

# The Corruptor's Execution (Feat. B-Legit & UGK)

## E-40

Hold up  
It's the motherfuckin' corruptor, since I came I was a hustler  
It's a shame, I got to blow out niggaz brains  
To make these motherfuckers peep my game  
I let 'em hang to the flo', snot on the snow And full of kicked on rivals, it's for survival, in the intestines of the  
city  
'Cause the game's shitty, and Piggly Wiggly on the payroll  
So they can't bust us and we shine like diamond clusters  
'Cause we some made motherfuckers Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'  
I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen  
I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
It's the corruptor's execution I be workin' and twerkin' my portable digital  
Triple beamer scale like a teeter-totter  
Kind of like a see-saw, up and down  
A hundred and twelve milligrams of some of that There soft white baby powder, equals a they call up the Valley  
Heat up in the garbage dumpster, "Who's sack is dat?"  
All the tiffles and po'po' I got it back, don't make me do ya  
I know these streets, like the Grayson's know jujitsu Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'  
I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen  
I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
It's the corruptor's execution I'm havin' small change with gats and hundred sacks  
I got to ball main with thangs, I let 'em hang  
It ain't at all strange with game, remain the Savage  
And cabbage, got to come, if not, five-oh for one I come with guns smokin' leave you croakin' in Oakland  
Without no words spoken put the Chevy in drive  
And ride the block hopin' not to choke up in back  
With the strap, and the kick in the back, imagine that Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'  
I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen  
I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
It's the corruptor's execution Now, we get the cash the stash and bash  
Your brains all over this dashboard  
Give up the hash, and get you some gas  
Who'll blast you main in man's sport Now, brrr, stick 'em I kick 'em, Bobby you lick 'em  
We stole 'em and brick 'em to death  
K.S.'ll go left, finger flick 'em, bitches is breathin'  
They last motherfuckin', breath On the real how you feel about caps get peeled

I just baby, deal with the talk  
You backin' the guns and all the law  
So just hopin' these bastards know that we strong Fuckin 'em quick in the back with the dick then  
Make sure while they don't know throw a trick in  
Keep yours eyes on Nich-en  
'Cause we stickin' the Bic in, any sick then Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'  
I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen  
I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
It's the corruptor's execution Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'  
I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen  
I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
It's the corruptor's execution

Songwriters

HAYES, ISAAC / CLINTON, GEORGE JR. / HUTCHISON, GREGORY FRENARD / BUTLER, CHAD L. /  
FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / JONES, BRANDT KEITH / STEVENS, EARL T. Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>