

# Crucial Conflict, 2 Bogish

(Hook:) X 4

We bogus bogus and mafia!  
Say what?

(Never)

Stand tall when this shit jump off  
Better back back down  
Got a wild wolf pack attack  
We'll body snatch em, crack em  
Detach and smack em  
Run from the gun finna have you some  
Spin em around ready to drown em  
Missin arm leg leg arm head they found em stankin  
'cause he wasn't ready for the wild gankin  
Blindfold execution style  
Certified straight lunatic bucked  
Cook County bounty rowdy better be audi  
Bangers fulla anger, step into my chamber  
Oh I'm finna hang ya, rodeo rangers  
Ride, east coast west coast  
In the middle, down south, 2 bogus  
Hypnotized Minds with the Conflict bumpin  
Your trunk and we steady dumpin

(Crunchy Black?)

It's a motherf\*\*kin stick up  
Giddy your shit up  
Three 6 finna tear the motherf\*\*kin club up  
Crucial Conflict, click I roll with  
Better get a bitch, war and straight gun up  
Gimme that money, ain't shit funny  
F\*\*kin with a motherf\*\*kin nigga from down south  
Nigga think I'm ?tray? hoe I ain't ?tray?  
Find this gun in your motherf\*\*kin mouth, test me baby  
If you think I'm playin, proof test me baby  
If you know what I'm sayin  
Got a couple motherf\*\*kin niggas over here prayin  
Got a couple motherf\*\*kin niggas over here layin  
Face down in the ground hopin dead they live  
You ain't Mafia, you don't know the deal  
Representin Memphis to the fullest and I got my gat  
But it ain't where you from it's where you at  
I'm in the golden, nigga

(Hook) X 4

(Coldhard)

Well if your city's hardest  
Man have you seen the lives I feel that I have lived before  
Paid to do my same life  
Hopin I don't get dropped bogus for nothin I do  
Smoke Hay like them playas back in the 50's, it's a new  
We in the cell too  
We could get clink claks and thousand suits  
Lizard boots, a ring or two  
How you move to the blue, how you call us crew  
Fool, be cool what's cool, you snooze you lose  
Me and my down south niggas rule  
F\*\*k the other nigga, we pay dues too

(Juicy J)

This goes out to all my niggas  
Flippin cheese and countin figures  
Put your boy up in the picture

Knowin I wanna be down with ya  
Memphis niggas, Chi-Town niggas  
Clicked up like notorious killas  
Never focused, always bogus  
Blunts and guns is all we totin  
Constantly rollin, constantly rollin  
Tight on white but weed I'm smokin  
Every corner playas postin  
Eyes are red from dope we chokin  
All your hoes they blowin kisses  
Pay attention to our pimpin  
Flict, Nino, and the Juice  
We tear the club up thugs and bitches

(Kilo)

Bone solid! 'cause papa was a rolling stone  
Gotta get em on and it's on but in the terror zone  
Havin visions of glistens my posse ridin  
Dippin in my stridin  
Never slippin, just slidin, canivin  
Bogus bogus nigga hopeful  
Got that mossberg  
Send the word, Kilo  
Not because the mac spittin potent dope  
And this overdose, comatose  
We gon rush and drain your mind  
It's a Conflict in the ghetto  
And we livin in crucial times

(Hook) X 4

(Lord Infamous)

Scarecrow is frozen, not frozen and cold  
We the cold terrorists, we have entered this city Chicago  
Crucial the Conflict the Memphis streets is  
Now you niggas know you can't break (..?..)  
I'ma let this mob take off  
Won't stop until I knock it off  
The left fill it up till it wet and erupt  
Erupt like muggin my type busta  
Come get up in the middle of an inner city riddle  
Wanna fill a figure up, and not just a little  
Feel my force, of course you're hoarse  
From the rusty point of Scarecrow's sickle  
Stabbin up through the ?vouches?  
Lord Infamous shock absorbin  
I'm squishin like project roaches  
'cause we be the niggas 2 bogus 2 bogus

(Wildstyle)

Smile for the bullhorn the alarm to run  
Gun got me so gone hit em son  
We the number one young gun  
Hold em up or fold em up son no love for none  
Run up and get done punk  
Hit em up jump straight bucked  
When it dump it come bullet'll thump ya junk  
It's on fool pull the wrong move  
And soon lose ya like Lucifer  
In the middle make a fool of ya  
Ruin ya nigga choose and get abused ya crushed  
Huh? Where ya nuts son?  
I got Chicago straight Chicago  
98 shit figured up on John Doe  
In the roll no flow peepin at all

Close to coast close to crawl  
Bump em all, put em in shock  
'cause ya can't walk or walk  
If ya know who the boss, pack it up  
Ya lost, say what?

(Hook) (till fade)