

Parking Lot

Lord Infamous

{Lord Infamous & (John)}
(Yo)
{What's up my nig}
(Check this)
{What's up wit it}
(This for all them weak ass niggas, you know what I'm talking 'bout)
{Yeah}
(Tryin'a start & shoot a nigga in the club)
{Ain't goin' do shit}
(They know security goin' break it up, you know what I'm talking 'bout)
{They know it, they know it}
(If you really wanna get down with a nigga,
... Do the damn thang out in the parking lot)
{Out in the parking lot}
(You know what I'm talking 'bout
Lord!)
{Yeah}

[Lord Infamous]
[Don't do it right now, man the shit too hot,
Just pop his bitch ass in the parking lot,
If you do it in here, security goin' stop it,
Just pop his bitch ass in the parking lot,
All the folks in hurr goin' know who shot,
Just pop his bitch ass in the parking lot,
Just pop his bitch ass in the parking lot,
Just pop his bitch ass in the parking lot,]

(Verse 1)
I came to bring pity and leave nasty wounds,
Leave him muddy, goin' soak him,
Choke him,
Leave him in a bloody poon,
Cause I don't shoot at clouds,
I shoot at crowds,
When you hear the BLAH! bitch... you better duck down,
Laying still with the cross and the scope on yo head,
Squeeze the trigger blow yo brains over there on yo bitch leg,
Trigger happy ain't the word, bitch I'm trigger sprung,

Umma make you give a blow job to my gun,'
Come one,
Come all,
... Whoever wanna brawl,
When I pulls y'all,
Off my drawers,
Hoe you gonna fall,
And I plan on hitting me a mothafuckin' organ,
You're screaming... blood is... mothafuckin' pourin',
Ain't no pity,
In my goddamn city,
Niggas are dirty, grimy, gritty,
Keep playing cockroach I'll play, pesticide,
Devil folks make you wear a shit bag on ya lines,

[Hook]

(Verse 2)

All you weak ass rappers who, think you got issues,
I got dope ? and they ready to sick you,
So tell yo mami bring plenty of tissue,
I got a black dress and a coffin to fir you,
Oh yes, Scarecrow, gonna get up with you,
I got a arsenal, and I'm launching missiles,
I'll torch you, beat you, leave you crippled,
Smack you with the .40 and it's plated with nickel,
Ain't nobody straight,
Ain't nobody safe,
Be somewhere, head dawg, lost without a trace,
Bounce around the club, yeah he think he alright,
But he won't be making it home tonight,
You don't have to like me, I don't like you either,
But slip up and you will see I'm off the meter,
And when you hear the BLAH! like... "Damn who got shot",
Somebody just got popped,
In the parking lot,

[Hook]

(Verse 3)

I made me a list, I'm checking it twice,
Those who are naughty getting maturity ice,
Bitch ducked first,
And I'm gone with the purse,
Bloody up the shirt,

Put you in a caddy hearse,
Got something outside that'll cut you in half,
Go to yo mami house, shove a pine cone up her ass,
If you cross me I got something special in store,
Drive you downtown, throw you off the highest floor,
Cause you know,
Da Scarecrow,
I'm down,
For some crucifixion,
Dynamite up ya ass, that's demolition,
You don't know the C4s under ya car,
Cut that bitch up and blow yo punk ass to Mars,
Don't get too close,
Bitch I'll cut yo throat,
Send yo punk ass to Hell with the rest of my folk,
Or i just might wait till I think you forgot,
And pop yo bitch ass, in the parking lot,

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Edwin.

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