

# Stray Bullet

## Organized Konfusion

Let the trigger finger put the pressure to the mechanism  
Which gives a response, for the automatic  
Clip to release projectiles in single file  
Forcing me to ignite then travel through the barrel  
Headed for the light at the end of a tunnel  
With no specific target in sight  
Slow the flow like H2O water  
Visualize, the scene of a homicide, a slaughter  
No remorse for the course I take  
When you pull it, the result's a stray bullet  
Niggaz who knew hit the ground runnin' and stay down  
Except for the kids who played on the playground  
Cause for some little girl, she'll never see more than six years  
of life  
Trifling, when she fell from the seesaw  
But umm wait, my course isn't over  
Fled out of the other side of her head towards a red Range Rover  
Then I ricochet fast past a brother's ass, oh  
damn  
What that nigga say, "Aw fuck it", next target's Margaret's face  
And I struck it, now it's a flood of blood in circumference to her face  
And an abundance of brains all over the street  
Shame, how we had to meet, dashin', buckin'  
Greet by fuckin' family, they follow behind me in a orderly fashion  
Bashin' through flesh, I'm wild crashin' through the doors  
Of projects hallways to deflect off of the tile  
I'm coming for you, little girl, once inside, I shatter your world  
Swirl, no more dreams no hopes when I spray  
You better pray, to the Pope or the Vatican  
Before I go rat-tat-a-tat again  
I'm mad again, brother, somebody's mother will be sad again  
But, whose blue skies will turn gray  
From the attack, of the Mac-11, I'm a stray bullet  
Nobody seen shit, nobody heard it  
Nobody seen shit, nobody heard it  
Nobody seen shit, nobody heard it  
Gun balls of fire, I'm traveling at higher speeds  
To proceed to penetrate flesh, hitting the splint  
After splitting the chest of a Queens fiend  
Age of pagers shredded to pieces from the Glock 9  
And it's hollow tips, it releases the polices in back of the  
ambulance  
Blood loss as I shift across your chest  
Arrest, rupture, I mess up ya, slasher  
Shall I bust ya liver, faster, blood pours  
Now it's up to the master, boom, as I crash open the doors  
Thank me for spraying the operating room  
The body still consumes me, doc had to remove me  
Mmm Lord, why do they use me?  
I'm takin' individual for keeps Hobbes

So peep the cops, in the ghetto bustin' shots for props  
And when I hit, shit, soon you forgets-me-not  
Cops tried to explain to his pops what I done I flip up the hollow tipper and I'm not the one  
And as a human I'm the surprising one  
Prince Po, I flow the ripper, either way  
You never, ever know how I'm coming Metamorphasizing, rising in turbulence  
Condensed into a bullet, pull it, now I'm making moves  
With no sympathizing, uh, so take a hit nigga, sprint  
Onto the scenario, I'm at a party with OA lot of honies parlay and the DJ's playin' the Fudge Pudge flow  
Five niggaz come up in the club for a rub  
Yo, O peep it, oh shit, O duck  
(Oh shit! Oh shit!) Another hit, another struck, here comes Mr. Stray Bullet  
Five, the tip, getting my jollies from the screams of the ripped  
In your chest, then I flip, nip your liver, blood flowin' like a river  
Money starts to shiver then I give a delivery of burns Bruises fake shoes is your renaissance  
No response your moms is out cold  
Figure I'm bigger takin' your heart nigga at twenty years old  
Stray bullet

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