

# Mr Pookie, Whatchallwannado

(Mr. Pookie)

Jus anotha day, chiffin hay, in North Dallas  
C-Pone jus called me up, now I'm about to hit tha shower  
Took me bout an hour, and now I'm creased down in my Polo  
I'm makin these niggaz hate today, by wearin a crooked logo  
Watch out for tha blow hoe, and leavin you bitches in tha mist  
And if you niggaz dont trip on me, then I wont bust yo shit  
Plus my click be tha ruffest, not sayin we tha toughest  
But Stoneycrook niggaz, been known to come out wit tha ruckus  
Fuck you who say fuck us, and all ya'll niggaz who be hatin'  
Cappin, cause you can't fade me, runnin up on me daily  
But baby, its mo' complicated, than yo can see  
Words lose all meanin', when niggaz see niggaz gleamin'  
So dont you even think that you can get outta this  
So bitch, to get me to this point, you must really got me pissed  
I'm twist and dismember, choppin down nigga timber  
Kodac moment remember, this crooked nigga a Rippla

Chorus (x2)

Whatchallwannado? If you trip, then we bomb first  
Pull out tha guns first, chiff until I lungs hurt  
I know bombin', but Tha Rippla finna bomb worse  
Look at us come first, best believe be bomb worse

(Mr. Lucci)

Welcome to tha wild, wild west, tha southside, its me, a killa  
Fuck Billy tha Kid nigga, it's Lucci tha Wig Splitta  
Like Tyson a hard hitta, toe tag deala  
A brain spilla, body chilla, mind thrilla, fuck it, killa  
On tha grind for my scrilla, rhymin' hard, workin strong  
Chiffin smoke up in my long, still my whole bag gon  
I live long, for doin wrong, cause wit my crooks, man its on  
Leave a nigga dome blown, or up shit creek, all alone  
For bumpin his grill, he must thought he was go cheat one, 4 real  
Now he killed, 6 feet he feel, surrounded by mob skillz  
Crooked is as crooked does, like crooked thugs  
And crooked hugs and crooked slugs and crooked luv  
It aint neva enuff, until I whip it out my holsta  
Cocked back ready to roast ya, on every wanted poster  
Stayin' high like a vulture, inflictin' pain from smoke  
Those crooked soljaz smokin, let tha coroner dispose ya

Chorus (x2)

(C-Pone)

I been quick to cause a tragedy, fuckin wit my faculty  
Bullets sprayed rapidly, now they died from my fatality  
Fuck those who try to battle me, this rap shit is a mastery  
Bomb viciously, leavin tha whole scene full of catastrophes  
Hollow my calvary, when I feel danger in tha mist  
Now I'm pissed, wit a clutched fist  
Around they Ashton and my 45th  
No mo lift, in these shady niggaz in fleets  
We be deadlier than a weed blunt dipped in Phaldahyde and Morphine  
Sparklin' clean up through tha industry  
Lyrics at yo weak feet, they notice me  
Due to my unique style of Texas poetry  
Blowin these, wack MC's, who refuse to give our props  
Platinum hitz from tha Stoneycrook click, til we all sittin on top  
When Tha Rippla drop, best believe we comin wit bombs  
Turnin' yo average house party, into a modern day Vietnam  
Run up if you want some, we clash like Titans  
Aint no collaboration deadlier than Stoneycrook and I come

Chorus (x2)