

Intro

WC and the Maad Circle

helicopter flies overhead

[cop] One of twenty, I'm behind the vehicle
And there goes the suspect, he saw us now
police siren

chopper still flying around

chains rustling

Coolio, c'mon man, hurry up!

chopper makes another pass

somebody whistles

chains rustling

siren stops

[cop] Back here

Police officer, come on out or I'ma send in the dog
Police officer, come on out or I'ma send in the dog
whispered "fuck em"

Front em, front em!![WC]
Yeahhhh, beeaaaa!!

Back up in the mutha-fucka

Crawlin up the letter to skanless

Givin it up, straight holdin my nuts

Dub-see nigga, still chankly as fuck

Fresh out, so fuck the world nigga

This is MAAD Circle to the fullest, everybody killa

Takin it back to the days of drum loops

And lyrical skills, before niggaz got record deals

The dope game, when beats was the product

And only those with mic control made a profit

Before the shady ass contracts and restrictions

When niggaz true to this ruled the underground connection

Back to the days of hardcore

So lock your doors, here comes the MAAD Circle "You know, we do whatever we do to survive"

Songwriters

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