

Kill a Habit

WC & The Maad Circle

Say nigga.
Bring me the big lighter, nigga
What's takin you so long, nigga, to flick me?
Smoke somethin, bi...
(Why you trippin?)
Old ratchet-mouth, 9-6 teeth-socket-mouth,???-mouth???????-chewin biatch!
If a nigga get in my way, nigga
I take they pipe, they monkey wrenches, they waterholes
Nigga, pander they lighters, nigga
Robbery, nigga
For cocaine!
Doub C's at the muthafuckin rockhouse
And I'm, hopin one of y'all can help me out, see
My brother's a basehead and I gotta get him
Before Mr. Dopeman kill him (kill him)
Plus he's makin my mother cry
Her little heart??? and that shit ain't fly (smoked out)
And even though he's our oldest
I gotta deal with his ass from the muthafuckin shoulders
For hurtin the family like this
That niggga gotta get dealt with (muthafucka)
Used to be sittin on swoll
But now his ass is thinner than a car antenna
Walkin down the block with Miss Strawberry
Smokin on any and every-
thing that'll get a nigga blasted
He's to the curb, plus I done heard
He been hittin on my neighbors for money
Runnin that bullshit drag
About his car ran out of gas
Damn, this nigga must be tweakin
Plus I ain't seen him all weekend
But when I do I'ma break that ass in half (ping)
With this muthafuckin baseball bat
And if all fails I got a automatic
But I don't wanna kill him, I wanna kill his habit
But some may say I'm goin about it the wrong way
But they don't stay over my way
And if you ain't never had a family member doin this

Then don't say shit
Cause I done tried rehabilitation
But to this nigga rehabs ain't shit but vacations
So now I gotta do it my way
So y'all excuse the tactic
I'm tryin to kill a habit
(Cocaine
Cause that's what he looks for, cocaine
Never does he ever get any sleep
Just walks day in and day out)
(He'll chase that high all the time)
Now I'm lookin for my brother bendin mo' corners
Rollin in a dookie green Nova
A nigga done searched all night
And his punk ass still ain't in sight
Swooped on the homies (what's up, nigga?)
Anyone of y'all seen my brother bailin around this muthafucka?
(Yeah.) They all pointed down the block
That's all I needed to know
Cause now I'm headed for the liquor sto'
Pulled in the liquor sto' parkin lot
Oh shit, somebody musta got shot
Cause all I seen was niggas in a crowd so deep
Heard a clap take up in the streets
So I went a little closer to see what it was all about
And standin in the crowd
There was my muthafuckin brother butt-naked
Doin the Wop in the intersection
Damn, the shit had his ass so high
After doin the Wop the nigga broke into the Robocop
That's when I grabbed and pulled him in a car
Got out of dodge
Took him home, locked him in the garage
Me and Toones tied him up, cuffed him up
Roughed him up, I mean we fucked him up
So y'all??? screamin on mine
And excuse the tactic
I'm tryin to kill a habit
(Welcome class to Basehead Anonymous
We have a new friend with us here today
Would you please stand up and share with us.
- Watch out, watch out y'all
Hey all what's up y'all?
My name Willie Calloway
I'm a e-ex basehead

- Hi Willie.

(*applause*)

6 months done passed

And everything's cool, my brother done got his size back

Sittin on monster swoll

Regrettin the day, give a fuck with the lleyo

Now here's with me and Toones, see

Until he's complete, he's standin back on his feet

Now my mother can smile again cause she's proud again

No more smokin (I quit)

He told us all, he swore

We'll never ever catch him with that shit no mo'

Till me and Toones got a call from D.C.

Hey nigga, it's time to promote the new LP (what)

So we packed our bags and hit the road for two weeks

Nigga, here comes bad company

But when we got back home

My brother, my furniture, my muthafuckin equipment was gone

That nigga done smoked it all up

And I ain't seen him since

That's why I'm so pissed

I guess I had to learn the hard way

The only one to kill a habit is the one doin the crack

It's like a catch 22, what can you do?

When somebody so close continuously fucks you

Hey yo Toones, pass the strap

Y'all excuse the tactic

I gotta to kill a habit

(*gun is cocked and shot*)

(You're, you're had

- That's it

You belong to the, to the pipe)

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

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