Lock & Load

Bone Crusher

Ready? A'ight
Look here Niggas, been a long time comin'
No more talk, fuck this intro shit
Start the music
This right here, yeah
Where the fuck, nigga, ain't never fuck niggas
Tell 'em that don't wanna play this South shit, okay
ATL, South Carolina, Mississippi
North Carolina, Louisiana,
Florida, Tennessee, Alabama
My pistol's blarin', what?
An' I'm not carin', tell 'em
Because I'm ready for action
These niggas think I'm playin'
My Tec-9 be sprayin', what?
So partner tell me what's happenin'
These streets is real
These niggas can't steal, what?
For the jump out boys, when they drive by
So if you're ready for it
Smoke dro for it, tell 'em
An' if you're hatin', fuck nigga what's happenin'
Adamsville, Watts,
Westside, Decatur
What's up?
Fuck them niggas if they don't wanna claim this ATL
Catch a hot shell, yeah
My niggas know, what?
Y'all some hoes
If I see ya on the block nigga, I'll let you know
What's it gonna be, tell 'im
Tell me what you choose, tell 'im
I claim this dirty muthafucka nigga win or lose
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on dem niggas
So, what the fuck
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico

And buck on dem niggas
So, what the fuck
Shawty, ya knows about me, tell 'em
The streets is talkin', what?
Da hostile takeover is comin' shortly
They call me Crusher
Tha mutliator
Mr. Smack-a-bitchboy, I hate the fakers
I got these hoods locked and load
Just for killin'
The South is takin' over, I see you tremblin'
We keep 'em bouncin', what?
Ain't nuthin' changed nigga, what?
This for my soldiers, hustlas, killas, gorillas
Yes
On da fuck, nigga
Surely it don't get no reala
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck
Ain't mad is ya? What?
Then bring the pain, c'mon
'Cuz muthafucker ain't a damn thing changed
I'ma still ride low-lows on Rios man, tell 'em
I'm still takin'
An' stealin'
An' scared to walk down your own block, man, what?
An niggas in your hood is say you soft, man
It's time the new regiment to start man
T. I., tell 'em!
Killa Mike, Pastor Troy, what?
David Banner, tell 'em
What's up boy, okay
It's time for us to show the really real
This down South nigga is so trill
I put my fist in the fuck nigga's grill
An be talkin' bad 'bout where the fuck I live
An be talkin' bad 'bout where the fuck I live
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico

And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck
Don't know my enemies, yo
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck

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