

## 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, \$carecrow, \$ui  
\$carecrow, \$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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