

# Adrenaline

## Rodha

Killa, Psycho Drama, Twista  
Chi-Town to Harlem, what's really good?  
Part 2, what happens when you combine  
The darkness with the light?  
Yeah, I am more than compelled and honored to expel  
This hell that's inside of my shell for fuckas who want it  
Violence, yeah, that bullshit right up my alley  
Chasing you right up the alley  
With a gun fixin' to kill you 'cause I feel  
You was the one fuckin' with my family  
I roll with a gang of go getters  
And them ghouls and them gorillas  
Who be quick to put the glock or the gauge  
To the gut of one of your niggas and pull it  
The trigga aimed, deliver you niggas  
These rigorous bullets, it's so rivid and to see you  
Livin' in vengeance and see the trouble you're put in  
Fuckin' with niggas you shouldn't  
These menaces and villains and hoodlums  
That'll give you the business  
And in an instant be diminishin' whoopin'  
'Cause it ain't no type of jokin' or jivin' comin' off of this  
You done somersaulted and dived in a coffin of shit  
So if you ever get the notion to just motion forward  
And get on some ho shit  
You niggas remember that I got that potion  
To bore your brain in a bag and give you  
A new perspective on who the realest y'all  
You just can't kill one you stupid bitch  
You got to kill us all  
What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel  
To make me wanna run up in ya home  
Shoot you in the dome if you bustin' my body up  
With the chrome, I stilla be in the zone like Capone  
Better leave me alone 'cause I represent  
The city known for killin' motherfuckas  
Makin' plenty money and layin' mack down  
Came buckin', Twista spittin' gritty competition, what a pity  
You ain't fuckin' with it then put ya stash down

Come at the family you touched, uh  
I'll shoot up ya V-12 even if you with ya female, uh  
You was talkin' shit nigga, wassup?  
Fuckin' up ya Sprewell's and ya new interior detail  
And a nigga standin' too tall to fall comin'  
So I hope y'all can crawl bloody up the vest all the wall  
Sacrifice my body screamin' Kamikaze  
I can take all of y'all  
Y'all niggas play around, guns I wave around  
Nigga better stay down, lay down, weigh pounds  
Put 'em on the Greyhound, ride it up to K-Town  
The boy get nasty, Tolor force me, blast me  
Sawed-off and I'm happy or where the crack be  
Put it right all for Polaski  
Cross street, don't need to be said  
Code red already got beef with the feds  
Put three in ya head from the street full of lead  
Fuck knee-deep, you'll be six feet when ya dead  
Street sweeper when I creep creep, nigga fled  
When ya sleep sleep, nigga dead  
Why you on the back block, fightin' in the crack spot  
Jackpot, ask not  
(It's your adrenaline rush)

Like when the motherfucka have to go  
And pick up the pump to make his opposition chest kick up  
And jump when you lit up the gun  
To make ya body get up and, uh  
(It's your adrenaline rush)  
Like when the motherfucka have to go  
And pick up the pump to make the trigga pick up and dump  
So turn the bass kick up the bump  
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk  
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Ya bitch is a ho, she chill at the Rucker, you really a sucka  
Big Will tryin' to grill her and cuff her

And Killa done fucked her in love with the chick  
The slut was a fish threw her bait, reeled her in and gutted the bitch  
And now she up in Pokip's dick, huggin' the strip slick  
5th tucked in her hip, she will mug you for kicks  
And word to motha, I'm rich, hit ya motha with bricks  
Cocoa why don't ya build buildings with concussion the bitch  
Come and feel wit the balla who's the nicest and causin' the crisis  
Got the ammo and agility that says rewind means growin' before  
And this livin' and pause and this likeness  
I can spit it for some who for nigga represent the call of the righteous  
Or gang bang to the rhythm when I spit it  
I'ma kill 'em with the technical precision  
That'll be fuckin' up all the devices  
Get sick wit it like I'm lit off the wet  
If it's beef, get the shit off ya chest  
Don't take off ya vest, all my niggas  
Make you jump off the set and always get  
The prints of the Tech, straight off the deck  
Mobbin' up and makin' niggas duck, knowin'  
I'll still open up the trunk  
Guns nigga we get 'em and bust  
Murderin' the enemy is the ultimate adrenaline rush  
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