

Armed & Dangerous

King Von

(Ch-Ch-Ch-Chopsquad)

Police steady watchin' me, every day they clockin' me

Huh? What?

Every day they clockin' me

(ChopsquadDJ on the beat so it's a banger)

Police steady watchin' me, every day they clockin' me

Red alert, armed and dangerous, I keep that Glock on me (Boom, boom)

And I ain't lookin' for no trouble, I'm just lookin' out for me (Nah)

'Cause I done did shit, them niggas ain't talkin' 'bout no rappin' be ef (What?)

Boy, I'm talkin' tragedies (Yeah), massacres (Yeah), casualties (Huh?)

Shit that I can't even remember, bet they remember me (Yeah)

Shit that happened late in December, I bring that winter heat (Yeah, what, huh?)

Niggas dyin' the whole October, the real Halloween (Boom, boom)

Back to back funerals, it's them or us, it's him or me

Don't get booked 'cause ain't no bond money, we doin' this shit for free (Nah)

If he told then that ain't my homie, that lil' nigga weak (What?)

If I miss, ain't goin' to sleep, I'm in the streets, we play for keeps (Huh, huh, what? Boom)

2011, August 11th, R.I.P. Odee (Damn)

August 9th, two days before, I turned seventeen (Damn)

Twenty-one to forty-five, I'm like what the fuck that mean? (What?)

You fightin' an armed robbery, shorty, that's what they offerin (Damn)

My lil' brother gettin' big, my uncle got that cough again

He been smokin' crack since I was born, that monkey stalkin' him

I used to stay up late at granny crib just to talk to him

When I was locked up, God knocked on his door and told him walk with him (Damn)

Back to this drillin' shit (Huh?)

Sosa started rappin' now the war goin' viral (Huh, huh? Yeah, yeah)

Boy, this bitch crackin' (What?, boom)

Boy, they ass lackin' (Boom)

Hit they block twice, a lot of boomin', no jammin' (Boom, huh? What, what, what?)

His mama pop out like, "Oh goddamn, what happened?"

This the type of shit happen, the life of a savage (Boom, boom, boom)

You ain't right, you get left, you slipped up, you ain't havin' (Yeah, yeah, huh, boom)

Not your blood, or your cuz, you my son, I'm your daddy (Huh, huh, huh, what?)

(You my son, I'm your daddy)

Police steady watchin' me, every day they clockin' me (Damn)

Red alert, armed and dangerous, I keep that Glock on me (Boom, boom)

And I ain't lookin' for no trouble, I'm just lookin' out for me (Nah)

'Cause I done did shit, them niggas ain't talkin' 'bout no rappin' be

ef (Nah, nah)

Boy, I'm talkin' tragedies (Yeah), massacres (Yeah), casualties (Huh?)

Shit that I can't even remember, bet they remember me (Huh, huh, huh, yeah)

Shit that happened late in December, I bring that winter heat (Huh? Huh? Boom)

Niggas dyin' the whole October, the real Halloween (Boom, boom, boom, boom-boom)