

# Conversations With The Devil

Ramirez

MTM, hit 'em with the heat

Throw my burners inside of the bush so I don't get caught  
Get the fuck from 'round me 'fore I cock my hammer, unload the Glock  
Coming out the Benz, steadily moving weight, 'cause the hustle don't stop  
I'm coming to win and all of my niggas be gunning, shooting for the top  
Inside of the cocaine, Bimmer pushing it up yo lane  
Didn't have no daddy, so my uncle made me soak up his game  
I keep it a hundred 'cause my word is bond, in the hood, it don't change  
Coming up from nothing, hustling for my money, now I'm gripping grain  
I'm beating it down yo' block  
Setting up another shop  
Gotta watch out for these opps  
Call the block, it's fucking hot  
Putting money inside my sock  
Watching all of my bitches flock  
Nickel and dime me busta  
Then I promise that your body drop

Bitch, I'm snatching chain, blowing brain, I do my thang, ho  
Looking at the devil in his face, I'm just a psycho  
Creepin' on the come up, so you know I got my lights low  
Talking all that anna, but you gon' taste all this ammo  
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Coming up out the bushes with a red dot  
I'm aiming to kill  
Pushing a pill, with this steel  
Pointing my pocket rocket to your grill  
Fuck how you feel  
Bringing the Ruckus, ain't no time to sleep  
Freddy Krueger with no patience  
Slit yo' throat and let you bleed  
You want gunplay?  
Let them nuns pray  
But I promise you that this ain't what you want, mane  
I'm off that Novocaine  
Smoking propane  
Hit 'em in the fucking chest and see the blood drain  
I'm a kick door pro  
Me want all the smoke  
Kick into yo' momma house with my .44  
Bullet shells tap dancing all on the floor  
Bring me all the static, 'cause Gorilla want some more

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