

I'm Gonna Smoke Him

Donald D.

[Donald D]

In the street, blood is spilled
My sniper skills make me lethal and ill
[buck buck buck] the fat lady sang
From the ceiling I watch your body hang
This is the payback, my trigger I pull back
Your cap is peeled back, for givin me feedback
I want the loot, you got the loot, gimme the loot
I won't hesitate to fuckin shoot
Night stalker, I talk street slang
Fuck that shit, I don't play no games
No remorse, my mind's on psycho
Watch me flow on, the angry tempo
Load the clip, let's take a trip
You tried to flip - my blade terminated his lips
Sucka; that's why you're tossed up
for tryin to double-cross the boss up
I move in silence
in a world that contains, much much violence
Sex and drugs, hoods and thugs

F.B.I. got my damn phone bugged[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)
I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)
I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)
I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh..)[Donald D]
Twelve o'clock, me and my posse hangs out
Niggaz act a fool now bullets rang out
I duck for cover cause with bullets you cannot reason
to catch a body, it's the season
Niggaz still bustin, cops cold rush in
I'm fussin but my cussin don't mean jack nothin
No arrest was made, there was no homicide
So the pigs in blue start to drive
Inner city blues is nothin new
We go to the store to buy some brew
On the pavement I pour some ale
for my homies who died, my homies in jail
Skins, skins with sex to lend
stood out y'all like a shark's fin
Uhh, a cutie with a weave to her booty

shakes her rump to the funk that car system pumps
She wants to sex me up, sex me down
I smack it and I flip it and I dick her down
Check it, now she wanna play footsy
But I want the loot, and she's just pussy
From the window, I see the police
They want me to rot, in the belly of the beast
You wanna cuff me, come and get me

My glock is cocked, it has a temper, shit G[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)

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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)[instrumental interlude][Donald D]

Shotgun blast he died real fast
In the ghetto back alley he lays in trash

He didn't know so I had to buck him

(I thought he was your man) Yo nigga, FUCK HIM

Police sirens, let's make a move

Criminal smooth, pimp daddy cool

Eyes on my jewels I pull out my toolie

Meet your maker you no-good stoolie

Damn! I smell police creepin

Damn! Even when Donald D sleepin

Say hello to my little friend

The Desert Eagle, adios amigo

Gangsta chronicle you read the articles

Raise it to the neck, I'm wet from the sweat

Vigilante, servin em death blows

A sinister call rips away the jaw

Decapitated by the guillotine

The aftermath a bloodbath scene

Beware, of the looter

The syndicate sniper, I'm the sharpshooter[Chorus: Donald D]I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)

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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhh.. let's buck em down)[Donald D]

C'mon.. huh!

C'mon.. yeah..

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