

Popa Wu, Sundown

(Intro: ShaCronz)

Yo, what's up?
The fuck is the deal?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
ShaCronz, the high Juan
With my affiliates, U.K.
All day, and y'all fucked up now
What? What? Yo, yo..

(Chorus 2X: ShaCronz)

When the sundown
Clear the court, I got my guns now
All y'all tough niggaz run now

(I Born)

Eh yo.. it's the I, mic murder first degree
No doubt no pressure, where beef? First that's Free
Had a punk pay the certain seed
BT's had me on freeze, where they wear sheets
On concretes, harm fleets, wise generals retreat
On reach, peace, where the each is own
It's in eats in homes, thief will fly
Beast with chrome, top rated, Billy plated
Shaded, throw it up nigga, run it, give it up nigga
Trigger anthems, stay jig inhalin, die scramblin
Cannon of the mobster, that phantom that got ya
Set up, chop they necks, sword'll keep they head up
Them vexed where its freedom, in death get yo head up

(Freemurder)

Free no rep, snitches get they wig tore back
Why you tellin me and I already know that?
Fast frame dude like Kodak
Showin 'em, where the coke at
Pump wiz who's nose that blow crack
Got up and got the dough back
See no plaques, niggaz see the 16's and hold that
Flip C.R.E.A.M. and blow that, flip trees and blow that
Lil' Free squeeze with ease and you know that

(Chorus 2X)

(Jet Black)

I'm on some new shit, click do hits to keep the crew rich
Fly dude that move bricks, cruisin in new whips
Chicks watch the juice drip, shines keep you hypnotized
Illegal enterprise, playin pies, only my click'll rise
To the top of New York with Cronz poppin the cork
On the Don, mob got it locked in the fort
Cops I extort, crew pack nothin less than two gats (ya heard?)
I move crack to Stat', loop my troupe to shoot back
Chicks say "who dat?", fly Don ya got ya eyes on
Ty-Jigs, ShaCronz, spray it like dry lawn
Claracuzo, last long, marry a fuzzo
Married to the mob, my broad carry a uz-o
Hoes in Parasuco's, dough long like my new pole
True cold lows, froze with bloody loopholes
Blow mackin noodles, pop the mack double uno
Toss like Hugo, floss numero uno

(ShaCronz)

Yo, what's up now? Niggaz ain't got y'all guns now
Y'all don't seem so tough now
Cronz spit, y'all nerds fuck with the wrong click

Pack long shit, liquor and C.R.E.A.M., check out my team
Hilfiger jeans, this ice shirt, this bitch in the seam
Ass show, chickens grab me, jumpin out of Lincoln Mabby's
In front of nail salons, cats hail the Don
I fuck bitches pale, blonde, frail or long
My comrades get hailed and showned
Bailbond, nice Royce, course, hail storms
Trash dances instead of jungle weed
In the jungle we, bubble keys
In the bubble jeep, S3, team all plunky with ease
We on some snake shit, hungry to squeeze
You don't need no gun and cheese

(Chorus 4X)

(Outro: ShaCronz)

What? All y'all faggot motherfuckers
Ha, shit is real in the battlefield
What? U.K., 10th Chamber
For real, ShaCronz, Billy Box
Ty-Jigs, the emperor
Lil' Free, F-R-double E
The Gods, same thang
How we movin? (U.K.)
U.K., U.K., U.K.