

# La The Darkman, 4 Souls

Intro:

This is how we goin' do  
We goin' do this right  
Word, word is bond  
Know what I'm sayin'  
This is la wid the track  
Know what I'm sayin  
You know how we do  
Word up, yo  
Let dark pass no stunting  
&gt;from the real  
Better get your 4 pound god  
Let's proceed  
Yo, what yo, yo

Verse 1: la

I run up on rap like boo smith on a hatchback  
Put my patch down cause a head crack  
I'm trapped, in a hole filled with guns and drugs  
Three-headers, nothing better 5% and thugs  
Style tight like o.j. gloves  
Niggas state to state take a bug  
'cause I burn rich niggaz who will hide slugs  
It's the coke that got me caught,  
In this dead train of thought  
We stepped the coroner theft law from the bronx new york  
Holding a pitchfork for cream  
Eyes on high beam, 13  
Cooking up coke, selling as dope fiends  
Now realise my anger as I craft my chamber  
With no parental vision made a f\*\*king head-banger  
Who's in change a, you dis this judge you get finished  
Disrespect darkman you get slapped with a guinness  
Kid spin it, baby mc's I'm just choking 'em  
My shit hits the town like 300 pounds of opium  
What, turbulence which is your first defence  
Scripts stay scrapped to kill an action-packed defence  
Cocoa plants, I payed the cost in a loft  
Now lyrically candy topping niggas and buttered soft  
As the holocaust

Verse 2: shotti

Prepare for the killin' shield  
Sight you lose to nightmares  
Stan man and my desert ? ? ?  
Then I slip to the us, and then,  
The battle thought you had me screw-finched hologrammed  
You can stick it to death  
Talk means you scot  
Einstein dangerous mind  
2 heads and 4 eyes  
This man x,  
I'm known when I'm off my shift  
Scarf on my waist pull then I'll scorch your face  
I'm like a copy-cat killer  
Born for strangling niggas  
Then pull figures  
Receive and rob the spot like dillinger  
Settle cap like ? ? ?  
I'm saber-toothed coming at you  
Forfeit the minds can't win wit' no .22

Get nuke and henny rock 80 proof  
In the hood, never sipping while I'm drinking my jewel  
Dance to my ritual, lower you into my seance  
Bitch wearing avon  
Missing me ? on the rap song?  
I'll buck, you frontin' wit out that gk bubbly stuff  
Gang games for schools that's why your whole shit gets laced up  
With the mic as my staff

I inscribe my witchcraft with full blast  
Buddah cut, shot these screw cats

Verse 3: la

When I'm lifted  
Rip shit up kid quick I'm busted  
On any demon puffing hizo can't be trusted  
Lustic lyrical blunts be like mud  
Darkman the king, lampin' on my throne of blood  
Lynch men, verbal henchmen, kickin' your door in  
Blastin', rip, flippin' your shit, rippin' your organs  
Triple darkness, lies trap a constant rip juggler  
Snake eyes dedicated undercover smuggler  
As I cut you  
I slice your brain right without the mic  
Vivid literature pictures shine like four nine lights  
Time in space, grab your head-bands, suffocate  
Call me chester so I had to let  
Them rappers I wake on f\*\*k 'em break  
I hold crack like your ass  
Lick shots from the techs then jet through the wet grass  
Bubble worth like a bass,  
Darkman instancy, sniff canibus living  
Part in the caribbean sea  
Through your history the dark scenes will make you ears beam  
Talking 'bout hitting rap then sit back and hit your weed  
La can walk through walls stand straight up in fire  
Look at your eyes look at my eyes pussy  
And tell me who's higher  
Darkman empire guard you now like a gun  
Loading wid nine rich niggas and I'm bound to be the tenth one

Verse 4: shotti

Read my jungle  
Got the far eye see shot predator  
Detonator blowin' up city blocks  
Wid' a large watts  
About six clocks  
That's high potent killers on each corner  
Wid guns ready for smoking  
Six sense indian head hancho  
Yo my peso got royals that screw castro  
Operation statement my technique will be an experiment  
For my alliance I catch skins of ten lions  
What you trying tasting this sawed off iron  
Adjustable punk fashion came out your whole batch  
My plan to wrap this town like saran  
All I need is guns and a few good men  
Shotti, stay like scarface wid a key to shoot somebody  
Come get me, my fingers dipsy,  
Who's coming whippy, I'm a yippy  
First enemy who's stealin' filthy  
Size 'em up break 'em down I'm guilty

My sons is wit' me  
Shot like 150 watts and fistful like kung-fu plots  
Wid my sing-sing shot  
You form something that can't be stopped  
Got a glock the f\*\*k up your snot box wid a shot  
What!

Outro:

Sing-sing  
Knew what I mean  
La the darkman  
Shot these fool faced keep your boots laced  
Many many fakes and gun rules  
M-a-d, wealthy  
Killa bees