Peepin' Tom

Knoc-Turn'al

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, it's how we do
This a little story about uh
A nigga you know well, Knoc-Turn'alI can see you watching waitin' in my garden
In my bushes plottin'
Peepin' Tom's in my home lookin' in my windowOnce upon a time in the projects, yo
There lived a nigga named Knoc-Turn'al
America's most wanted, for sho'
In a black Lo-Lo, with tinted windowsI'm just cruisin' down the street in my 6-4
Checking all my traps and all my hoes
Life is, too short, I stay on my toes
G'd up, spill gin and juice on brand new clothesPulled up, hit a switch and dropped the back
On the prowl in a black hat lookin' for cats
I got a chrome plaque that reads, "Who's the Mac?"
Black pussy, always talk about it 'cause I love itThis California love got a nigga drunk in public
Express yo' self, keep doin' it good
Got white on the block, keep the heat in the bush
Keep risin' to the top, keep smokin' the kushThe boys in the hood are always hard
Come talkin' that trash, we'll pull your guard
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Can't trust my homies, can't trust no bitchDon't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't say shit
It's hotter on the block than it is in the kitchen
And I'm hard in the paint, listen, I'm steady dippin'
I get down, while your bullshittin'And these are the tales, the freaky tales
Of a nigga on the grind that you know so well
Got a system in your trunk then I'm jacking for beats
Black Superman, I put it down for L.A.CJust as grip the pump in my lap at all times
Fools be jackin' other fools but they don't be jackin' mine
Summer time in the L.B.C. fuck the police
Fuck being bound by law and the peace treatyWe be clubbin', everybody likes when the girls shake somethin'
System overload, stay bumpin'
It's thug life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do what ya gotta do, and stay truePropose a toast to the West Coast

Easily I approach the microphone because I ain't no joke
Tell your mama to get off of my dip
I have no time to give her my dickI'm gonna hold it and walk around the stage
And if you fuck up, I'm gonna get my gauge and shrivel you up
Like California raisins, unload the barrel and laugh
'Cause I'm puttin lead in your motherfuckin' assI can see you watching waitin' in my garden
In my bushes plottin'
Peepin' Tom's in my home lookin' in my windowI'm on the radio, and ain't a damn thing funny
It's just like Compton, bitch better have my money
I messed up and I don't know why
Tryin' to get a piece of that American PieDo my thing, blow off the roof on 187-Proof
It's gettin' funky, it's gettin' funky
It's the formula, murder was the case that they gave me
Dear God, I wonder can You save me?Dear Mama, Brenda had a baby
Hard times got a nigga goin' crazy
The hood can't take me under, it's a G-thang
We backyard bullyin' in the land where we bangGangsta's make the world go 'round
What's my motherfuckin' name?
Knoc-Turn'al, and I didn't even have to use my AK
Today was a good day

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