

# La The Darkman, Wu-Blood Kin

Chorus: Ghostface

Young Gods when you killed them guns you kill sons  
Can't get into the pen for murder one  
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit  
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Verse 1: LA

The garden of redemption  
Half of my clan is fenced in  
For being lynchmen, never listening  
Like Sonny Listen  
On Riker's pisten  
25 was no surprise  
He shot 3 niggas left one paralysed  
With bloody palms,  
Them niggas tried and raped his moms  
Start shooting at his chest  
Shells went to his charms on Saint Nicks  
Call that branch the weed spot kid  
2 niggas dead, history, like a pyramid  
He mailed the cleves to an island off the Florida Keys  
Bent out, dunn had a 3 story penthouse  
450 C on SouthPeak  
Young fakes made the move on the New York street  
Extraordinary he flipped his man to see the nigga bury  
Check the sub though, heat key Joe Colombo  
Got a kid welled out in Florida on the low  
Pushin' a Benz-O, sips O-O and mo'  
He solded his smoke out the store  
Boe kicked in the door  
Bran was in the back gamblin' with 2 pounds of green on the table  
My dunn escaped out with guns stable  
Of course, he f\*\*ked up sniffing white whores  
The German's in his laboratory with the task force  
Bring it too hot we self cock the full five  
First sneaky hit the back caught a shell through his eye  
He screamed,  
The rest of his police team  
Got ripped to death like a 88 jeans

Chorus (starts at end of 2nd last line of verse1)

Verse 2: 12 O'Clock

Nigga shut the f\*\*k up and drown the keys in the pool  
Keep your cool feds be knocking on the door soon  
Said they heard about that cat you murdered the boom boom  
You shoulda swooped on 'em stayed Wake Water do 'em on him  
Jet skied on 'em then flew around corner on 'em  
4 o'clock in the morning I threw the ski mask on 'em  
My little man's on the corner when I plant it on 'em  
357 slug nosing on 'em  
Some bitches that was bugging for him you know 'em  
Some bitches problem still be holding  
20, 25 years on 'em they growing  
Now back with the shit with the twelve burner to be on it  
12 O'Clock is on it Darkman on it  
And niggas don't want it

Chorus (till fade)