

House Of Krazees, Call It What You Want

Mother f**kers
I move to break your ass with my gun
Gimmie some, I want all your cash

And get those hands in the air
And don't stare
And don't compare your gangster ass
To a psycho stare

I go to tackle
You in shackles
So run, nigga, run
'Cause I give you some of this, wacko

Rollin' thirty
Nigga's bleed in the big Chevy
Guns go 'round your whole town
F**k, you better be ready

And if you down, you down
If not, you're gonna lose
I choose the side of the black, fool

Holdin' on, pullin' on
Your whole set
Disrespectin' your moms
So nigga's you better check

So who's the nigga
With the biggest balls
Who's the nigga with the finger
On the trigger in the dark hall

So don't stall, I preach from the nasty bunch
R.O.C. is the nig with the super bust
So boom, click, boom
Mother f**kers, check your rhymes

Call it what you want, mother f**ker
Yeah, call it what the f**k you want
You can call it this
You can call it that
But yo, it all boils down
To the same f**king thing

F**k it
I'm tired of standin' in the back
They're tryin' to ban my sound
I 'rose underground

Groose, a-groose
Try to grasp
This stupid style
I leavin' hangin in a meat (?)
Check it

Nuts in hand
While I chastise you fools
I choose to make rules
And do's whatever I choose

Known as a tiger
So I fight for my respect
Bitches on my dick

You better put that bitch in check

You can dig the music
I can tell by the head bob
Workin' all these wack jobs
And keep that shit alive

Change it up on a grave scene
I make green
Broke than a f**kin joke, man
Know what I mean

Caught you slippin'
Insanity is prickin' my mind
It's all jealousy
Leave that shit behind

House of Krazees on that ass
With the hellish talk
All you wack ass bitches
Call it what you want

Yeah, House of Krazees remix, bitch
Nineteen mother f**king ninety five
Remix on that ass, call it what you want
Eh yo, you can call it this
You can call it that
It's like I said before, yo
It all boils down to the same thing

Well let me tell you
I f**k around and bring my skills
So I can scrape the bottle of the barrel
And pay my bills

I was homebound
With my home sweet home
After season of the pumpkin
You thought I was gone

But now I'm back
And I'm bustin' heads wide open
No jokin'
no need for provokin' bullshit

The controversy of a mind check
Everybody wants to diss
Well, who's next

Can you f**k with a mind full of (?)
Shit, we built the house
No need for eviction

Can you believe the truth
And a pack of lies
Can you see the killer
Behind the disguise

Peep the scene
I bring fast and never slow
Kickin' my fastest
To let your bitch ass know