

# React

## Crash (í•-ěž~î%o¬)

{Ladies and gentlemen  
Welcome aboard official nasty airlines, flight one eighty eight}  
Kill it in the club, baby show some love  
My real thugs, where you at? Baby throw ya guts  
To all the ladies in the spot, show me what ya got  
Big cats in the back, get rocked what, react  
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My real thugs, where you at? Baby throw ya guts  
To all the ladies in the spot, show me what ya got  
Big cats in the back, get rocked what, react  
Real thug shit unplugged  
Ladies lust, angel dust, aim and bust  
Bitches who nod, the bulletproof ride's coke in my eyes  
And got me shootin' at a ghost cause it looks alive  
To cloak? No leaks in gun smoke  
Here to get those, snakes get it the most  
G's overdose, we wreck toast to deaf notes  
Tech blows, I only put a hole in your leg so  
{Ladies and gentlemen}  
It's going on right now  
Official nast' don't be playin' around, we lay it down  
Dead you, for the whole win, leave you frozen  
Crime scene reporter snap shots like you posin'  
You got in the way, sorry to say  
You shoulda known, shinin' on sonsee's not in the day  
All the niggaz in my zone, my close affiliates  
Be rippin' it illin' it adrenaline spendin' and killin' shit  
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Yo, yo  
I'm on some other shit, run up on your mother shit  
Hockey mask, black tape, tapin' up your baby brother shit  
Two guns, one in your face, one in my waist

Empty the safe, hit em with the lock he caught a stray shot  
Fucked his girl and made him watch, made a death wish  
I cut his throat now wear that like a necklace, respect this  
Twenty two shots bodily harm, goodbye to your legs  
Goodbye to arms goodbye to your moms  
The shit'll happen so fast, the gut blast left his brains on the glass  
In a dash I snatched the cash and fled off in a flash  
The only thing I ever lost I couldn't find was time  
Son some crackers locked me up that's how I lost my mind  
Hit him from behind four times and toss the nine, fuck him  
He didn't listen told him give me the shine  
The sick shit is when the police, came around to get me  
The killers who was with me, snitchin' sayin' it was fifty  
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Fuck the rap skit, X and the drug complex  
When convicts'll start conflicts, kill they own accomplice  
Life in the drain niggaz money's got my gold chain thicker  
Whole brain sicker, hall of fame nigga  
From coast to coast I keep the toast  
My weekly gross, leave you deeply froze  
Half dead close to ghost, yo you heartless  
Your heart pump piss, regardless if you a thug or rap artist  
I seen death, almost died twice tonight  
Sell my own mother out if the price is right  
I hate life, gimme the lock  
About to join biggie and 'pac and you comin' like it or not  
G E T off me! let me go, don't hold me back  
Where my real thugs at? Baby throw ya gut  
Sticky fingaz, from out your darkest fears  
I make you meet your maker, make you meet the man upstairs  
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Killin' it

{Ladies and gentlemen

Welcome aboard official nasty airlines, flight one eighty eight}

Word up yo, official nast'

Gettin' cream, onyx, we move with the many crews

We let you know right now, we shuttin' shit down

Nine eight, word up get your shit straight

You think your shit hot? Stick your shit up

What? Bring yo' shit to the club

Bring yo' heat to the street

Official nast', shuttin' shit down, what?

{Ladies and gentlemen

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Lyrics provided by

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