12 Gauge

Harsh

Mr. Sawed off leathaface[leathaface,leathaface] x2Krayzie Bone - Verse 1)
It's the nigga that pack that witcha's jump an gets tha pump
Yeah nigga ya figure ya bigger well nigga come on an get ya some
I see and I snoop nigga, get up in ya with a vengeance, in the morning daily colliosion lets get started wanna contend them, cause the rawest niggas is in here
An I bin here, the start that I should let it be known, fo-fo closed so ya tryin to run up on my doe, fo-fo gon blow all ya brains out, you fuck with tha wrong one
You wit tha nigga that's gon shoot back an im pap an im gon' run
Nigga get outta ma path im mad you fuckin up everythin,
Yeah niggas with rifles ready to snipe you
Committed by Leather face, bang bang bang, ya dead now, deceased with hater'z
Ya layin in the red now leakin like crazy
So fuck wit me, ruck wit me, come with me, run with me, got tha guts to be,
A thug nigga,
Mr sawed-off leather face
Underground, fuck around and catch a murder case fuckin wit tha murda-man(Chorus)
My 12 gauge and leather face is all im needin for this
Don,t be fuckin wit tha killer, killer, killer
Before I leave tha scene im guarnteed to leave em bleedin to this
Don't make me kill ya. (x2)(Krayzie Bone - Verse 2)
Fuck em, im talking bout niggas that used to be down with this but, stumbled
An most of the niggas they aint around cus they cant hustle
Fact to me they struggle, get rid of the flab, niggas av got me some muscle now we pumped and ready to rumble,
What did you come for,
If you niggas ain't ready for war, then what you got guns for,
If you niggas ain't ready to put em up, what the fuck you say you thug for,
An once more, I'd advise your ass, had to get caught in a scuffle, cus more than a couple of fellas they get rough or we step in a mud hole,
Things ain't changed, the game, hang up in a nigga pain, bang the nigga rain, hang wit tha killer clan,
Straight out of the jungle went to the honey can see me up here, kickin it with the thug niggas drinkin beer, oh oh oh yeah,
So you can chill wit tha bullshit talking, talking
They jus be talking ain,t non of them niggas walking, walking
So you best to keep it cool before I show ya Mr. Sawed-off, and your jury take it all on.(Chorus) (x2)
My 12 gauge and leather face is all im needin for this
Don,t be fuckin wit tha killer, killer, killer
Before I leave tha scene im guarnteed to leave em bleedin to this
Don't make me kill ya. (x2)(Wish Bone - Verse 3)
Now some of these niggas claimin they gon bust wen it all goes down that the nigga wit tha loudest mouth be

the first to get one in a straight jacket,
little straight habbit nigga, I ain,t laffin, I let my fo-fo do my braggin,
I came to party baby, as soon as I hit that body baby,
a straight jacket and a mac is all im needin for this, we leave em still unrecognised in a ditch, ya bitch,
Leather face and straightjacket underground, oh shit,
Both sides all sides we gotsta get this shit,
Now bout to murder one you don't wanna test on,
they shoot don't lose ya front, ya trippin you can rest and,
You might get to know me but really ya won't,
Ya might get 1 of ya roll but ya can't, ya might think I won't bust, but really I will jus trust me I will,
Only them niggas that bust to roll with us,
Only them niggas that's bringin tha blunts can smoke with us,
Only them niggas that's keeping it rough, (what),
can shoot with nuffin to lose, better believe when we bring it to, we gonna get at you, get at you(Chorus) (x2)(End)
Straight of the mutha-fuckin streets of Clevland, Ohio
East 99 from St.Clair
A couple of real true thug ass niggas
Mr. Sawed Off Leather face, eliminating all you fake ass niggas
Don't fuck around, run yo mouth and get ya head blown of, bitch(Lyrics by ZEFF)

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