

Plug Addicts

RZA

(Yeah, uh)

Plug addicts, they love rappin' with me
Zombie gang my regime
We duck the traffic of D's
So I'm chasing the speed
Another slap on my knee
Somehow I chose this rappin' instead of wrappin' a key
Mackin' the G, my shit intact so we tap with our feet
Rather unique Rza's craft this immaculate beat
Blast with the heat, impact with this accuracy
Last one to sleep, just imagine what happened to me
Factory made, back to the graves and they microwaves
The type of shit that make a nigga turn the mic away
The type of shit that make a nigga take ya life away
Live now or die today, we ain't used to holidays, we ain't used to common place
We ain't got no common sense, we ain't got no confidence
Fuck a 9 to 5 a nigga worth the length of monuments
Lion hearted, tiger face
Any corner, time and place, architect the time it takes
Inner-city outta state, and globally we outta space

Wait up Arc hold up wait
Never in a sober state
100k we hold the date, I understand we overtake
Zombie Juice, coordinate
We got more dough to make
Darko nigga hold the weight, flow colder than the Dakota states
Triple OG, beats, break your fuckin shoulder blade
Strings gliding like niggas upon a rollerblade

Killin' you niggas, pass the shovel, I'm diggin' your ditches
Pitiful, I leave you critical, under one condition
I threw my doggy off the roof, he wouldn't fetch my paper
Black Rambo, in Nike vandals, expand coke, that's not love
Glocked tucked, shooting slow motion like John Woo flicks
White doves, black gloves, cut the tongues off loose lips
Piss on your grave, suck your mother, I give two shits
Might rob your favorite rapper, momma need rent for her new whip
Never was a little niggas, signed my own permission slips
The acid hits by sunrise, niggas that's a day trip
Close your eyes, imagine if niggas lived out
Just exactly what they're rappin' and you have to stand
From What you press on vinyl packaging
Buck 140 a rappers face and tell his shorty keep the change
I cannot be tamed

This a murder scene turn this shit to (screams)
I'm in the passenger, my bitch drunk she feelin' good
Smellin' sweet like lavender
I've got a body in the trunk, had to check for cameras
And the weed was kinda skunk
Hope we don't get stopped for nothin', see the cops we gotta run
Put the pedal to the floor, got a shovel and a saw
We can hack em into pieces burn em up buried in feces
Black suit like John Wick, she got the braid like tomb raider
I check the news we targets, interviews with our neighbors

Hope we make it out the state before they set up checkpoints
Aint tryin' to see them big gates, wont let them take me alive
And if you snitched on me bitch I hope it eats you alive
Text abuela, we'll see you manana, don't worry nana
Cant use our credit cards because they track all the places
But we runnin' outta gas and we can't hide our faces
Shit you see them blue lights, she said don't think we can make it
Shots fired, woke up on the hospital bed
Enemy of the state, cop killer what they said

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