

# The Transplants, D.R.E.A.M.

&quot;D.R.E.A.M.&quot;

Album : Transplants

Drugs rule everything around me,  
fiend

get the powder,

drink another beer ya'll

[x4]

I keep it underground, like showbiz and a.g

like Necro, cut you like Kid Capri

they call me Diablo let the gun smoke

like Rakim say, kid I ain't no joke

I think when I'm not city scapin this

If it's a law kid, we be breakin' it

2001 we making hits

so one for the treble

two for the bass

three for the nights that puts a lump in your face

the streets might said I could never do

catching motherfucking bullets for the crew

I ride for my niggas

die for my niggas

Catch, abide, and get high on my niggas

the bitch back breaker rapping decapitant

diablo, eagles, MC, eliminate

what up playa? MC, Slayer

kill you in your dreams, muffle your screams

put you in the earth, make you shake like a fiend

reppin three letter which are D.M.S

spit fire and burn the hairs off your chest

It's Mr. hard to get along with

you wanna write a song with

any given time you can catch me with a bomb bitch

think you catch me slipping?

I think you better stop bitch

I'll slip like Sugar Shane and leave your motherfucking wig split

step back before you get smacked, no running from it

you too, I'll take you to school, you ain't above it

I stay raw, hardcore, have you screaming &quot;no more&quot;?

bust you in the face, point and laugh while your blood pours

Mr. Bigshot, latino Gambino, rest in peace to my brother King Gino

you can catch me on the West Coast, with a fly-ass stripper tied to my bed-post

looking like Alicia Keys on her knees, licking the bag, just for a freeze

ya know it's me baby caught you scrapping like it's nessesar

Drinking, grab the coke, at the end of the bar

we thug-killers, Ice Grill-as, who already out like a pack of gorillas

you and your man get the fam, must be joking

must be the dust you be smoking

Call you straight up Cho Cha I gon ta heavy metal smoke-ya

stomp your ass like a roach-a

playing like ya moms, hit ya with the chancleta, Repa!

Leading your man down to the coffin

trapped in a dazzel like Christopher Walken

now look who's talking, set me off

They're dumb like a fuck with a cool-aid smile danny diablo 'k, the devil's child

LA (rockin')

The Queens (keep rockin')

Transplants (rockin')

Diablo (keep rockin')

[x4]

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[x8]

