

Paris, You Know My Name

About this scratch, I blast, pass the mask, we mash
Careenin' though these back streets, gats gleam in my lap
A shame it came to this, aimin' 'cause them niggas don't listen
The sweat is glistenin', I grimace, 'bout to service these sentences
On the trigger, I know them niggas, soon as we start
And get the clip to spittin', counterfeits'll shit in they drawers
Don't really want none, but somethin' got them niggas mistaken
Thinkin' that music make 'em safe, I cross 'em out with a K
Now renegades, disperse, attitudes get worse
You'll see these niggas on the news if I burst and get 'em first
Servin' all these nut swallowin' followers in they mouth
Spittin' clips in they Impalas, Inshallah and we out
What we about, is justice and freedom, fuck the rest
Black women more than asses and breast
I test any nigga disagreein', pee on wannaGs, remember me?
P-Dog, motherfucka I'm raw, follow my lead
Now fuck 'em if they famous, we ventilate they craniums
Entertainers know they places, if they fake then we aimin
I pray and blaze, comin' fully raised, obey
I'm on that Che, make these niggas behave, now what you sayin'?

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Motherfucka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them niggas soft

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

I'm blitzin' niggas with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk shit without a clip

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these niggas in casts, fuck all ay'all

Since we servin' I'm puttin' brothers on alert

Put the first nigga trippin' in dirt, don't leave 'em hurt

Way too heinous, we show 'em our demeanor is meanest

Who wanna see us when I pop? The soldier shit don't stop, fuck any cop

You know how we do, so glad to meet you

If you haven't heard, I'm raisin' the curb, hopin' you see through

These plastic-ass Nittis, Corleones and Locs

Leave these niggas lookin' shitty, Noriegas is jokes

Now call your folks, and let 'em know

Paris wreckin' any nigga imitatin' these crackas upon they records

See me check 'em, these bitches rather switch then fight

While niggas civil rights dwindle Kristal is what they into

But I refrain, they petty as change, complain

Niggas playahatin' but ain't knowin' the game

I shame cowards like a scarlet letter, I'm much better

Leave these niggas chasin' chedda impaired, I think they scared

Step into my lair, careers crushed, while my 2-strike niggas test nuts

I'm thumbin' through my Murderdog, niggas all look like clones

Same clothes, same fake-ass pose, you know my motherfuckin' name

(P-Dog)

Motherfucka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them niggas soft

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

I'm blitzin' niggas with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk shit without a clip

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these niggas in casts, fuck all ay'all

It's plain to see, you can't change me, 'cause I'ma be a soldier for life (4x)