

# La The Darkman, Lucci

(Intro: La the Darkman)

Gun rule. We gon' make this spicy.  
It's La Trapacanty right here.  
You know? And we gon' do it like this.  
Yeah. Darkman.

(La the Darkman)

Yo, yo, watch the Corleone give neck ties and puff bones  
Stick arabs for the crystals like Indiana Jones  
Witness, La, hands of stone, on this action packed odessey  
Majesty, livin out the golden book prophecy  
Unstoppable, Iron Shiek of rap speaks  
Blaze a tree in the street, blue and grey benz jeep  
Tazmanian, rebel, new Wu tycoon  
Two thousand-five lyrics, you'll catch on soon  
New entrepreneur, no match to go to war  
On tour, blowin smoke out the four by four  
Enjoyin life, I don't know a man who live twice  
Cee-Lo, king, rollin dice, holdin Glaciers of Ice  
Playin ninety-seven matten at the loft of Manhatten  
While I get blitzed and rich, watch him run short flicks  
With a bad chick, La been raw since eighty-six  
On the block, new kicks with chalk and skunk mitts  
Son, i'm fortunate to still be here, shells is close  
City Lights, La The Dark, stay conceilin the toast  
Cuz thieves who decieve get loot the most  
But thieves that see me are left Holy as the Ghost

(Chorus x2: La the Darkman)

For that lucci, it's all about that lucci  
For that lucci, it's all about that  
Gettin money in many ways in these lasy days  
With Venom written wisdom, I have to say crime pays

(La the Darkman)

I'd rather die if I'm not livin fly, Now Y  
Can't get a job with a corporate, fuck it, I'm gettin high  
Suicide committed in cells, dwellers square as hell  
Children can't have a chance with impairable bells  
Sufferin in a jail, I only recognize a soul  
Reach one with a cold force, gon' be the one that have to be told  
Behold the son of God with a scroll  
Flame throwin lyrics, niggaz better stop, drop and roll  
Lyrics is gold, Darkman pushin up in the land  
Hit a spot fot a Rolex watch, two thousand grams  
Now dip, cuz loose lip shorts ain't shit  
But in this drug rap, I bang like the Bloods and the Crips  
Guns and clips seen to make my state rotate  
Stayin close to a hornet, drinkin, bustin that jake  
Holdin my weight, now a purchase 'bout to case  
When I coke 'em and drop 'em it equal Cali earthquakes  
I escape, baggin worth, pawn porcelain plates  
Get ill like Al Capone after sniffin that ape  
And my state from the halls of Hell  
Sing-sing stick a spear through your chest like an ear and an earring

(Chorus)

(La the Darkman)

Niggaz and sneakers and over-night night crawler creepers  
Cake junkies on the Jones plannin a heist to get ya speakers  
In that Acura, same soldiers attackin ya  
Desert camellion, no civilian, better know as Dracula  
Seven, I'm 'bout to see about a half a mil'

With twenty niggaz perfectin in Kung Fu skills  
And fuck bitches, they only want they name on my will  
And all you half-ass rappers, kid, you need to be killed  
My shit is ill, the eels gave birth to my friend  
I represent on all tracks like the number four train  
Maintain, it's all about the cheese you gain  
I get the studies, then the money and the bitches, fuck the fame

(Chorus)