

Cenobite, you know!

Dirt's the essence to the earth
What's a blessing to a curse?
I'm not confessing, what you heard?
A calm collective, in a herd
With the dogs that ruff and they bark at wolfs, don't you start with us
You can't march with us, we depart from the bus
Guns popping like pus, boy I wish you would
You want to, but you can't
I come through with the gang
I run through with that thang

1-2, 1-2-3

1-2, 1-2-3

A hundred g's (A hunnit)
Too much cheese (Stuntin')
All of these (You want it)
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Way way back from the start
We in the trap or the boulevard
We was moving the pack, with our hearts
We don't relax, we work hard
Zip-zap, hit you by a far
Get back, moving in the car
Big racks, stacking like a chart
Click, clack, shootin' to the stars

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I'm bugging, I'm bugging
A dozen of hundreds
I'm dubbing, I'm dubbing
Like it isn't nothing
I'm running, I'm running
I wasn't gon' fumble it
I'm jumping, I'm jumping
As soon as I'm coming in
Get it 'til you fall
Kicking on the wall
Whipping in the car

You ain't with it, nah
You gonna call the law
Switching when you call
Stitches for y'all
Pistols for y'all
Digits I count
Biggest amount
Flip it to two
Get it renewed
And then, I'm out
Get it right now
It's done, it's over
We run him over
The guns will blow us
It sung before us

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