HangMan

Pestilence

For the real fans, here goes a
Hangman
Hey yo, Wesstyle, what up JS?
Let me get a hit off some of that marijuana shit
Here it is, 'cause you know iz gotsta be real high
When I'm feelin ta jump in the cut
With some of that G-punk shit
Baby, my people, take a ride with me, come on
Yes, yes, ya'll the M.C.U.D.
Representin the hed
Kickin vibes of unity
On a trip hop tip
Yeah, niggas hitch a ride white boys too
In the car with the hed crew, whatcha gonna do
On a mission of unity, rollin' in the '96, fuck you
If ya punk head ain't down with this
Trip hop for the hoes of OC
Kickin my flows for by bros in HB
Land of the dancers, skins and sprakheads, the hydro, the X
And the sugar cubes for ya'llz heads
And it's an everyday thang
Black flys, head beanie
Check khakis steady hang, dang
Duffs on my feet so I kick
Cuttin styles like Calvin
I'm inclined to go big
Comin' comin' long on this G-punk trip
We got the funk hardcore on the chaos tip
Now, recognize game when you see it
Got my niggaz at my back cold strapped if I need it
Time, time, who got the time?
Fuck it up up, who got the soul?
Let it flow, I got nothin' better to do
I'm 'bouta fuck wit you, fuck it up wit you
Time time, who got the time?
Fuck it up, up, who got the soul?
Let it flow, I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
BC

Rock this muthafucker
You see they be breakin' this nigga
And they makin' the mold, ya know it said
Yeah the story told, how the world is cold
Yet the man is bold
Expose the funky head to let the truth unfold
Ya see me comin' and comin'
Ya see me comin' up
Ya see me comin' and comin'
Ya see me comin' out on top
I'm the brotha that you just can't stop
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
Good Lord
My little brotha got caught with some rocks in his pocket
My nigga from the ghetto had no counsel to fight it
Probation, the violation
In through the out door another vacation
Now ya doin time, no reason no rhyme
Paybacks on your mind, betta get in like
Time ain't on my side but I still got my pride
The hednigga is a soul alive
Time, time, who got the time?
Fuck it up up, who got the soul?
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I'm 'bouta fuck wit you, fuck it up wit you
Time time, who got the time?
Fuck it up, up, who got the soul?
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I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
I got nothin' better to do
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
I break 'em off, so I break 'em off
Smoke a phat joint ta this
I'm a contenta, I'll rock a party
Till the muthafuckin roof come in
Yeah it's on fire, burnin' like some pussy
In the mornin' had all night to simmer
White girl wakes up like dick be in her

Damn
I was fuckin' since ya had your first Barbie
Easy bake oven you was pissin' in ya panties
Ain't shit you can do that ain't been done
No, nothin's wrong with you my girl
Ain't the one, ain't the one

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