

# Mr. Pookie, Visions Of A Silent One

(mr. pookie)

Comin up tha muthaf\*\*kin block, it's tha undertaker  
Jus throw yo hands in tha air, don't move a muscle I wont hesitate ta  
Jus let you have it wit a few thangz  
No need for runnin and duckin cause wit this missle pack,i'm takin aim  
Now all these methods, need to finish him  
I took my sack out my pocket and smoked a blunt as I diminished him  
Intoxicated, rule number 1 pookie jus cant be faded  
High off that dosha, I don told ya I was bound to make it  
Niggaz smoke, forget that drama I be tellin ya  
Cause me and my crooks stay on cloud 9 on tha regular  
And sense we crooks, jus some killaz we motivate to get cha  
Pull out that knife and slit yo throat and watch yo body shiver  
Jus will peel ya, hollow points is hittin quicker  
Standin ova yo body and watchin that blood spilla  
Say hoe, jus have a seat and listen thea to tha beat  
As tha words come out my mouth and grab hard by yo feet  
Penetratin to yo nerves, sendin signals to yo brain  
As I post up on tha curve, do you forget I'm tha blame?  
Wit tha finastatic, lift up my shirt to pistol I will grab it  
Killin folks and smokin blunts, I'm lettin these niggaz have it

Chorus(x2)

Visions of a silent one, loadin up an extra clip  
Foes out to get me but these rounds will spill up out my clip  
Trip and watch me throw some shit at yo head  
No clear description of this face leavin coppers mislead

Now look into tha eyes of a muthaf\*\*kin crook (whatcha see? )  
Jus a crip azz nigga high as he can be  
Wit them 3 mo crooks, in otha words, my motives  
Be comin hard, I told ya, and spittin shit so potent  
And toastin to heavy burdens, nigga I'm on my own  
Gauge inside yo dome to solve tha problem at home  
It's on, now tha pressure's on my back wit a tree  
Damn I gotta hit a lick (naw you need to hit that weed)  
Stressin me is a baby momma gripin and cryin  
Man I hope she ain't lyin about this baby bein mine  
And times is changin, you betta peep tha world around you  
Comin up I'm bound to a southside clown fool

Mr. pookie, mr. muffit, k-roc and c-pone  
Rippin beats we see on  
Smokin killa til we gon  
Loan me them pistols so I can make a dismissal, what  
Wont need to dis you, leave you shitty like some tissue  
Bitch you anotha havoc, cause boy I ain't gon have it  
My visions of a silent one release tha automatic  
Let you have it wit tha gauge, buckshots come from every way  
Got em lost in tha maze betta yet I see you dazed  
Be amazed by tha power I posess, that I stress  
Turn tha s to a p on yo muthaf\*\*kin chest  
It's best you keep yo distance cause nigga I jus wont listen  
Come on in my dimension and let's get into some killin

Chorus (x2)

(pookie please jus let me live, man)  
Bitch would you let me live?  
(huh? )  
That's wha I thought  
(gun shot)

Surprise nigga I hit that scene when you think I wouldnt  
Talkin shit to my niggaz now boy you really shouldnt  
Cause tha pack in tha back of me they really killaz  
Cut you up, body show nuthin but yo body shiver  
Flossin that bitch that you wit and really shit to me  
Cause I don already f\*\*ked that hoe  
But you cant tell and you cant see  
How a pimp that be me, be actin quiet and calm  
Be quick to snatch yo bitch and leavin that hoochie body numb  
Tha fun of her, lickin my back and my azz  
Told me to lick up on her, but hoe now I think I'll pass  
I'd rather smoke on a blunt I get so high I get tweeted  
I try to stop smokin so much, k-roc keepin me weeded  
Jus back on off of me though don't wont no mo or no static  
I'd rather reach for my gun, bust a pump, let some punk nigga have it  
This nigga don't know where I'm from homeboy you betta take a look  
Because I'm out of clean and dirty, 13030 stoneycrook

Chorus (x2)