The Corruptors Execution

UGK

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 snowAnd 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 motherfuckersBecause 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 executionI 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 thatThere 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 jujitsuBecause 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 executionI'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 oneI 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 thatBecause 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 executionNow, 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 sportNow, 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', breathOn 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 strongFuckin '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 thenBecause I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'
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