

# 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