

Tattoo Ink, Murder By Numbers

Conejo

(Conejo)

Check it out, put me on track twenty five
China White, alright
Ey Venom, you ready homie
Let me hear myself, let me hear myself
Murder by numbers
Small time hustler with big things on my mind
Check it out, that's right

(Conejo)

I'm a small time hustler with big things on my mind
If it ain't about the money then you're wasting my time
Heated three-five-seven full of bullets so rise
Bulb three point five full of crystal and ice
You heard my old shit and said that's what you like
So I spit the gangsterism, you're a victim in prison
Started something, I'm promoting the violence
Motherfuckers in the game scared, they're calling out tyrants
We're just thugging and hollow points is reaching
H Gang ain't no joke, we'll slip one through your dome
These child proof killers give it up with a sign
When their hands come together and they disrespect the knife
They in trouble, ese we blast them on sight
The little homies ride, multiply and divide
Let's ride, till the figures get right
Ese Venom, Ese Rabbit put in work on the mic

(Chorus: Conejo)

We can murder by numbers, I spit it bomb
Twenty five riders in the street, dead wrong
Homicide and we ain't gotta tell them why
We don't fuck with the law, we let our enemies die
We can murder by numbers, you do the math
Me plus a glock equals blasting your ass
Homicide and anybody snitch, they die
Subtract motherfuckers off the map and get high

(Venom)

I'ma start deducting motherfuckers off this planet
Damn it when you hate it's not hard to understand it
So let's divide solid vatos from these rats
And hoodrats and as a matter of fact
Let's subtract enemigas by the thousands
And poison all these rats by the dozens
I learn mathematics by slanging, maintaining
Counting bullets, profits, gang banging, trigger happy ass vatos
So let's go do this, I count dead bodies when I go to sleep
My nightmares are full of corruption
Placaso Veneno, deadly are my fractions
My mind just erupted like a volcanic eruption
Me plus a cuete equals total destruction
Multiply, subtract, divide
I'm always ready to ride, plus I'm nothing nice twice

(Chorus)

(Conejo)

Just for my fans that's out there mobbing
LA fucking Times, they're killing and robbing
Homie coughing cuz the weed's too strong
You're a hostage in your home when the glass' too strong
The homie flipping, whether killing or sticking

And all that I know is fuck being a victim
Young Rabbit, that uncut I'm sniffing
Ese drive through the park might end up missing
Never listen, is what my pops be saying
But I listen for the chopper and their fucking raids
Shit is major, so ese what's your wager
Get the fuck back, skinny chain and pager
Moms tripping because it don't add up
In a fraction of a second I'll go all out
It's when you're on one, that Conejo's necessary
The cd on repeat till you die in your sleep

samples from Goodfellas

...murder was the only way that everybody stayed in line..
...you got out of line, you got wacked..
...everybody knew the rules..
...killing just got to be accepted..
...hits just became a habit..
...as far back as I can remember I always wanted to be a gangster..
...murder was the only way that everybody stayed in line..
...you got out of line, you got wacked..
...everybody knew the rules..