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Gangsta Gri-Zillz!
Shout to VA!
Yeah, uh-huh
Shout my nigga Chad Hugo!
На
Rob Walker, what up?
Aphilliates, nigga! Pay attention!
Ayo, yo
Water's boiling, the rocks is coiling
That desire inside of you is far from dormant (Gangsta!)
Water's boiling, the rocks is coiling
That desire inside of you is far from- (It's Gangsta Grillz, yo
u bastards! Ill!)
Water's boiling, the rocks is coiling
That desire inside of you is far from dormant
You only hear the smoke when you cross these lines
Up early in the mornin' like it's coffee time (Gangsta Gri-
Zillz!)
We got the sharpest mind like we porcupines
Cross me in the desert and you'll see his eagle
Ain't no referee, and there ain't no free throws
It's all illegal, diet períco
My fans smoke it up 'til they the size of Smeagol
Look at my hands, I'm the Lord of the Rings
Musical cocaine brought me all these things
Some nod, some bob, some throw up, some sing
The Ill visual, I keep the watch visible
But it's set invisible so you'll think that I'm kidding you
It's there, but it's not there-you think that I'm shitting you
You see it, but you can't believe it, so it's killing you
The 9-11 got the right chrome selected
Now it's looking just like a bullfrog, pregnant
It don't hop; yeah, it drop
Call me "David Blaine" and ask me where is the top
Or ask this young nigga what it's like to ride in jets
Daytime, it leave smoke like a backwards cigarette
At nightime, it look like it's just been lit, I bet
My set is when my thumb is rubbing my index
Your girl told me to tell you something right before she lick
You wanna know what she said?
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