No Warning

King Crimson

It's the return of the real nigga wit real shit
And when the smoke dies down it's still a nigga left to deal wit
This motherfucker standin' one deep solo
Exercising parts of the game but don't knowI bring it to a motherfucker full throttle
And any motherfucker want pain I brought the full bottle
Now take ya two of these and call me in the morning
Three times point blank range wit no warningNigga I'm straight killa slash for show drama
And every motherfucker involved gon' face drama
Punk I ain't no motherfucker rappin' in song
You bust your caps when you rapBut I bust back at your dome bitch and this is always all day killa
And bitches who be stressin' me out I get rid of
I'm still a guerrilla in these goddamn streets
Walkin' up on motherfuckers and leavin' 'em sleep'Cause if you gonna ride then we can ride
But 99.9 of the times you gon' die
Die motherfucker die, motherfucker die
Motherfuckers crowdin' my space they gon' dieI can't believe you hoes is playin' wit this
But since you motherfuckers want drama I'll bring you this shit
I got my dime down cocked and shined
Just a homie from the hood had the paper still I'm bout to grindWhat you thought this was nigga some studio gimmick
A motherfucker talking that shit but couldn't spend it-shit
I come around this motherfucker bending beads
And dare one of you hoes to come and fuck wit meI'm real with it I'll warn you motherfuckers again
That if you step to me wit ho shit I'm turning you in
Shocked-and shot wit five holes in your memory
And when you headed for hell you gon' remember meThe one MC who told you niggas once
And after that he gave no warning he straight done him, punk
I got my mind all made up to go off
When bitches start to threaten my life I go offTake a walk on the wild side and all the coloreds go whoop-whoop
When I come down in my coupe
And motherfuckers hatin' me come give it a try
But 99.9 of the times you gon' die wit no warnin'Dealing wit the killer wit the strap out
No warnin' then
All for a sudden homie blacks out
Wit no warnin'And now your dealing with your outer body energy
All the pain you left in your life you still feeling me
Everybody living must have thought it would change
Living fast and dying young's a part of the gameHow can one spit the game so sure
Turned around and emptied his than

Wit no warning

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