

Knightowl, This Must Be Some Gangsta Shit

(Slush "The Villain")

Slush "The Villain" all up in this mothafucka for the Y2K bitch
Represent Sawed Off to the fullest
With these mothafuckin bullets
Lettin all my enimies know
I'm about to blow like Hiroshima bitch
I'm on the verge of getting rich mothafucka

(Bams and Trumayne)

I've been a soldier putting in work just earn stripes
Layin them on the corner with no life 17 tight
Gun fights each time I look, Lok's got the pump
With over stuffed trucks and homie just forced to dumped
With no senses lookin for no regrets
The hood they did the dirt left them soakin wet
No where to jet, if you pull you pistol you better shoot it
And Lok make the tape, waiting just to close your set
Now matches always getting made, niggas days ruined
And ridin with a vest and lovin what my homies doin
We pick and choose, flippin coins and breakin rules
Paid off my dues, on the street play to lose
Leave no clues, DNA came missin
People talkin but you know the streets listen
Diamonds glisten and babies always come up missin
And flyin in an expedition on a murder mission

(Chorus: Slush "The Villain")

This be some gangsta shit
Some who bangin shit
I got you livin life of danger bitch
so stay away from me
I'm ready to ride I'm ready to die
Intoxicated and high
We flirt life in thise mothfucka
(2x)

(Knightowl)

You can't handle this fuckin vandle
I'm causin scandals fools be getting worn out like sandles
So who you be tryin to get all in my business
I got a 38 slug nose bitch come and kiss this
Reality strikes like a mothafuckin rattle
I bring nothin bu the gansta shit down with Sawed Off
Now who's getting hauled off when I got the double barrel
When I point at your dome chrome spits got's clip
For those that appose I'm a drop the black rose
In your grave mothaucka, you best not misbehave
Consequences getting leathal we killin people
You trip burn out a clip for those that slip
Nobody's ever been able to mess
Slugs will fly up in your chest
And if you disagree I suggest fuck with me
I be that fool that's never gave now it's all up to you
If you wanna press your luck mothafucka

(Chorus)

(Trumayne)

Nigga press out the strap on me, now your cheeks wet
Now the whole press for world fame
Time to bring the cling clang let the Mosburn rang
Nervous sounds of cops buck em down now it's bling blang
We some natural born killas
Don't attempt on my nigga cause my pockets stay strapped

Blazin tweed and sippin yak on a good night
Show stoppin gun fights if the time's right
It's the life live that makes me stay active
Cause I want to see my first Mill when it's time to deal
Shoot up shoot up time to blast off
Dumpin craniums, getting high this is Sawed Off
Thug is my mind spirt body and soul
Please help me God and don't leave me alone
Thug life in this bitch, chronic get it crack it and blast it
Mash it and who bangin for these gangsta's satisfaction

(Chorus)

That's right mothafuckas
Knightowl droppin some gangsta shit
Got my boy Bams in the house
Slush "The Villains"
My home boy Trumayne
What up mothafuckas
You wanna get some of this shit
You can't fuck with none of us
Fuck you mothafucka we slaughter
You'll get fucked just like your daughter
And it just don't stop
Sawed Off Records fool
For the new millenium
Crackin craniums, watch your back fool