House Of Krazees, Pigskinna 2

Dear Sgt Swine Pass me a pork chop Maybe a rookie cop So I can let my night chop Swing off another head Of a little pig Dance me a jig And smoke me a ciq Sit back and calculate the math of the plan The little pigs don't stand a chance against the son of sand Mista Mista Bones with the chrome 20 second Pay heed to my lyrics listen as I reck it Giving you da four one one of the one nate seven Two Eleven Sending these pigs straight to heaven My terrifing rhymes leave a little pig shakin Buring up the officer damn I smell bacon But no faking Dis shit real Giving you the deal Pluggin cops with my steal Im da for real Spitting slang like a winna Lable me a muthafukin bloody pig skinna Call me a pig skinna I can't dig a pig Call me a pig skinna I can't dig a pig Call me a pig skinna I can't dig a pig Call me a pig skinna So I drop them dogs Back in yo ass again Protecting niggas in here to lay back again They comming hard with 40's in hand To ice da system In the other hands is pistol from kid son We can resolve this whole matter so let me tell Resolve to tragic because your mind explode damn I smell a little hog trying to tail gate It's too late Kreep through the night while your ass masturbates Then put bullets in yo head until yo ass is dead Then Im grasshoppin visting the tool shed Because your whole crew is gonna want to stop me Mayor already told his whole crew to drop me But I get ghost slipping grasping to the hood The Hollow-o-Pine-Wood with the niggas that would Put da straps to dat ass Im gonna down hard But cam rolls to far I hit east point Then I just trast the ass of the beginners Another fucking sequel to town Wooo, the pigskinna So I drop them dogs Fuck the cops I hate em all kill em all Im standing tall and making sure they all fall To the end End of time I watch them bleed I hate them muthafukas and this is what I need Two cops up my agent two cops for in a jam But fuck dat shit, it's time to take a stand I can't believe the people obey they laws everyday I give them a donut and send them on they way

But if they chose to write a ticket or talk shit Im serving their ass up with a wig split Two to yo head Mista tougher man I said Two to yo head that he was tough and blood shed The night chillin All the way around the sirens are sounding Time to get down Im gun bound 13 cops on my trail they can't cope I slip and I fall There they go on my back broke Adreniline pumping suckas I punching and I kill one They mass produce by the thousands The comming from LA, New York from DC to the hood They comming from states droped out Im about to skin them good Mass confusion I ain't losing I'll blow Michigan before they can move in The Pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me Call me a pigskinna Dont say shit to me (Fade Out)