

Rata, rata  
Blocka, blocka, blocka  
Ayy, fucking ratas  
Kaliko, Kaliko, campos  
Who got day one on the trigger, I do  
Real nigga say  
Who got day one on the trigger, I do  
Real nigga, ayy

Why you gotta do it? (Why?)  
Why you gotta do it? (Bitch)  
Why you gotta do it?  
Why you gotta spew it? (Ayy)  
Why you gotta spew it? (I don't know)  
That's so fucking foolish  
In my book, never been a pardon  
When the yapping happens, capping in your jargon  
Babble yells, that'll fail  
I bet you been a tattletale since kindergarten  
He's punked, we dump the punk, debunked, no sin again  
We bump P Funk, he slumps, Glee jump, so feminine  
That's why he's a cop dressed in his block best, but a hot mess  
Never do know how to talk less, so we plot stretch, when you got next?  
Two in the ten, he doing again  
He gonna rat on you and a friend, then you in the pen  
He gonna mix it up and try to put you and the crew in the blend  
He gonna tell, then the screwing begin  
El capo debacle, that is what he can offer  
Depend on him and then in a rut he can toss you  
He claim he down, dirty, and muddy but softer  
Than cotton candy, me and my buddies'll off you

Anything go down, bro?  
I don't know, I don't know  
We just make the sound, yo  
I don't know, I don't know  
You gon' make these hounds go  
Round your crown, so  
One, two, one, two, three, ayy

Rata (Rata, rata)  
We go cuckoo, we go blocka (Blocka, blocka)  
We go do-do with the chopper (Do-do-do-do-do)  
Stomp you like a cucaracha  
Say goodbye to your day, ayy

Koba, you's a fucking mentirosa (Say it again, ayy)  
Koba, you's a fucking mentirosa

Yeah, he a traitor, Joe, he's a hater, moe  
Wanna get up in the mix and delay the dough  
Man, I heard he nerdy but he play the role  
Of a killer, iller than I spray this flow  
Why you got to go and (Spread lies)  
That's when all my homies (Dead flies)  
And that's when all the evil lying ass straight divisive ice up in your (Head dies)

What in the cup string, the cup doohickey?  
Why you got to be a true sissy when you know I'm carrying a tool with me?  
Everybody know that you iffy  
Gonna be on your head in a cool jiffy  
All I'm saying is the dude's sickly  
You believe him or not like you view Ripley, I'm gone  
Gun on my waist, yeah, gun on my waist  
You gotta pay 'cause you're taking the food out my baby mouth house nigga, w  
atch what you say  
'Cause if you cross the line (Oh yeah)  
This not gon' happen one more time  
Say, say goodbye to your day, yeah

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