

Farragut Road

Non Phixion

It's B.K. kids, count the D.O.A. enforcers
When mauve goose come off with G's runnin the horses
It's only right I come rhythm and weapons
Ghetto slime and Stetsons, militant like Waco, Texas
Section shot apart from rhymes that are gun-smart
And PJ sparks like a swing cloth, with metal off
Cock D and drug pump like the mescaline
To my left, is the drug version of Billy Madison
Rocks with sling, women diets like Mabel King
It's a Medina thing, fat knots or chicken wings
Eat my ass if you want somethin
Fuck the frontin, cause goons own lyrics like David Ruffin
Welfare since birth, speak earth
Morbid tales bout cats in jail, hangin rap kings with rusty nai
ls
Five bloods, one trash, fallouts and ghetto war
Peace to PJ's, Adrian Brothers, take the board