Str8 West Coast

Knoc-Turn'al

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, Warren (aaahaaa aaaahaaa)
Bullets at your window (dangerous)
Ruthless, hostile, unforgiven
Who gave you permission to try to stop me from livin huh?
You've gotta ride better than that
To move out in front of the pack
It's two thousand and two
My backpack raps got my backpack strapped and filled with plaques
I ain't relaxed or laid back at home with my feet up
I drop Pradda, lock and load, heat the streets up
Ya'll takin pills, we takin penitentiary chances
Never the same when I hit it and quit it
You want it come get it, I'm wit it
When I say that I'm wit it
That means I got a main defense team that's gon get me acquitted
G's is walkin out the courtroom like George Jefferson
Stop the interviewin, the faggot had it comin to him
What ya'll thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit
Too much smokin that Sherman shit
I learnt this from the best that got ya'll sprung (what)
The-the doctor Andre Young
Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me
Goin hard on the yard till my dogs bail me
They tells me I can't proceed wit it
I came back and got Warren G wit it
Still smoking on that indo
Smoke, oh no don't pretend oh no
I woulda came but I was dead break, no mo
I'm rollin on some real oh no
Bout to get it, but niggas trip though
I'm the realest and they all know
You need a filter or you will choke

That's all a nigga will smoke
Now, niggas better get between their door (door)
I'm shakin all your shit onto the floor
And niggas don't get it
But be careful what you ask for you just might get it
Yo the undisputed middle weight champ runnin like Hopkins
Clap six to ya shins niggas start hoppin (Sheist never stoppin)
In other words, if your click full
Can't press mute and it don't apply now
I'm feelin funny in the tummy and a nigga ain't been eatin for weeks (I'm sick)
I ain't trying to get no better
Infect the world leavin Vicks in an old sweater
Tell me if it ain't me, who got the best plannin (yup)
Who got your ears tuned it and who keeps you listenin
Who gots your undivided attention
Who makes your panties wet girl (what)
Which nigga on TV that you see makes you wanna give up the draws
At parties and shows, I mash regardless
Yo hardest flows couldn't stop this bombardment
I clench the vision till there's no room for expansion
All prepared for war it's Knoc's landin
A nightly stalker, in shadows I walk
Mindin my own while haters throw soft
The more I succeed, the more bitches clock
Through my peripheral vision I watch subconsciously
Waitin to introduce you to tragedy see
Still smoking on that indo
Smoke, oh no don't pretend oh no
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I'm rollin on some real oh no
Bout to get it, but niggas trip though
I'm the realest and they all know
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