Look Out

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

(look out)
(bustin and runnin)
(Look out)
(raid, raid)I hear a siren you know what that means, the boys in blue is on the way. and people duckin in and out to find a safe place to hideout, but not me i'm standin in full view of the street steady waitin on the police, thankin them for catchin me their attempts to trap me are useless, and the army of dead i command are forma ruthless.
(and your S.W.A.T team with snipers on every roof top scopin)
and the team leader barkin out orders to throw the smoke in
you knoe that you gonna bump it like aaliyah said im 1 in a million and sometimes you cant comprehend the shit i'm feelin
(but thats ok, i'm reloadin)
And fully prepared to bust ya skull open. got you stripped down like a bitch at the bar searchin fo tips. all be dis got the shakes cuz you cant afford a hit. i'm a G in every sense of the word so my game is soldier so i match the motha fuckin pigs like a jelly donut.Chorus
look out the police is comin, got me runnin through the crack house bustin and runnin.
(get in)
look out, cuz i dont wanna get sprayed ya better lay it down fo yo ass get destroyed
(i gotta blunt in my right hand a gun in my left takin shots at the cops either jail or death im already dead you cant kill me and i aint goin to the pen, bitches come run me)
~~~~~~~~I jumped in the caddy on the way to the dope house, i see the red and blue hold-up time out who they fuckin wit, im a g wit a trunk full of dope and heavy artillery
(pull your vehicle to the side of the road)
Oh yall think im playin well ya'll just don know better run the plate check who you fuckin wit or get found on the sidea the road in a ditch, east side bitch boy what the fuck you thought quit fuckin wit these killas we'll blow ya head off we some hustlas tryna get rich quick. get money wit the boss and comp for old shit. motha fucka for real i'm just lettin you know, fuck wit a dead man its yo funeral. so when you pull up on a g wit a hatchet in the window take yo ass to the coffee shop bitch ass po po.Chorus x1Why you still followin me i get w2 to pay my taxes you gonna make a motha fucka have some relapses. th red, white, and blues have been known to set me off and you about to fall victim to the molatov (cocktail). the smell is foul and overwhelming of you burnin in ya cruiser and ya lights is meltin, why cant i be dead , have a bitch, and enjoy dealin without one a yall motha fuckas botherin me, callin me a sinner, but i'm not im the dead body from the block. and aint nobody on there pushin rocks. i'm a grown up but not in the sense that you accustom, i graduate from the 22's to the 9's that im bustin. at you i empty the clip on the cops who testin and leave em lyin dead in the intersection. you want beef you got it homeboy its what im servin, take the safety off your gun cuz i know that your nervous.Chorus x1(look out)
(look out)
(i gotta blunt in my right hand a gun in my left takin shots at the cops either jail or death im already dead you cant kill me and i aint goin to the pen, bitches come run me
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