

Tha Rippla

Mr. Pookie & Mr. Lucci

[mr. pookie]

Feel tha calmness of tha breeze as mr. pookie walks through tha hood

I been strollin all night long solo johnson feelin good

I just threw away a dubbie nigga, I'm about to roll anotha

Til I bumped into two niggaz I ain't know wassup hustla

I heard you got them sacks and if that's true, I want 2

And uh 1 for my lil homie, he be smokin all night too

So I told them niggaz bail and quickly stepped away wit hast

You see I know these streetz to well and he was reachin for his waist

Oh shit, my battle mode don switched a whole fuckin level

Don switched to part 2 that's crooked intentions mixed wit rebel

Like tha devil on me, pookie get control of yoself

Cant release tha rippla on these niggaz shit they'll be nuthin left

You ready? I'm ready ain't scared (hold up)i thought you was ready

Naw, you wasnt sayin that shit while ago when you was callin for mary

I bring ya hat to ya nigga, it's best you flee out my hood

Cause you don fucked up on the second level motivatal crookChorus

As you enter, yo body shivers, yo brain no longer remembers

Who did this to ya, it was tha rippla

Blank yo picture and left you cold, yo body swoll wit bullet holes,

Yo eyes are closed, it was tha rippla

Release yo soul and sides exposed, tha grim ripper has come to get cha

Now close tha zipper, it was tha rippla

As you enter, yo body shivers, from this world you've been delivered

Who did this to ya, it was tha ripplaStill chillin peepin tha path in which they fled

Notice they took a right didnt them bitches hear what I said

They think I'm playin mr. pookie finna scene don went cold

Now it's time for tha rippla, i'ma tell you niggaz how I'm gon do it

Swift wit big holes

We bringin tha big guns artillery u ain't gon fade homie

Bringin my knife wit my gun fight ak black wit tha blade on it

Betta watch out when I spray if only

It inhabit yo body wit leg components

Take it for granted I'm swearin on it

Leavin for crow dead and lonely

Now ya tryin to squash tha shit, I don hit yo body, caps wit vengeance

Can't nobody get me up off ya nigga, prepare yoself for tha finish

I don cut tha nigga I'm rippin take tha confidence from a nigga

Left him wit feminine feelings and big bullet holes from tha rippla

There's a lesson to be learned but it's too late for you to see
Plus yo homeboy been left and got you alone up in these streetz

Mo 3 had to get him at tha point of no return

Anger don got tha best of me, now they bodies get burned

Chorus[mr. pookie]

I don dealt away wit a nigga, now it's time to flee tha scene

Thinkin bout how I left him, face down off in tha crete

Lemme fire up this weed, time to calm my fuckin nerves

I can feel tha po-po's comin ,hear tha sirens seen a bird

Heard, this nigga known for pullin jacks on a nigga

But what he didnt know ain nuthin but crooks on audelia

But still you'll be tryin to catch me slippin wit cha crew

So I released fire and came back bustin wit my fools

Let's even up, fightin we ain't deep enough

So my niggaz strapped and now they headed toward tha street to bust

Ya'll bitches ain't seein us, shit I'm bout to blow some mo

Bombin on you hataz like tha crisis off in kosovo

Powerful and don't you know I ain't that average playa to test

And like a rhino I'm jus finna penetrate through yo chest

Time to rest and that's for good see

No comin back too late to plea

Told you bout my motive 3

Dont cross my crooked boundaryChorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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