

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.