Str8 West Coast

KNOC-TURN'AL

Super ugly
Mr X to tha Z
Yeah, Warren
LA indo, gangster and mack mo
Bullets at your window, dangerousRuthless, hostile, unforgiven, who gave you permission
To try to stop me from livin', huh? Try again faggot
You've gotta ride better than that
To move out in front of the pack, it's two thousand and twoMy backpack raps got my backpack
Strapped and filled with plaques
I ain't relaxed or laid back at home with my feet up
I drop Pravda, lock and load, heat the streets up
You weak fuckShakin' and dancin'
Y'all takin' pills, we takin' penitentiary chances
I'm too advanced is
Never the same when I hit it and quit it
You want it come get it, I'm wit' itWhen I say that I'm wit' it
That means I got a main defense team that's gon' get me acquitted
G's is walkin' out the courtroom like George Jefferson
Stop the interviewin', the faggot had it comin' to himWarren GWhat y'all thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit
Too much smokin' that Sherman shit
I learnt this from the best that got y'all sprung
The, the doctor Andre YoungCompton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me
Goin' hard on the yard till my dogs bail me
They tells me I can't proceed wit' it
I came back and got Warren G wit' itWest coast, still smoking on that indo
Smoke, oh no, don't pretend, oh no
I woulda came but I was dead broke, no mo
I'm rollin' on some real, oh no'Bout to get it, but niggas trip though, let's go
I'm the realest and they all know real dope
You need a filter or you will choke, indo
That's all a nigga will smoke, oh noNow, niggas better get between their door, door
I'm shakin' all your shit onto the floor
And niggas don't get it
But be careful what you ask for you just might get itYo the undisputed middle weight champ runnin' like Hopkins
Clap six to ya shins niggas start hoppin', Shiest never stoppin'
In other words, if your click full
Can't press mute and it don't apply nowI'm feelin' funny in the tummy

And a nigga ain't been eatin' for weeks, I'm sick
I ain't trying to get no better but rather
Infect the world leavin' Vicks in a old sweaterKnoc's landin', tell me if it ain't me, who got the best planin'?
Who got your ears tuned it and who keeps you listenin'?
Who gots your undivided attention?
Who makes your panties wet, girl?Hold up, pause, which nigga on TV
That you see makes you wanna give up the draws
At parties and shows, I mash regardless
Yo hardest flows couldn't stop this bombardment
I clench the vision till there's no room for expansionAll prepared for war it's Knoc's landin'
A nightly stalker, in shadows I walk
Mindin' my own while haters throw soft
The more I succeed, the more bitches clockThrough my peripheral vision, I watch subconsciously
Waitin' to introduce you to tragedy see it's Knoc's landin'

Songwriters
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