Wrektime

Smif-n-Wessun

[Where Brooklyn at?] repeatedTek:
You're too light to fight, plus you're too thin to win,
and who ya gonna call when I break your glass chin?
Mista Rippa, slicker than your sista.
Turn down the lights, she got hit by the Vicksta.
Keep a lid on your lip so your wig won't get split.
Better have your joint cocked, my hand's comin' off my hip.
This little nigga pumped the lead, that ass fled,
three of your boys wounded, three of your men dead.
Time to hop to Iron (hillyyyy), back to my (spillyyyyyyy),
Flat Foot comin' deep like (hillbillyyyyy).
Can't hear the sirens, gotta block 'em out my mind,
I gotta get away so I can do more crime.
See my brethrens down the block, risin' up out their spot,
puffin' meth in the hood where the spot is hot.
My Timbs ease tension by stompin' next when I'm vexed,
throw up your dick-beaters, kid, it's time to flex.Chorus One: 4x
[I am what I am] / And I do what I do
[Puff mad lye] / Catch wreck with my crewSteele:
[Sent to represent the real heads,
the dreads on the scene, now all the bumbaclot talk must dead.
I walk the fence of stress and tension,
hit the Benz then hit the spliff with my friends
and catch mad wreck with my man Tek] I am what I am
[That's why my fans show respect when I slam sets.
I don't front for you, your crew, even a stunt,
roll up the blunts, 'cause real niggas do what they want.
Big up to all original criminaaaals, the ill politicaaaal,
and all Boot Camp Generaaaals.
I be gettin' charged with my squad on the project step
and you'll regret when my mob flex.
Glam to the man that sham when I hit 'em with tricks or 4-5-6 when I'm gamblin.
Collect your trap then add it to my fat stacks,
chill, I'll be back, right now I'm out to smoke the next sack.]Chorus Two: 2x
Puff mad lye / [Catch wreck with my crew]
Puff mad lye / [Catch wreck with my crew]
Puff mad lye / [Catch wreck with my crew]
I am what I am / [And I do what I do]Tek: It's goin' down. [Steele: The deal has been set and it's ready]
Strap up the arms 'cause it's time to be jetty.

[Ya niggas violated when you crossed that thin line.]
Tresspassed in Bucktown and now you're all mine.
[Here batty booooyyyy] One move and you're dead.
[Got my glocks cocked and they're pointed at your head]
Your operation's DEAD AND STINKIN', TIED DOWN WITH BRICKS AND EAST RIVER SINKIN'.
Got my hoodie on and my Timb boots, troop.
[Kick your whole bottom row of fronts out, Dupe]
Ya best protect your frame before you tow out it, G.
[I'm halfway sane, that's what the Lord tells me]
But I chose to disregard fuzz [smoke buzz]
And lamp in the Camp with the rest of the THUGS, 'cause
[I am, what I am, and I do what I do]
Puff mad lye, catch wreck with my crew.Chorus One: 4x
Chorus Two: 2xSmif-N-Wessun and we out like that...
(okay, we ready to rock...)

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