Threat

Area 51..

Yo once a pimp gets threats
That's right, that's the the that's, that's threats them
And I'm serious about mine, I'm so sin-surr
And I, nigga I'll kill ya, I'll chop ya up
Put ya inside the mattress like drug money nigga
Yeah, I done told you niggaz 9 or 10 times stop fuckin' with me
I done told you niggaz 9 albums, stop fuckin' with me
I done told you niggaz the 9 on me, stop fuckin' with me
You niggaz must got 9 lives, 9th wonder
Put that knife in ya, take a little bit of life from ya
Am I frightenin' ya? Shall I continue?
I put the gun to ya, I let it sing you a song
I let it hum to ya, the other one sing along
Now it's a duet, and you wet, when you check out
The technique from the 2 tecs and I don't need two lips
To blow this like a trumpet you dumb shit
This is a un-usual musical I conductin'
You lookin' at the black Warren Buffett so all critics can duck sic
I don't care if you C. Delores Tuck-it
Or you Bill O'Reilly, you only rilin' me up
For three years, they had me peein' out of a cup
Now they 'bout to free me up, whatchu think I'm gon' be, what?
Rehabilitated, man I still feel hatred
I'm young black and rich so they wanna strip me naked, but
You never had me like Christina Aguiler-y
But catch me down the Westside, drivin' like Halle Berry
Or the FDR, in the seat of my car
Screamin' out the sunroof, death to y'all
You can't kill me, I live forever through these bars
I put the wolves on ya, I put a price on your head
The whole hood'll want ya, you startin' to look like bread
I send them boys at ya, I ain't talkin' bout Feds
Nigga them body-snatchers, nigga you heard what I said
I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'
Put your smarts on the side of your garment
Nigga stop fuckin' with me
R I P
That's right there nigga, nigga I'm wild
Nigga I keep trash bags with me

Never know when you gotta dump a nigga out
This sin-surr, this some sin-surr shit right here
Grown man I put hands on you, I dig a hole in the desert
They build The Sands on you, lay out blueprint plans on you
We Rat Pack niggaz, let Sam tap dance on you
Then, I Sinatra shot ya God damn you
I put the boy in the box like David Blaine
Let the audience watch, it ain't a thang
Y'all wish I was frontin', I George Bush the button
Front of all you in your car lift up your hood nigga run it
Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it
Your boy got the goods, y'all don't want nuttin' of it
Like, castor oil, I Castor Troy you
Change your face or the bullets change all that for you
Y'all niggaz is targets, y'all garages for bullets
Please don't make me park it in your upper level
Valet a couple strays from the 38 special, nigga
God bless you
I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'
Put your smarts on the side of your garment
Nigga stop fuckin' with me
R I P
Yeah I'm threatenin' ya, yeah I'm threatenin' ya
Who you thank you dealin' with?
They call me Chris, nigga I been makin' threats
Since I been in kindergarten nigga
Huh, ask about me, see if you ain't heard
When the gun is tucked, untucked, nigga you dies
Like numchuks held by the Jet L-I
I'm the one, thus meanin' no one must try
No two, no three, no four, know why?
Because one's four-five might blow yo' high
You ain't gotta go to church to get to know yo' God
It's a match made in heaven when I 'splay the 7
Put you on the nigga news, UPN at 11
Where you been, you ain't heard, got the word that I'm
That I'm so sin-surr?
I'm especially Joe Pesci with a grin
I will kill you, commit suicide, and kill you again, that's right
I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'
Put your smarts on the side of your garment
Nigga stop fuckin' with me
R I P
Whattup? Motherfucker I keep three motherfuckers what?
Nigga I'll throw a Molotov cocktail

Through your momma's momma's house
Nigga what the, where everybody live
Undercover nigga take your teeth out your mouth nigga
Chew your food up and put the shit back
In your mouth nigga and help you swallow
Nigga I take a mop handle off nigga
And sweep nigga, hold on, I'll be nigga what?

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