Snap

Grave Plott

[Tech N9ne]
Im right back to the drama, yes that karma,
double back, and slap me without armour,
troubled cats, and all right back [?],
and a loveable act, extractin at 'yall.
give me a reason while deceasin',
and ceasing a sin season,
and greivin, and i grim greed
and a speeds and our fans feeling us(uh),
everybody around me, downs me,
and it astounds me, profoundly,
whether they hound me or clown me,
Tryna' keep my mind calm!
But i keep six soundly around me,
all through my town and your county
but i hit that ground, cause i found,
im a walking timb bomb!
i Feel like a fucking maniac in public,
when i flip the zaniac, they loved it.
Nigga' this aint actin',
when i pull em from under, nigga' this aint happenin'.
When your dream boat sails away you just sob,
did a regular job, and start to rob,
and went crazy when losin ya lady, let your hart harden, so-
im keep in insane, with my 30thousand dolla chain,
and use it as bait, for niggas' who hate.
and wanna resurect sam hane, out of a sick nigga
with the short end of the stick, ima stick niggas,
cap filla, you dont want me to be that, when i SNAP nigga'.

Chorus x2
One , two, GP's comin for you,
Three, four, Tech is at your door,
Five, six, got guns and clips,
Seven, eight, they've sealed your Fate.

[Liquid Assassasin]
Fuck you, i hate you, you fake think, you way cool
mistakes you, gon' make you, gon' pay with, yo face too,

and can spray you, lay you, on pavement, and shake you,
From bullets that brake you, and take you, to angels
You know im gon' get cash, i know that you spit trash,
[?] wit'chu, quick crashed, i box with you, fist fast.
im not what you think that, im wont get the clips
i wont hesitate to grab a gun, go pop,
like tech nina when the guns go [POW]
[SPEED UP]
GP comin through, nigga, whacha gonna do!?
when i come into the room, gun aimin at you,
CLICK BOOM! You dont wanta see ya right to the tomb
When i come in with a krew, les play them two's
liquid assasin, ima ride for mine,
bitch ass nigga, ima die for mine,
ima grab the heat, and ima pop the iron
Put two to ya chest, and one to ya mind!
and nobody get the best of me,
ill put u through more pain than pregnancy,
i dont really give a damn, one sexy beast
still catch a red beam
you dont want me to cut the clip bro,
like a toilet bowl come come drop a shitload,
slide through your pad creep and tip toe ????
Chorus x2

[Killa C]
These boys are sick, these boys are foul,
gonna lay em' face down, just ask me how,
if ya piss me off homie then its straight fuckin over,
cuz my trigga fingers twitchin and im far from sober!
I aint gon' stop, it just aint in me,
even if the prison, is right where they send me,
i slide right in, hollow tips in my clip,
ima let em right out, 'less you give me my shit,
stressin with my wesson', ima teach you a lesson,
when i come through and rob you, consider it a blessin',
suck my dick bitch, cause i hate you like a mothafucka,
at ya front door bout to make ya mother suffa!
Fo'courts, and rose, pistols and gauges,
the world wants us dead, locked away in them cages.
we came in, we conquered, we got what we wanted,
years from now they'll say that YO house is haunted.

Chorus x2

Lyrics submitted by jacob.

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