

Everlast, Warning

This is the warning I warned you baby x3 (sample)

Back of the liqueur store bout' to blaze this joint
Got some dice in my hand
My man says six is your point
Trying to hit the hard way so I can break like Steve Miller
Take the money then I run son
I'm a lover and a killer

This is the warning I warned you baby x3 (sample)

I feel like god and the devil
I'm a saint
I'm a sinner
I'm a hard rocking'
Hard headed
Hard sick summer winner
I'm a kush blazing'
Bush chasing
Product of the city
And I ain't asking for your love
And I don't want your pity
So girl don't talk about me shitty
Don't act all high and ditty
If your man keep playing me funny

I'mma come take all his money
And leave him holy from this blessing
With my four pound smith and Wesson
Better watch out who you're stressing
F**k around you'll learn your lesson

This is the warning I warned you baby x3 (sample)

Back of the liqueur store trying to break these chumps
Bunch of heads in a circle, daddy's handing out lumps
Trying to shake these bones
I'm trying to get these shoes
But yo they all think Whitey's cheating
Cause tonight I can't lose.
They wanna take my funds
But I'mma blaze my guns
We're burning sensations
And heart palpitations
Why you breathing so heavy
While your palms are sweaty
And if you thinking bout' a stick' move
Word to god you ain't ready

This is the warning I warned you baby x3 (sample)