Bone Crusher, Lock & Load

Ready?
A'ight.

Look here Niggas,
Been a long time comin',
No more talk.
Fuck this intro shit!
Start the music!

This right here, yeah
Where the fuck, Nigga
Ain't never fuck niggas
Tell em
That don't wanna play this south shit
OK
ATL, South Carolina, Mississippi, North Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama

My pistol's blarin' (What?)
an' I'm not carin' (Tell 'em!)
Because I'm ready for action!

These niggas think I'm playin'
My Tec-9 be sprayin' (What?)
So partner tell me what's happenin'

These streets is real
These niggas can't steal (What?)
For the jump out boys when they drive by

So if you're ready for it
Smoke dro for it (Tell 'em)
An' if you're hatin', fuck nigga what's happenin'

Adamsville, Watts, WestSide, Decatur

What's up?
Fuck them niggas if they don't wanna claim this ATL (Blahw)
Catch a hot shell

My niggas know (What?)
Y'all some hoes
If I see ya on the block nigga I'll let you know

What's it gonna be (Tell 'im!)
Tell me what you choose (Tell 'im!)
I claim this dirty muthafucka nigga win or lose

Chorus:
Don't know my enemies Yo!
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on dem niggas
So what the fuck!

Don't know my enemies Yo!
and lock and load my Calico
And buck on dem niggas
So what the fuck!

Shawty ya knows about me (Tell 'em!)
The streets is talkin' (What?)
Da hostile takeover is comin' shortly

They call me Crusher
Tha Mutliator
Mr. Smack-a-bitchboy, I hate the fakers

I got these hoods locked and load
Just for killin'
The South is takin' over, I see you tremblin'

We keep 'em bouncin' (What?)
Ain't nuthin' changed nigga (What?)
This for my soldiers, hustlas, killas, gorillas

Yes!
On da fuck, nigga!(Blam)
Surely it don't get no reala

Chorus:
Don't know my enemies Yo!
and lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck!

Don't know my enemies Yo!
and lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck!

Ain't mad is ya? (What?)
Then bring the pain (C'mon!)
'Cause muthafucker ain't a damn thing changed

I'ma still ride low-lows on Rios man (Tell 'em!)
I'm still takin'
An' stealin'

An' scared to walk down your own block, man (What?)
An niggas in your hood is say you soft, man

It's time the new regiment to start man
TI (Tell 'em!)
Killa Mike, Pastor Troy (What?)

David Banner (Tell 'em!)
What's up boy (OK)
It's time for us to show the really real

This down south nigga is so trill
I put my fist in the fuck nigga's grill

An be talkin' bad 'bout where the fuck I live
An be talkin' bad 'bout where the fuck I live

Chorus:
Don't know my enemies Yo!
And lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck!

Don't know my enemies Yo!
and lock and load my Calico
And buck on them niggas
So what the fuck!