

# House Of Krazees, Deceive

(R.O.C.)

You saw us

Tried to blow my house down

But theses 3 lil pigs got these dollars around the frown

If you not a playa hata yes let me see you rock

If you not a playa hata then why your gun cocked?

Ready to do it ?????? cause I'm tryin to do right

You rigidified well nigga tonight's the night

Where this liquors goin ??????

Its goin way down

Straight to Salem's lot

So watch as I get you now

Nigga I blessed

As what I might do

Cause I fear for my life

Like I was Colin Powell put in his shoes

Open the morning paper

Don't read rapper dead

Over some jealous punks that have me misled

Thinking of fingers pointing

As the God Above

Only Thing I'm Supportin is my multi love

For my family, my dollas, and my friends

And for the ones who ain't down

God Bless the bullet I sin

(Refrain)

Never try to deceive me

Never try to deceive me

Never try to deceive me

Never try to deceive me

(Hektic)

I'm coming at you like a cool breeze

I'm watchen you emcee's freeze in fact furring the dope's on the real and come off of the blunt plea

I can't lose Imma winner

I saw your bitch and stuck my dick in her

Call me a flip skinner

There ain't no time for all of you silly hoes point blank

And that's just how the story goes

I desecrate the souls that live within

Cannot relate my mind states just flips and spins and spins

I smoke weed to relax myself

Deep trains of thought leaving your mind screaming for help

A stealth bomber

My crew can bring you mad drama

Consider your ass now you fuckin with house

My cousin Matt has got my back

We leavin no tracks

Flipin a sack

Creatin Money stacks as a matter of fact

I got a problem with my cheese

Fuck you and leave

Before ?????? sleeve

How could you deceive?

(Refrain)

Never try to deceive me

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Never try to deceive me

(Mr. Bones)

I hit you with the infrared

Laser tag I got you

I got the long brown hair

And crossbow like I'm Chewbacca

I care glockas

Shit talkaz, shit yous binaca  
To freshen the breath off playa hatas  
Wack rhyme sayas thinking they be in our league  
But then we go and pull another trick form up the sleeve  
Believe in Jesus prodigal son  
Wearin adidas  
I kick my thesis  
Leavin computation in pieces  
Spittin lyrics like a millimeter  
Tongue is the clip  
Got a pocket full of rubbers to cover my dipstick  
Can ya feel me?  
See my shit is fat  
I Neva eva pull the wrap from my baseball cap  
I pull the 40 oz. Brew from the brown bag (brown bag)  
My hand in my pocket to retrieve my zigzags  
Big bags equal much smoke take a toke  
Bet you dime or dollar that you gone to choke  
Out of site like a shooting star  
You know who I are  
It's the brother sippin gin in the back of the bar  
And I regulate rhymes like I got big game  
I got a couple more dinero's then what his name?  
Stashed off in my sock like some old food stamps  
Stand clear set trips for perpetrators, and tramps  
I got much more bounce to the ounce in fact  
Turn the Volume up to 10 and watch your window crack  
Step back you better believe me, don't ever try to be me, you can't see me  
And you'll Neva eva deceive me