

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Wolf, Wolf!"**

Visit "[Wolf, Wolf!](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

WOLF, WOLF!

All you want, run your mouth in the street

But you AIN'T GONNA FUCK with a picture of me

I don't give a MOTHERFUCK if you a hundred deep

But you AIN'T GONNA FUCK with a picture of me

{Verse One: Lord Infamous}

Tell them hoes they get slapped, and them niggaz get stomped

If crunk was a .44 this be the pump

Hit the floor like a maniac, everybody thump

'Cause nobody bump like the Hypnotized bump

So rush them to the left, push them to the right

Fuck a nigga up wanna start some shit tonight

Bust some heads fuck it, bust a motherfucking leg

Bust dem rude boys up with the naughty dreads

Rush 'em up, push 'em grab 'em and slam 'em

Swing dem elbows boy drop that hammer!

Juiceman, Paul, Lord Infamous, and Crunch

I dare you niggaz to throw the first punch

We ain't satisfied 'till a nigga leave paralyzed

Underground out warning out it's the Hypnotized

Chaos, destruction, mayhem, panic

Lose your motherfucking bitch do some damage!

[Chorus] - 2X

{Verse Two: Juicy "J"} {"North, North" repeated through the entire verse}

What the fuss about?

Is it cause a nigga got dough?

What the cuss about is it cause a nigga got hoes?

Hate to be the one to tell ya that a player got your honey

Got her working up in here niggaz taking all her money

In the back of a black Cadillac suck-n-jack

Niggaz kill for them X pills, trying to clean our cataracts

Sitting in the front like a mack, smoking sacks

This is real smoking Laden kills, playing a game of

"Pass it back"

If I buy a brand new car, haters get mad  
If I buy some shoes for the bitch, haters get sad  
If I get your brains blow out, then they crying  
TV's as they bump off in the rear, then they dying  
I close a lot of doors  
I pimp a lot of whores  
I fuck your main gal and she's down on all four  
I'm straight from the North  
I'm down to the core  
It's in my fucking veins, and it sweating out my pores

[Chorus] - 2X

{Verse Three: Dj Paul}

They never take me alive, I'm getting high with my .45  
Stash in my ride, watching haters in they eyes  
I rather go in a blaze then be taken by some bitches  
I seem I'm doing better since I got away from snitches  
I'm the rawest, quick the break the lamest  
Really all they saw is how quick I broke his rawest  
Your dog DJ Paul AKA the K.O.'Em (Memphis)  
Slap niggers in they mouth cause they act like women  
We out the fucking frizame, we're off the fucking  
chizain  
I keeps me a tone, don't you dare step to me mane  
I lives in the south where them thugs outta control  
You look off in they mouth you see a whole lotta gold  
I love to load clips, I love to shoot guns  
I love to load bullets in they back when they run  
These niggaz talk shit around they click just for fun  
But see 'em in the streets the motherfuckers play  
dumb, nigga!

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.