

# Lock & Load

## Bone Crusher

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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