

Visions Of A Silent One

Mr. Pookie

[mr. pookie]

Comin up tha muthafuckin block, it's tha undertaker
Jus throw yo hands in tha air, don't move a muscle I wont hesitate ta
Jus let you have it wit a few thangz
No need for runnin and duckin cause wit this missle pack,i'm takin aim
Now all these methods, need to finish him
I took my sack out my pocket and smoked a blunt as I diminished him
Intoxicated, rule number 1 pookie jus cant be faded
High off that dosha, I don told ya I was bound to make it
Niggaz smoke, forget that drama I be tellin ya
Cause me and my crooks stay on cloud 9 on tha regular
And sense we crooks, jus some killaz we motivate to get cha
Pull out that knife and slit yo throat and watch yo body shiver
Jus will peel ya, hollow points is hittin quicker
Standin ova yo body and watchin that blood spilla
Say hoe, jus have a seat and listen thea to tha beat
As tha words come out my mouth and grab hard by yo feet
Penetratin to yo nerves, sendin signals to yo brain
As I post up on tha curve, do you forget I'm tha blame?
Wit tha finastatic, lift up my shirt to pistol I will grab it
Killin folks and smokin blunts, I'm lettin these niggaz have itChorus[x2]Visions of a silent one, loadin up an
extra clip
Foes out to get me but these rounds will spill up out my clip
Trip and watch me throw some shit at yo head
No clear description of this face leavin coppers misleadNow look into tha eyes of a muthafuckin crook (whatcha
see?)
Jus a crip azz nigga high as he can be
Wit them 3 mo crooks, in otha words, my motives
Be comin hard, I told ya, and spittin shit so potent
And toastin to heavy burdens, nigga I'm on my own
Gauge inside yo dome to solve tha problem at home
It's on, now tha pressure's on my back wit a tree
Damn I gotta hit a lick (naw you need to hit that weed)
Stressin me is a baby momma gripin and cryin
Man I hope she ain't lyin about this baby bein mine
And times is changin, you betta peep tha world around you
Comin up I'm bound to a southside clown fool
Mr. pookie, mr. muffit, k-roc and c-pone
Rippin beats we see on

Smokin killa til we gon
Loan me them pistols so I can make a dismissal, what
Wont need to dis you, leave you shitty like some tissue
Bitch you anotha havoc, cause boy I ain't gon have it
My visions of a silent one release tha automatic
Let you have it wit tha gauge, buckshots come from every way
Got em lost in tha maze betta yet I see you dazed
Be amazed by tha power I posess, that I stress
Turn tha s to a p on yo muthafuckin chest
It's best you keep yo distance cause nigga I jus wont listen
Come on in my dimension and let's get into some killinChorus [x2](pookie please jus let me live, man)
Bitch would you let me live?
(huh?)
That's wha I thought
(gun shot)
Surprise nigga I hit that scene when you think I wouldnt
Talkin shit to my niggaz now boy you really shouldnt
Cause tha pack in tha back of me they really killaz
Cut you up, body show nuthin but yo body shiver
Flossin that bitch that you wit and really shit to me
Cause I don already fucked that hoe
But you cant tell and you cant see
How a pimp that be me, be actin quiet and calm
Be quick to snatch yo bitch and leavin that hoochie body numb
Tha fun of her, lickin my back and my azz
Told me to lick up on her, but hoe now I think I'll pass
I'd rather smoke on a blunt I get so high I get tweeted
I try to stop smokin so much, k-roc keepin me weeded
Jus back on off of me though don't wont no mo or no static
I'd rather reach for my gun, bust a pump, let some punk nigga have it
This nigga don't know where I'm from homeboy you betta take a look
Because I'm out of clean and dirty, 13030 stoneycrookChorus [x2]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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