

# Crucial Conflict, Final Tic

Hook 2x:

C-H-I-C-A-G-O

It's the final tic and here we go  
Forget about them other styles  
Conflict kicking rodeo

Verse 1: Kilo

Once upon a time  
In the land of gang bang mentality  
When we drop quick  
Final tic clik  
Fatality is reality  
When the sunset  
We blaze this hay  
In the midst of a Conflict that's Crucial  
Here we become bogus on the hunt  
Notice how we speak this bump  
If you wondering what is rodeo  
THEN SADDLE UP!  
For a different adventure  
A journey to Chicago  
Westside where the hood lie  
'95 bound, we talking bout shit  
Of a different plane  
Secret loan hear we bang  
The rooting tooting shooting maniac  
Banging gats blunted high  
The gat going up tonight giddy up  
We copping that game at the drop of a dime  
Cause really where I'm at  
Scandalous, peeping the foes  
You gotta know the signs  
Load 'em up fast time running out  
Turn 'em in turn 'em round  
For the Conflict  
If youz a snitch you betta get a grip  
And come equipped for the Final Tic

Hook

Verse 2: Cold Hard

You know again it's on in the motherfucker  
Still riding, my style is based on rodeo  
Crucial Conflict what they hollering  
They spooky now nigga let's turn it on  
Fuck it burn shit  
Let's fight till we hear that final tic  
Kill till we kill each other clik  
Bitch, you was talking crazy  
But now we finish up your damn mouth  
Send your bitch ass back down south  
Let you know that your ass out  
Niggas playing these games like a lame  
Get they ass whipped  
Beat up and slapped around  
Broken legs twisted hips  
Two eyes shot two busted lips  
Teeth knocked out two busted whips  
Bloody body up for gives  
That's the life you chose to live  
Now what's up wid that tough shit

I knew your ass was just a bitch  
Drop you down just like a bomb  
And you got the Final Tic

Hook 2x

Verse 3: Never

Nigga this the final tic  
Calm bitches done made him mad  
Bust a cap and jump back and it's on  
And I'm gone and got a damn thing to say  
Push push and push one more motherfuckin' time  
Fuck a bitch fighting ain't the same no more  
So I got the stinking hoe  
Push that bitch 6 under zero  
Who to roll mile though for Chicago  
Kicking down the door wid the rodeo  
C-O-N-flict trigger happy got the bomb  
Up in the barnyard  
Smoking on hay everyday in the Chi-Town  
Had you throw down wid rodeo fever  
And we got our mind made up  
Give a fuck what the next man say gotta make it  
Let me get down and take it  
To that other level, petty ride  
Who doing the killing  
Presuming to killing the villain  
I'ma meet you on that other side  
Born to kill a man gotta kill a man  
Born to ride and ride and roll in thick  
I'ma come on up so you betta get ready  
For the last and Final Tic

Hook

Verse 4: WildStyle

This is the final tic  
I didn't mean to show my ass hoe  
But I can't be soft coming off nasty  
Willing woulda killa nigga if you wanna  
Make it out alive kid you might die  
I could fuck up your homies  
Everylast one a y'all is a free fall ah no  
Dynamite all around me  
In ten more seconds we all might be gone  
Four tons a death  
You can't escape the Conflict  
Wid the rodeo when you explode  
It's overloading the flow  
If you know woulda known  
Betta pray cause it won't be no more  
Did you wanna be blindfolded  
Pressure, all around make you feel it  
I'ma villain I'ma kill it  
Final tic tock quick  
In the room and smoke it  
Close you eyes and hold on tight  
Don't try to fight it's on tonight  
Bet a motherfucker now won't touch that mic  
Cause he might get this dynamite  
Grabbed your face trying to get away  
Conflict done dropped the bomb bitch  
Straight from C-H-I, we never die

You know I talk that final tic

Hook 6x