1st Round Draft Pick

Twinz

cause ain't tellin' when it's on.
Going, Going, Gone you better raise up
cause ain't no telling when it's on.
(straight soldier don't make me have to show ya.)Straight Soldier don't make me have to show ya.Chorus (2X)Verse One:Now I'm set, ready to peel a cap
for a bas-relief still got P-funk knockin'
out bustin' out teeth, with the show that's
boss now who lost? Told you over and over
that it would cost. Bringin' a crisis to those who
wanna act tough, enough is enough got
your ass on Q when I caught'cha bluff
ain't no passes or freebee you don't
wanna see me cause it's worser than
hell straight from Long Beach. That
Wayniac an Eastside nigga wit' an attitude
quicker than quick to bust a cap in a punk fool.
God damn it's only right from the hitman you
wouldn't understand the way I think of my game
plan. Therefore, a nigga like you better slow
your roll, act like you know before I show.
The real deal still kickin' the shit with the passion
dangerous psycho-manic nigga when I'm blastin'
think not. Come try me and it's on for life.
Cause I'm causin' shattered dreams as I
kill your kids and your wife nigga, so back
off this soldier quick cause I'm still goin' muthafucka'
the first round draft pick.
ChorusVerse Two:God damn! Another murder on the Eastside
six police cars plus an undercover G ride
Yellow tape stretched out like the fuckin freeway
talkin on the phone to this bitch on a three-way
She done got the scoop on the shit as it went down
it's a homicide youngsta' wounded plus a dead
cop. Niggas gon be niggas comin' up it's a must
G fuckin' wit' that bone and get that ass put to
sleep see. Because of hard times got us all
on the jack move be careful who you jack cuz
this nigga straight servin' fools. Ain't nothin
poppin' but some coochie and some popcorn

who will be the next nigga that the Loc is gonna
have to warn? It's a sad case then life is fucked
up, set killin' set that's how the shit is summed up
be careful where you goin' certain places that
you ride cuz right about now it's gettin' crucial
on the Eastside
ChorusVerse Three:Waitin' for the roll call to begin ya' thought it would
end but it's not still tearin'em limb from limb, gangsta
stroll when I T-roll gotta put a hole unless I'm ready
to unload and take a soul. Flashbacks on my
younger days still got me fazed but like they say
nothin' seems to amaze. Cuz you have to be a
street wise nigga to peep the game, watch the aim
cuz the bullet don't carry a name. And it might be
the cops who take pop at a young black nigga
gettin' his props, no doubt it. Cuz it's been done
before so here's a quiz if you don't die you go to
court your word against his. Fucked up but that's
the justice and the peace the matter's in my hands
I know how to make it cease. Grab my reasons
and keep'em quiet, cuz I know damn well that they
don't wanna see another riot. Uncontrollable when I
get it goin' you push the button of a nigga that keeps
it flowin, daily. Can't stop, won't stop, and I won't
quit, signing off muthafuckas from the first round draft
pick.Chorus (3X)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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