

# 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

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'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  
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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