

# Quarashi, Lone Rangers(Remix)

Quarashi  
Lone Rangers(remix)

Wake up boy,you try,christmas tree,with me  
Wake up boy,you cry,christmas tree,with me

I get up,get knocked down by the sound,right? I move my groove being crossed & get lost by the same night.I'm fed up,gotta catch up behind,get it off of my mind,gotta get away,no delay.I used to pet my mouse in my pocket for fun.I used to look for a brace,so I could try my gun.People call me scum,I didn't cut my hair.Now one would think that one wouldn't give a ... now.I was complained that everything was my fault.A bitch would drip,and i was charged with assault.The deepest layer,had me for a player,but look at me now, the high society slayer.

Wake up boy,you try,christmas tree,with me  
Wake up boy,you cry,christmas tree,with me

&lt;Chorus&gt;  
What's up,all night,I get drunk,pick a fight(pick a fight) x4

Well,I step on the scene with my mind on the mission.With my lyrics so fat, they never die from malnutrition.Go from brooks,roll the dice,roll the court, pay the price.Never wanted to hurt,cause i'm extra nice.Wasn't worth when I go for the price,slam your ass down to earth,til you're screamin for ice,like Winston Price.F\*\*k you up,like a bitch that was hanging from my dick. Till I kicked her in the face,and left her in a ditch.

&lt;Chorus&gt; x4

Well,I'm like a drug.You make me wanna hit & run.Blow me sky high,through the Hi-fi,when i'm done.And it's one,two(what?),having know what to run to. To go & get by and live a lie i knew(It's true).Forget about ways to get closer to graves.You're gonna mess(stupid things)within two days.We gotta roll(roll) til we die(die),and try to catch a body when it comes to the ride.So,I cried,as soon as I heard,between second & third.I bought a slave,put all of his pain in vain,'cause life was over,he was never coming back,sneak attack,by a lethal pack,on the road track.