

T-Bone, Conversion

[T-Bone]

Im ready to make a murder scene happen
Pimp slappin demons and packin
Unload clips, reload and sink ships like a captian
You act like you be knowin, when a G be rappin
Runnin from the scene while O.R.C playas be gangsta scrappin
Now hold up cause they done did it, diss the lyric I spitted
Even though I know you and your crew ain't even gonna admit it
Now slow down T, this family
They mess wit you, they mess wit me and also E
Why?, this be O.R.C.
Lyrically comin wit ski masks out the bushes
Wit chainsaws, and axes diggin
These demons while they're blood gushes
Ima jack these demons one by one
They call me Big Daddy Kane, why? Cause I get the job done
Now watch me jack these demons, hit em wit a gat
Show em how a real G supposed to act
Smugglin Bibles instead of gat
Rollin drop top cadillacs, puttin it down streets corners and shows
For all my foes, thug riders and patnas on death row
Really though

[Chorus]

Bone be the one wit the guns in his hand
Demons tryin to kill him, cause they no like him
Smugglin Bibles to countries filled wit comminism
Tryin to preach them the WORD then convert to Christian
[2x]

[T-Bone]

Tryin to reach them pimps and thugs
Curb serves movin them major drugs
Gang bangin rollin 60's crips and them piru bloods
One love to all the prechas on the street corners
2 dubs for all my riders out in California
Peace to my patnas up in Frisco,
San Jose, East Palo Alto, Sacramento
Fresno, Vallejo, Richmond, Leandro
Oakland, Hayward, Los Angeles, Diego
Ya'll know, the golden state full of hate and drama
Marijuana and thugs that shoot a quien las da la ganna
most got both hands on they're desert eagle
gotta watch ya back cause here in California killins legal
Rollin regals, impalas, cadis and them el caminos
Hittin switches, best beware of all them hattin snitches
Takin pictures of west coast cali sunsets
Streets infested wit all them gang bangin ghetto vets
No regrets, my patnas dyin over them gangs and sets
Havin sex wit girls in mini skirts and pink barrettes
Whats next, sick of techs and all them ghetto birds
Smell of herb, and playboys sippin on the thunderbird
I'll scream until I'm heard, preach the WORD
In every alley, crack ghetto curb
Wit the beats and verbs
Anointed by the might God I serve

[Chorus]