

## Apulanta

### "Intro"

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[Intro: D.L. Hughley (Doc Doom) {Warcloud}]  
So the other day, I'm listenin' to the radio and shit  
And I'm hearin' these Black Kneez-ights  
These muthafuckas 'sposed to be from the West Coast  
and shit  
(You hearin' the Knights homeboy, Black Knights)  
But I ain't hear no West Coast in they shit, man  
Them niggas sounded like East Coast this, East Coast  
that  
(They from Long Beach, man, what you talkin' about)  
East Coast this, man, them niggas is talkin' bout  
Dun-dun, and God-God and yo-this, yo-that (This is the  
shit, man)  
Them niggas ain't no killas, nigga  
Them niggas is fuckin' East Coast dick riders (Fuck this  
nigga, man)  
I know the niggas personally {I know the niggas too}  
(Black Knights nigga)  
Man who the fuck is you talkin' about, I'm Gino, nigga,  
and Gino know  
(Fuck Gino, nigga) You ain't know that (Nigga, tell 'em  
to smack)  
(Fuck you nigga!)

--beat kicks in--

[Intro: Doc Doom]  
Bang that shit nigga, fuck you  
Bitch ass niggas talkin' that bullshit  
From the side of ya necks and shit, fuck ya'll niggas  
Real West Coast, nigga, right here nigga  
Muthafuckin' real, nigga, straight up, Killa Bee Gang  
Nigga, gangstas, bank ya, shank ya  
Take ya muthafuckin' cash, muthafuckin' bitch  
Take all ya muthafuckin' stash, it's real, nigga Black  
Knights get ya cap  
pesled  
Nigga, act like ya heard, nigga, it's real, nigga, check  
the shit out nigga  
Yo, yo, aiyo

[Doc Doom]

I spit yae, my lyrics keep k's and dodge cops  
Alone, I'm like Capone movin' weight on ya block  
We keep glocks cocked, lit daily, hop Chevy's and  
smoke heavy  
Every night we got bitches shakin' ass in the telly  
Drunk off Bailey's, we the shit, so fuck what ya tell me  
I ain't tryin' to hear that bullshit, you tryin' to sell me  
On the low, like you niggas don't sound West Coast  
But it sounds to me, like you niggas gossip like hoes  
All on our dick, knowin' nobody could fuck wit this  
Rappin' or scrappin', blastin' or jackin', who want action  
At the vet who haven't lost his step yet, place ya bets  
I've been doin' this shit before Quiet on the Set  
I'm violent wit a Tec, don't make me make these hollow  
heads eject  
Murder on cassette, Black Knights, we haven't met our  
match yet

[Warcloud]

Chopped off fingers, seen you movin' for the jackpot  
All Holocaust, I'm met up wit him in the crack spots  
Branches and skulls, straight razor lyrics, California  
Guns and begonias, burns you like ammonia  
West Coast junkyard convict from darkness  
Roll wit the heartless, murder you like an ar'ist  
Mean man hollow, the man who pain'ted flowers  
String bloody teeth, then knock you over the towers  
Medieval cathedral, dance out with the skeletons  
Iron that veteran, heard of dead elephants  
Trampled through ya grave site, fungus in ya ear hole  
Blackboard jungle, humble, but watch my spear blow  
Wu-Tang Clan, warriors on the hillside  
Murder any M.C. sittin', dinin' wit the swells  
Pearl handle cougar knife, baby pist' revolvers  
Shoot my way out, and dead bodies clog the doorway  
A la carte, more vay, I rhyme the best charm  
Huffin' on a blunt, wit an anaconda for left arm

[Chorus 2X: Doc Doom]

Who got that real shit, niggas blast too  
Bitches shake that ass too, hit you up wit they set, when  
they pass through  
Black Knights got that hot shit, got ya hooker topless  
In the cockpit of my drop six

[Crisis]

The committee, control and patrol the inner city  
Off Henny, Remi and Phillies, smack sadiddy bitch silly  
You feel me? Heat holders, street patrollers, cannabis  
leaf rollers

We control this, had the baddest bitch deep throat us  
In public, she do it just because we Wu-Tang published  
They love it, bust a nut and don't think nothin' of it  
Corrupted in the slums where the average hustle for  
crumbs  
Bustin' they guns, we lustin' for funds

[Monk]

Dodgin' dumb-dumbs, murder for fun, who want some  
Of this Killa Bee Gang, bangin' Six Mill beats  
We spit hotter than the summer heat, mid July  
Always stay high, stay low, smoke gray Khaki  
Blue dickie coats, chokin' on that Andy smoke  
The Knights the antidote... prescription

[Crisis]

Description

Bar face abrazed undercover hit-men  
Wastin' the shit like a religion, average, where ya livin'?  
The unforgiven, hold ya own, never move ya pivot  
Niggas is innocent as infants  
Don't know nothin' about thuggin', Bloodin' or Crippin'  
Street raps blow off ya knee caps for street scraps  
In my hood, we all perform magic, cheat death, take a  
deep breath  
Lace up ya boots, cock and shoot  
Let it penetrate, just a little way gangstas communicate

[Monk]

Who to say the Knights ain't shit, niggas get blew away  
It's obvious we too much, fuck the such and such  
Ya click can't rough, tough, low down and dangerous  
Or save the extras, we smoke blunts laced wit textures  
Of high explosive, take two, and can't focused  
Pass it around, let it rotate, that's on the eight  
We lockin' down cities, and sewin' up states

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Doc Doom]

Muthafuckin' Black Knights, black Tec's  
All my niggas on deck, online  
Nigga fuck ya'll we be throwin' up mind  
Gang signs, nigga, Killa Bee Gang  
Fuck where you from, fuck ya hood that you claim  
We bang, all day, all night  
Where I'm from? Black muthafuckin' Knights, nigga  
Straight up, West Coast, K.B.G., Killa Bee Gang,  
thought you knew  
Now you know, whose, stepped in the door, slappin'  
whores

Ya niggas know me, niggas gives a fuck, Doc Doom  
Muthafuckin' Black Knight to the tomb, gangstas, don't  
give a fuck, bank ya  
Take ya cash out ya dickies, street's risky, heh  
Ya niggas know you can't get with me, simply

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