

# Connections

## Woje

Fuck the toughest I'm dangerous it's rowdy  
Motherfuckers are up and outty the roughest sucker plucker  
Since they found me  
Openin' up a can of clash clicks six-packs of ass whips  
Pints and fifths of asses, burnt to ashes  
You've been spined, twisted  
Blistered and spun up in and lifted  
Shit boy ya free paper bum, it's called I got connections  
Like Poonanny to erections  
I saw selected sets son for my selection stretchin' sections  
Etchin' and sketchin' to revive, reset and then set inspections  
For the wet ones to the next ones, yes one, step son and get one  
Comin' from behind is the line yours for a nine war  
Walk nigga mind yours of crime wars will find yours  
The hot one will spot one, shock one and stop one  
Crews will conquer as tough as Tonka  
Now I got one  
I got connections, huh, huh, no question, huh  
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue  
I got connections, huh, huh, no question, huh  
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue  
State of shock, it's a greater plot that made us stop  
The thunder from with under will make the whole of cradle rock, hah  
Ken Boogie just hit me on the horn in California  
Born in Fort July Fourth you're sworn to bangin' and warrin'  
Road Dawgs you assume right first draft kick  
Practic tactics of a great Western-type saloon fight  
Caution courage what I bring when I approach this  
Punks stays focused, notice devotions  
And commotion's of cruddy's corrosive  
Top gun and explosive motion East Coastin' deep  
Throughout notions of all the shops I'm closin'  
Aiiyyo, I play emcees like this  
I look 'em in the eye I know he's tense  
And I break him like a bitch so I know there's no defense  
So at night when I creep, only want 'em, while he's awake not asleep  
By the way all I seek all I keep, so don't sleep  
Nigga what's the realest?  
Rap pillars got the power to blow up spots

From here to the Watts Tower  
Niggas can feel us, do you wanna deal us?  
It be the illest in Naughty it takes a fool to learn that  
Love don't love nobody  
My department be collections remember that  
Love Child got connections ain't no motherfuckin' question  
I'm deep with a vicious vendetta  
Silence prospectors, objectors to my lectures  
Constructed as architecture  
Expressions of terror shakin' cold fingers of fear careers I spear  
Prepare for a year full of nightmares  
Get 'em back and don't come near me  
When appraochin' me come sincerely I don't fear the  
Others that don't like that I stack papers, yearly  
Merely mentioned men they don't come steppin' to Vin  
Anywhere I go, everywhere I flow  
I'm bringin' it back home to my twins and I got friends  
And friends don't let their friends drive drunk  
So I suggest you grab your friends before I go and pop my trunk  
And best believe I come correct so yo, what you wanna do?  
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue  
Aiiyo, what up nigga? I here you the man now yo  
(Yo whattup my nigga, you know I ain't the man)  
(But I got connections right for you what you need?)  
Yeah, yeah, yo, yo check this out  
I need you to handle a little something for me  
Though on the real though  
(You know I might not, can't slip and do that right now)  
(But I got somebody to come through)  
Nah, nah, nah, yo, yo, I need you to take care of it man  
(Yo, I put this on everything I love, man, it's real sneaky, sister hood)  
Females sneak up in here and come through  
(Yeah)  
235 degrees and the mics about to be freezin'  
Emcee season on those who treason  
I'm droppin' drinks like a pint of cool breeze, then  
Intoxication, a million copies in circulation  
Just a small indication to let you know Kandi Kain  
Equals no intimidation on this naughty demonstration  
Eighteen plus a hundred niggas that I run with  
On that one shit keepin' you outnumbered  
Collidin' with perfection, every direction can't pay enough protection  
'Cause I got the Illtown to Inglewood connections

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