

Sarcophagus II

Ramirez

Point me a tone, right, point me a tone, right
Point me a tone, right dead at ya dome, fool
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Point me a tone, right dead at ya dome, fool
Easy come, easy go (Run that shit, mane...)
Easy come, easy go
\$ui, \$ui, \$scarecrow, \$ui
\$scarecrow, \$ui, \$ui, Grey
'Bout to fucking-

Run up on a fucking pussy, kill him like nobody love 'em
Grabbin' the shovel, wrap him in bubbles
Schizophrenic lunatic, cold-hearted motherfucker
Run your mouth, bitch, run your mouth
All these fuckin' rappers front, talking shit behind your back
They shake your hand, then hit the blunt
You see the difference with me?
I grew up with the Gs in the West Bank streets
Running drugs up on my bike when I was just thirteen
Every day another fight, but I was scared to bleed
You beat my ass? You better kill me, I'll return with the fleet
Cut 'em gun 'em down and nothing beat the case in a week
If nobody do no snitching, they ain't got shit on me
Murder, murder, mo' murder, mo'-
Walking free, (Murda) while you dead (Murda) covered up in a sheet, bitch (M
o' murda)

Pull up with' da motherfuckin' Tec, pull up with' da motherfuckin' Mac
Pull up with' da motherfucking sack full of green
What you mean you ain't gon' smoke this shit with me?
I smack a rapper with the backhand, then tell him to get his own P
What you know about me, hoe? Grey is what I be
I got Ramirez in the cut, and he stay ready to cut, yeah bitch
I got Christ in the cut with the shotty pumpin' and ducking
I got Navi, I got Blackout, I got SixFo, I got Stunna
Now what the fuck you wanna do? I just gotta call up a number

Think about a murder, reppin' triple six is unheard of
Stalking through the fuckin' night, and killin' these bustas
So, what's heard of?
\$lick is grippin' on the Mossberg, Oddy on the Tec-9
Run ya mouth, I'll bust your spine and end your motherfuckin' life
Got these bodies floating where the river turns grey
Fuckin' with the *59? The bullets from my new robbery gettin' sprayed
Suckin', duckin', grippin' on my motherfucking tone
Punch you in the fucking face, stab ya brain with your nose bone

Point me a tone right
Point me a tone right
Point me a tone right dead at ya dome fool
Point me a tone right dead at ya dome fool
Easy come, easy go, easily I shoot you hoe
Point me a tone right
Point me a tone right

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