

# I'm Gonna Smoke Him

Donald D

[Donald D]

In the street, blood is spilled  
My sniper skills make me lethal and ill  
[buck buck buck] the fat lady sang  
From the ceiling I watch your body hang  
This is the payback, my trigger I pull back  
Your cap is peeled back, for givin me feedback  
I want the loot, you got the loot, gimme the loot  
I won't hesitate to fuckin shoot  
Night stalker, I talk street slang  
Fuck that shit, I don't play no games  
No remorse, my mind's on psycho  
Watch me flow on, the angry tempo  
Load the clip, let's take a trip  
You tried to flip - my blade terminated his lips  
Sucka; that's why you're tossed up  
for tryin to double-cross the boss up  
I move in silence

in a world that contains, much much violence

Sex and drugs, hoods and thugs

F.B.I. got my damn phone bugged[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)

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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh..)[Donald D]

Twelve o'clock, me and my posse hangs out

Niggaz act a fool now bullets rang out

I duck for cover cause with bullets you cannot reason  
to catch a body, it's the season

Niggaz still bustin, cops cold rush in

I'm fussin but my cussin don't mean jack nothin

No arrest was made, there was no homicide

So the pigs in blue start to drive

Inner city blues is nothin new

We go to the store to buy some brew

On the pavement I pour some ale

for my homies who died, my homies in jail

Skins, skins with sex to lend

stood out y'all like a shark's fin

Uhh, a cutie with a weave to her booty

shakes her rump to the funk that car system pumps  
She wants to sex me up, sex me down  
I smack it and I flip it and I dick her down  
Check it, now she wanna play footsy  
But I want the loot, and she's just pussy  
From the window, I see the police  
They want me to rot, in the belly of the beast  
You wanna cuff me, come and get me  
My glock is cocked, it has a temper, shit G[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck  
em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)  
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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)[instrumental interlude][Donald D]

Shotgun blast he died real fast  
In the ghetto back alley he lays in trash  
He didn't know so I had to buck him  
(I thought he was your man) Yo nigga, FUCK HIM  
Police sirens, let's make a move  
Criminal smooth, pimp daddy cool  
Eyes on my jewels I pull out my toolie  
Meet your maker you no-good stoolie  
Damn! I smell police creepin  
Damn! Even when Donald D sleepin  
Say hello to my little friend  
The Desert Eagle, adios amigo  
Gangsta chronicle you read the articles  
Raise it to the neck, I'm wet from the sweat  
Vigilante, servin em death blows  
A sinister call rips away the jaw  
Decapitated by the guillotine  
The aftermath a bloodbath scene  
Beware, of the looter

The syndicate sniper, I'm the sharpshooter[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck  
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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)[Donald D]

C'mon.. huh!  
C'mon.. yeah..

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