Adrenaline

Zeds Dead

Killa, Psycho Drama, Twista
Chi-Town to Harlem, what's really good?
Part 2, what happens when you combine
The darkness with the light?
Yeah, I am more than compelled and honored to expel
This hell that's inside of my shell for fuckas who want it
Violence, yeah, that bullshit right up my alley
Chasing you right up the alley
With a gun fixin' to kill you 'cause I feel
You was the one fuckin' with my family
I roll with a gang of go getters
And them ghouls and them gorillas
Who be quick to put the glock or the gauge
To the gut of one of your niggas and pull it
The trigga aimed, deliver you niggas
These rigorous bullets, it's so rivid and to see you
Livin' in vengance and see the trouble you're put in
Fuckin' with niggas you shouldn't
These menaces and villains and hoodlums
That'll give you the business
And in an instant be dimishin' whoopin'
'Cause it ain't no type of jokin' or jivin' comin' off of this
You done somersaulted and dived in a coffin of shit
So if you ever get the notion to just motion forward
And get on some ho shit
You niggas remember that I got that potion
To bore your brain in a bag and give you
A new perspective on who the realest y'all
You just can't kill one you stupid bitch
You got to kill us all
What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel
To make me wanna run up in ya home
Shoot you in the dome if you bustin' my body up
With the chrome, I stilla be in the zone like Capone
Better leave me alone 'cause I represent
The city known for killin' motherfuckas
Makin' plenty money and layin' mack down
Came buckin', Twista spittin' gritty competition, what a pity
You ain't fuckin' with it then put ya stash down

Come at the family you touched, uh
I'll shoot up ya V-12 even if you with ya female, uh
You was talkin' shit nigga, wassup?
Fuckin' up ya Sprewell's and ya new interior detail
And a nigga standin' too tall to fall comin'
So I hope y'all can crawl bloody up the vest all the wall
Sacrifice my body screamin' Kamikaze
I can take all of y'all
Y'all niggas play around, guns I wave around
Nigga better stay down, lay down, weigh pounds
Put 'em on the Greyhound, ride it up to K-Town
The boy get nasty, Tolor force me, blast me
Sawed-off and I'm happy or where the crack be
Put it right all for Polaski
Cross street, don't need to be said
Code red already got beef with the feds
Put three in ya head from the street full of lead
Fuck knee-deep, you'll be six feet when ya dead
Street sweeper when I creep creep, nigga fled
When ya sleep sleep, nigga dead
Why you on the back block, fightin' in the crack spot
Jackpot, ask not
(It's your adrenaline rush)

Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make his opposition chest kick up
And jump when you lit up the gun
To make ya body get up and, uh
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make his opposition chest kick up
And jump when you lit up the gun
To make ya body get up and, uh
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk
Ya bitch is a ho, she chill at the Rucker, you really a sucka
Big Will tryin' to grill her and cuff her

And Killa done fucked her in love with the chick
The slut was a fish threw her bait, reeled her in and gutted the bitch
And now she up in Pokip's dick, huggin' the strip slick
5th tucked in her hip, she will mug you for kicks
And word to motha, I'm rich, hit ya motha with bricks
Cocoa why don't ya build buildings with concussion the bitch
Come and feel wit the balla who's the nicest and causin' the crisis
Got the ammo and agility that says rewind means growin' before
And this livin' and pause and this likeness
I can spit it for some who for nigga represent the call of the righteous
Or gang bang to the rhythm when I spit it
I'ma kill 'em with the technical precision
That'll be fuckin' up all the devices
Get sick wit it like I'm lit off the wet
If it's beef, get the shit off ya chest
Don't take off ya vest, all my niggas
Make you jump off the set and always get
The prints of the Tech, straight off the deck
Mobbin' up and makin' niggas duck, knowin'
I'll still open up the trunk
Guns nigga we get 'em and bust
Murderin' the enemy is the ultimate adrenaline rush
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make his opposition chest kick up
And jump when you lit up the gun
To make ya body get up and, uh
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make his opposition chest kick up
And jump when you lit up the gun
To make ya body get up and, uh
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go
And pick up the pump to make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/