

# Curve

## John Petrucci

Na I told shorty to curve, she like curve? I'm like curve  
She like what that mean, I'm like that mean get away from me  
Ya breath stink, you heard a tic tacs?  
Curve man, get outta here  
Big Pun was alive he'd tell you to go that way, curve  
From Ecuador, extra raw, reputuar, like the reservoir  
Few Beretta scars, get ya neck ajared  
Respect ya pa, don't believe, bet a card  
I need a freak, I mean a tramp ma  
And my dick you can lick like a stamp uh  
And ya back, you can arch lick a ramp ma  
Get a helmet you about to get ram hard  
I'm Rambo, commando, Camacho  
You'll disappear, vamanose vato  
Got doe, gwap, hoes, shots go  
Ratt, tatt, tatt, how could he not know?  
Louie socks tho, you can see the logo  
And I chop, blo, blo, no homo  
Shoot out in the woods, no po, po  
He wired the deal a no go yo  
I get dough tho, he a no show  
I'm so high, high, in the low, low  
I ain't got a address but yo I gotta get dressed  
Come watch a mobster get fresh  
Linen and Ostrich on deck  
I know ya'll wish that them shots woulda shot me to death  
But death because me, you a mummy, I'm out to get flesh  
Dummy money, bustin' outta my socks and my sweats  
Get cash but alota my gwaps in a check  
That's my word, if homie actin' absurred  
And he sorta like a bird then tell tha dude to curve  
Girls too, if she gettin' on ya nerves and she gotta  
Lotta nerve then tell the girl to curve  
Curve nigga  
No curve trick  
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No curve trick  
Yo, damn Cam, why they startin' wars?  
Forced in garden, kitchen, parkay floors  
Lil' pimps, watch them whores  
Slide 'em to the crib, right in side her ribs  
Right outside her ribs, right inside her chips  
Please stop watchin' me  
Look, diamonds around her wrist, house behind the cliffs  
Left her equivalent to 600 dimes of piff  
Off the winter menu, I'm from a different venue  
These Nikes, don't ask, discontinued, must miscontinue  
One clip will end you  
Please stop watchin' me  
Yeah, I can't front baby girl, I'm somethin' to watch  
I ask her one thing, "Girl, you cummin' or not?"  
I make scrilla melt, you don't need killa help  
My doors are suicide, bitch, go kill yaself  
Since you feel yaself, .9 mill to steal ya health  
Please stop watchin' me  
Yeah, I know a lotta y'all hatin' wanna clap me still  
Listen good, I don't care how you actually feel  
'Cause I'm actually real, for real wrapped in steel  
And the roof open up like a happy meal  
Get a steel grip, you won't feel shit  
We move single file, like we on a field trip  
Get ya permission slip, can you vision it?  
Empty the gun son, put in a different clip  
That's my word, if homie actin' absurred  
And he sorta like a bird then tell tha dude to curve  
Girls too, if she gettin' on ya nerves and she gotta  
Lotta nerve then tell the girl to curve  
Curve nigga  
No curve trick  
Hundred 40th, Harlem you know what it is  
Persona