

Assassin, Liquor Niggas N Triggas

(feat. X-Raided, Brotha Lynch)

[X-Raided]

Nigga recognize I'm that motherfuckin locc
08 drinkin got me high givin head to my 44
They can't blame me for the actions
I take in a sicc state of mind as I premedi-tiz-ate
Fifty-one-fifty as my brain liquifies
Every swig a nigga takes crazy thoughts intensifies
I'm ready to ride, I'm Mr. Hyde murderin Dr. Jeckyl
You aint funkin wit a pyscho no more
X-loc is goin cleptomaniac, stealin' yo' life
cayse I gives a fuck about ya
That's why I'm using that 44 to blow them brains up out cha
Dumb shit green shit hitting the concrete
Youse a victim of me on inez street
I shoot you in the head and let that ass decay
You been laying in the street so long your brains is turning gray
You niggaz can't deal wit a fool thats full of that 08 liquor shit
I'm runnin around town wit a bad ass attitude and two extra clips
With a 44 automatic nigga you know you gotta duck
Either that or be another victim of a motherfuckin slaughter
Best for the hoe the 44 magnum got me stressin
My mind was tellin me no but the 40 ounce kept tellin me yes
He had on a vest, but I still managed to leave that ass for dead
Cuz there ain't one motherfucker in the whole wide world
with a bullet proof forehead
So when you see me swiggin that 08 liquor hold your breath
I'm slammin the bottle upside your dome when ain't none left

[Chorus: Lynch]

Cause I don't love you hoes, I don't love you niggaz
All I'm givin a fuck is about my liquor and my triggas
When I'm off that OE, when I'm off that OE
Lo better watch your back for nervous mo
For really though really though
[x2]

[X-Raided]

I'm sewing up slube eating up drinking your blood like liquor
Its all because I'm givin a fuck and I got no love for you niggas
I'm leavin up outta the house
when it's time to ride and create some death
Only thing I got with me is a 40 of E and it ain't enough left
for me to be pourin it out for the next motherfucker resting in peace
I love my homies and G's, but it's EBK when the trigger released
For those who don't know, it's EveryBody Killa, step on back
Ain't no time tryin to be chhosy when I'm fucked up, pullin the cap
And the reason, a murder's good enough to put these hot ones on ya
Nigga run on up go ahead you can be a victim if you wanna
Aint no thing to me we can do it any way you want a do it
It'll hurt you more than it'll hurt me when I put these bullets to it
Blow them brains up out you wit a 44 caliber magnum crom
Only thing that's at the scene
is a 40 ounce bottle but all the liquors gone
They looking for a motherfucker but fool they'll never find a locc
You get in the shower I'm ass naked right behind your door
Sicc like Norman Bates, I'm murdering like a motherfuck
Wit a gun in one hand a 40 in the other one fool up and down the trunk
Like Jimmy Jones, David Koresh
I'm having these fools strapped, drinking cyanide
They burning themselves up trying to get the fuck away from the X
but ain't nowhere to hide
Let me play that Jack Kevorkian, I'm Dr. Death, assisting a suicide

When I put in my clip I caulk it back it goes clack clack
That's one in the chamba (chamber)
one for your nuts and one for your bitch's cat
I swig my 40 and fool I ain't pouring out not one drop
Straight sicc in the dome, I thought you knew
My nigga that's on the blocc

[Chorus x2]

When I die its time to put atop my let my homies do it
They could pump me up with the O8 (yodda) instead of embalmin fluid
And when you barry me put a 40 and a gun in the casket with me
So I can be buzzin when my cousins come to hell to get me
Im giving up nothing steady be bustin caps all over the place
I got the Devil so high he told me to get the fuck out of his face
So now Im back and ready to motivate this old shit
Beat judicisim locc up because I cut off dicks like a circumsisim
I pick up the 4-0, mo' goes down my throat and hits my tonsils
I look up to throw up the blocc
I'm to' up and can't be held responsible
Three strikes giving up life for traffic tickets and petty shit
So I'm going out making everybody going look like that spaghetti shit
Stay out my way unless you to get your life took
Motherfuck your little hit list, I got a big ass hit book
But that cereal murdering 44 magnum
will take him off the street and put him in a grave
with a whole in his head which is made with the reefer system it is
And I'm that one drunk motherfucker thats at your funeral home
Sicc with death and taking that eightball piss all over your gravestone
So when you see me swiggin that O 8 liquor hold your breath
I'm slammin the bottle upside your dome when ain't none left, 'cuz

[Chorus....]