The Warning

Everlast

This, this, this is the warning
I warned you baby
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Back of the liqueur store bout' to blaze this joint Got some dice in my hand, my man says six is your point Trying to hit the hard way so I can break like Steve Miller Take the money then I run son, I'm a lover and a killer

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I feel like God and the Devil, I'm a saint, I'm a sinner
I'm a hard rocking' hard headed, hard sick summer winner
I'm a kush blazing', bush chasing, product of the city
And I ain't asking for your love and I don't want your pity
So girl don't talk about me shitty, don't act all high and ditty
If your man keep playing me funny, I'mma come take all his money

And leave him holy from this blessing
With my four pound Smith and Wesson
Better watch out who you're stressing
Fuck around you'll learn your lesson
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Back of the liqueur store trying to break these chumps
Bunch of heads in a circle, daddy's handing out lumps
Trying to shake these bones, I'm trying to get these shoes
But yo they all think whitey's cheating 'cause tonight I can't lose
They wanna take my funds but I'mma blaze my guns

We're burning sensations and heart palpitations
Why you breathing so heavy while your palms are sweaty
And if you thinking bout' a stick', move word to God you ain't ready
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