Black Moon, Son Get Wrec

(Verse)
This is a warning I advise you all to stay alert
Yo Reals grab the nine cause it's time to go to work
Ask Dee, rest the rhythm, I hit 'me, then I just split 'em
Besta believe that's the way you should've did him
Backing niggaz down with the heat, feel the flame
Ripping through your flesh, can you handle the pain
I don't give a fuck, I never did, I never will
A little Crooklyn knight nigga with the skill to kill
Which to the point I will extend the trey pound
Nobody makes a move, nobody makes a sound
Catch mad wreck, raise hell with my crew
Chilling in the east as I sip on a brew
Drugs no frills cause the dutch is the master
An individual who blows up because I have to
Bust mad shots, it's time for me to misbehave
Whoever doesn't like it we can take it to the grave

(Chorus 4x)
SON GET WREC
SON GET WREC
SON GET WREC
It's time for you to represent

(Verse)
I'm a grave digging nigga that can hold his own weight
They tried to flex on the five now they lives is at fate
They didn't think I had enough heart to set off the spark
I'm a shorty getting naughty getting ill after dark
My eyes are bloodshot red
All the hell I feel has set the stage in my kingdom
And not your rule in every state, the war as begun
I'm about just blow, so pass the hand grenade
It's time to let you know my freaks do deeds, though
Plus they will, three slugs through your grill
The pain you will feel, rippin', wrecking, causing mad drama
You acted like you want it, now you crippled like your momma

(Chorus 4x)
SON GET WRECK
SON GET WRECK
SON GET WRECK
It's time for you to represent

(Verse)
Spread your wind and prepare to meet your maker
Fucking with the five, I'm like the average night taker
Deaths in the street, in the borough known as Brooklyn
Where niggaz lose they life and they get their shit tooken
Guilters run it all, don't even try to riff
Shoved down his throat was the nickel-plated 5th
Shoot out his brains, left them on the dinner table
Went home, got the urge to watch a little cable
Just lay your back, and think about the things that I do
Throw on my timberlands, grabbed my crooked eye brew
Well my man Due, told me to met him at the spot
Cause things is getting hot, too many bodies in the lot
Just the other day they raped a girl in the exit
Put her in the dorm, now she three months pregnant
Damn it's so real in the heart of buck town
He'd better think before he dare to fuck around

(Chorus 4x)
SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK
SON GET WRECK
It's time for you to represent