

Knightowl, Knightmares

(Chris Gun)

When we ride it's a homicide
When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide

(Noble)

Yo, I'm on the glock pumping white valves
Just me and Knightowl rollin in a white owl
It's light in the day, fuck it it's night now
The right style to attack every track
After shootin range target practice perfect every gat
Never stepping back cause all I see is drama
Vietnam did you see I'm calmer
Cause I know the outcome when the Outlaws play
Knightmares of a young thug strollin your way
Holdin a day a mothafucka shut your trap
Or bust your gat cause I ain't tryin to hear all that
My heart done froze street life dark and cold
Fuck with Nob wind up with holes you can't close
This ain't no fairy tale we ain't on no book shit
I know the streets well been on some crook shit
Look bitch I ain't gon tell you again
We ain't partners, homies, we sure ain't friends
Cause I'ma nightmare

(Chorus: Chris Gun)

I'm a nightmare of you life
Spirits fly through the sky like kites
There they go here they come
Oh can you see him nah
Better duck down before they blast on yall
(2x)

(Bokie Loc)

Feels like I'm on some witch out with Hitchcock
Lord help me keep my shit cock
Cause the demons are out there like the air can get through ziplock
My gangstas hot bangin revolver on my heat turnin
Hitin spittin fire while the rival flesh is burnin
Next week they gon be standin where them reefs is hangin
But they told us to fall when the fat lady finished singin
I ain't no waiter but hater it's you I'm a serve bitch
Your family wonderin why but it's me that says you deserved it
So pow pow now we headin back to the hood where we posin
We drinkin remmy bacardi let's pardy on the front
My niggas was tellin me nah but I was like yes yall
Forget that, an hour later heard a rival kid call black
From a passer by don caught my tick short
Where my life passin by is the only flick showin
And when the movies over I can see where the pearl gate is
Blind folds and ropes help me dawg I didn't make it

(Chorus)

(Knightowl)

We outlaw livin we got the bells of death ringin
For all you mothafuckas bitches that be singin
I got a pistol in my fist
As I creep through fuckin smog
You'll never be able to take me out
I got my dawgs on the side of me
They got my back
And if you got a strap I suggest you fuckin use it
Cause we ain't about to play no mothafucka game
My bullets bring the pain then watch em fall like the rain

If you ain't down with the cliq you'll never be victorious
You'll be the next to wind up dead like Notorious
Knightowl, Bokie Loc, and Noble got it planned out
And if you have a doubt you'll be the next we taken out
Watch your back before your mom starts to cry
6 feet deep when we creep when ever we ride
Suicidal thoughts hit the back of my scalp
You best not ever fuckin stare, I'll bring you nightmares

(Chorus)

(Laughing)
I'm so fuckin sick
Evil out the mothafuckin demon
I got all you mothafuckas screamin
Bunch of fuckin bitches
Knightowl's ridin on this mothfuckin track
With my boy Noble, Bokie Loc
Up in this mothafucka
So watch your back
When we ride it's a homicide
When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide
When we ride it's a homicide
When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide
(Laughing)