

Soul Sista

"Collectin' Props"

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[Guru]

Yeah, I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
Networkin like a conference cuz the nonsense it yet to
stop

Police shake me down, which gangsta movie you like?
This is real trife
Real life -- wanna get ya shot in the game, and earn
some real stripes
Just like Feds magazine you couldn't imagine the
battered scene
You get shot up by little niggaz wearin gabberdeans(?)
I'm tired of lookin like Malcolm, in the window though
Unpack the strap, Baldhead Slick smokin indo yo
I'm not gonna speak on the personal, street business
As long as Moe and King keep witness, it's Sunzu Part 2
Bring your guards too, never knew the depth of my
crew
Although I'm God-body, Baldhead Slick used to be a
nobody
Niggaz didn't know that my crew's thick

[Killa Kaine]

Aiyyo we killa hungry, I turn food back guerilla monkey
Once I do that, nobody ain't healin and comfy
I make niggaz come out the rugbies
Talk shit, I'll kill ya company
Your for that jake, take my head I'll fake my death
They wanna kill me cuz they hate my strength
That's why they vote when I raise the M
and let go, hollow fights from Expo
Hear my tec blow, my tec blow electro
Thou which is set pose, these streets is Death Row
One through ya neckbone, jerk back ya headphone
Nigga pop to that, you talk heat, hope you got the gat
Who can amount to this? Sit back and pour a ounce of
Cris'
Bump a ounce to this, watch the bouncer get
testamentic, wild out, we gon' press ya district
Sign out, or pull ya nines out and test ya biscuits
Ain't no talkin once ya head is twisted (son)

Ain't no talkin once ya head is twisted

[Chorus: Guru] - 2X

I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
Networkin like a conference, cuz the nonsense it yet to
stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break it down {*gunshot*} blaow, all they heard was
the sound

[Mr. Moe]

Fuck rappin bout hamburgers
I'ma rap about murders, flippin work, and thirty burners
The only thing cookin on the stove, is crack in the pot
We flip pies like Jack In The Box
My .44 be blastin the cops, I mastered the block
My cousin's a NARC, said sleep in the day, come out
when it's dark
Niggaz'll test ya heart - Black Rhinos rip a vest apart
Anybody doubt, fuck it we knockin 'em out
Trinidad style with a body-shot, loud like when a Rotti'
bark
Cold John Gotti heart
Can't be broke, ain't no joke, yes I smoke, wooden 'dro
Five oh-oh, summer '99, I seen the snow
Fuck the DEA and CEO - it's sour dough nigga, Mr. Moe
nigga...

[Guru] Collectin props, collectin props

[Pete Powers]

I throw punk niggaz through cement walls, and break
sheetrock
Compound sound before the beat drop -- beat break
I shake shit like Japanese earthquakes
Thunderstorm, sweaty palms, grab firearms
Blisters on my soles, runnin on hot coals from po-po
Ya faced-off, get scraped off my windshield, I been
healed
Rapped up in my turban, green colored Suburban
Bleach fuck a detergent..
I whip ass and kick ass and clear paths with
blowtorches
Burn down fortresses, and crack foreheads like
porcelain
I got a habit for the beef
Put ya soul on a hole of the earth where it's mad deep
Don't let that coal burn ya back
My name is Pete Power, burn ya gat
The devil made me mad, tell him to send me a kite
and I'ma send one back with autographs from murder

fans...

[Chorus fading out]

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