
If you hesitate, ooh, we'll make you levitate
You a featherweight, lookin' like you never ate
My wolves are starvin', chewin' on a leather steak
Uh! And you lookin' like a three-course-meal
Clap you up then the heat's tossed up here
It's on your bitch with the meat sauce and cheddar
Nigga we do this shit for real

The Wolves is out
You better tuck in your jewels
'Cause niggas come around here and get fuckin' abused
The Wolves is out
You better call it a night
'Cause once the sun goes down it's FUCK YOUR LYFE
The Wolves is out
You better act like you ready
'Cause we'll pop your face off and chop you up with machetes
The Wolves is out
Shit is deadly
Don't fuck with the goons
Bloody fangs howlin' at the moon

I'm about to body somethin' you probably full of shit, fucko
I'm Suge Knight in the truck though, the utmost respect
Expectin' no question marks, accept the motherfuck your life
I'mma educate you what death is
Take your last breath bitch, gaspin' for air
The MAC's the last thing you hear when it clap in your ear
Semi-automatic salutes, automatic applause
The hammer falls, funeral songs, caskets for (y'all)
Gun shows, serial numbers we scratchin' em off
Big black barrels, my whore's more ratchet than yours
My hookers have more hollows to swallow your soul
When they hit the stroll everythin' in they path implodes
You should've, could've, would've escaped
If I ain't murder you right now
You could've been videotaped and raped
You should've, could've, would've been a contender
Fuck outta here, chop you up like worm food in the blender

The Wolves is out
You better tuck in your jewels
'Cause niggas come around here and get fuckin' abused
The Wolves is out
You better call it a night
'Cause once the sun goes down it's FUCK YOUR LYFE
The Wolves is out
You better act like you ready
'Cause we'll pop your face off and chop you up with machetes
The Wolves is out
Shit is deadly
Don't fuck with the goons
Bloody fangs howlin' at the moon

Y'all ain't left me no choice other than the murder route
Always with a rack (Iraq) like I pulled a fuckin' turban out
I'm shaky all the time and I'm nervous because my nerves is out
Somebody should pass me some pills or pour me some Bourbon out
Free yourself of the Djinn, let all of the curses out
The bullets travel everywhere, inside of the earth and out
I been burnin' candles at both ends, I'm burnin' out
Word to Mother, I will spray the block and bring the hearses out
Y'all ain't got a fuckin' army, B-you barely holdin'
All my guns is black and compact, Gary Coleman
I died, then I came back, that was a scary moment
Many recalled Lord, but few are rarely chosen
I got a son to feed and I ain't tryna waste time
That's why I keep the four-pound tucked inside the waste-line
But I would never take somethin' if it ain't mine
Slit your fuckin' throat in front of wifey while you Facetime

The Wolves is out
You better tuck in your jewels
'Cause niggas come around here and get fuckin' abused
The Wolves is out
You better call it a night
'Cause once the sun goes down it's FUCK YA LYFE
The Wolves is out (Yeah)
You better act like you ready
'Cause we'll pop your face off and chop you up with machetes
The Wolves is out
Shit is deadly
Don't fuck with the goons
Bloody fangs howlin' at the moon