## **Drama Lord**

Billy Danzini is known to the world as a drama lord Beat more bodies than Mr. Gotti, so I'm not a fraud If you're clever, then you can put 2 and 2 together Real niggas do real things, so that mean whatever You was warned before you came So I ain't to blame for your ass being torn out the frame I get nuts off whenever beef occur All I'm askin ya, is, are you ready for the massacre? If you want it, then you can get it, homes What you fail to realize, is, Danzenie is not alone Come with your boys and roll with force No need for your vest, cause I ain't in it for your chestboard Tell my peoples that's real: Get your steel Nigga slipped up, so grip up and meet me on the hill Lil' Fame (Whatever) Ruff is with it Shaq, call for Bang and tell him to bring the thang-thang Danzenie will never have it, that's why I keep my automatic In case I run into some static Search all night, lookin for the gun fight Troopin from dust to dawn, ready to get it on Creep through the town, checkin out the scene Index finger on the trigger of my serve machine So don't ever harass me, or put nothin past me Cause you'll be the next when I blast, gee Bust caps back at your mac, and clap, this is the proper applause For Billy Danzenie, the drama lord

Which one of you bitch niggas is ready to start static? Who want it (I want it) Slap, let him have it! Clack-clack-pow, buck him down somethin sweet Cave in his chest, put him to rest on the concrete M.O.P.'s ready to hurt a muthafucka Bustin a nigga down with the Brownsville Sluggers Punk niggas game, and I spot it When I pack out my joint muthafuckas say: "You got it!" Once it's on nobody play fight Shit jump off, and I pump that ass off broad daylight Instead of a nigga hurtin me first I put that shit in reverse and put that ass in a hearse Though guys come with it and get it Whenever I got my heat, man I bring the beef like the meat man Put him away, send his ass to Jesus Put his ass to sleep, let him rest in pieces Me and my peoples got all types of gats 12-guage shot guns, Tec-9 nines, and Macs 4-pounds and tray-deuce, and a .44 bulldog To set it off and let the dogs loose Put up your shit and we can rumble But if I'm in double trouble Then I'ma bust a nigga like a bubble See, the niggas that I roll with, they don't run Niggas use every muthafuckin bullet in a gun Son, we'll bring the terror to your territory Pump em up, dump em off, and after that go get a 40 Word to mama, when it's drama I send em to the morgue Niggas can't stand the reign of Lil' Fame, Sponzor: www.srounavas.cz-vyberte si pojištění online!