

## **X-Raided f/ Chill Bola**

### **"Let it be Known"**

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[Chill Bola]

I'm so sick of these little  
trick ass cats  
and their bitch ass raps  
acting like they factors  
they ain't nothing but rappers  
they need to miss us with that shit, that they try to  
make us believe  
you ain't no killas dog, just like you rap and blow weed  
I hang with, cake movers  
3-time losers  
big body pushaz, and marijuana abusers  
chickens never refuse us  
they always go with us  
even your baby daddy wanna roll wit us  
y'all some wack niggaz  
I'ma nigga that rap  
without this rap shit you cats would be some square  
ass macks  
its bola and X-raided  
them niggaz they love hating  
middle finger salute for all of the thug nation  
this is for my true trippaz  
door hing kickaz  
forty cal packaz, and all of my thug niggaz  
so I'm just rapping just what you see trick  
I take it to the streets quick  
I let it be known  
what you gone see is what you get BITCH!!!

[Chorus 3X: X-Raided]

let it be known nigga  
call your bluff like a phone nigga  
chrome trigga make your bone splinter  
its on nigga  
connecting puzzle pieces, put together the trigga  
releases  
he projected cause we down for whatever

[X-Raided]

fuck around and get kidnapped by a masked man

tossed in a black van  
either give us the cash, or they find your ass in a trash  
can  
I'm a mad man  
figurative, and literally speaking  
life is a game and I'm trying to win and nigga I ain't  
above cheating  
deleting enemies like a mistake on a computer screen  
it's a horror flick and I'm the director  
we gonna shoot a scene  
shooting me a forty-four caliber gat  
and I blowing your brain right out the back  
of your cerebellum like J F K  
and watch 'em get the fuck out of the way  
coming to spray parabellum  
got tired of trying to tell them  
I'm ready to buck  
leaving you stuff, bout to erupt  
like Mount St. Helens  
da felonies crimes committed  
cause I'm committed to living this gangsterism  
killa cos me and my nigga  
ain't down for riding for mistaking our senses  
we making decisions  
is it life or death  
I suggest you pick a later date to be painless  
splatter your brain with the Smith and Wesson stainless  
is a lesson to be learned  
you better pay attention  
y'all nigga is bitches, I blew up your stomach like water  
retention  
I'm water resistant  
ain't no wetting nefarious  
niggaz wanna bury us  
cause they hoes wanna marry us  
niggaz is scary as a Calvary line  
ain't got no courage  
it serve fitin to that shit that you heard  
every word bitch let it be known nigga!

[Chorus]

[Chill Bola]

my nigga I never hesitate, to extend an extra clip  
when them niggaz be running off they mouth with all  
that excess lip  
let his blood drip  
let the nine kick  
at anytime, take frame of mind  
to immobilize your whole clique  
punk bitch

get addicted clpis to your clips  
and if you playing the captain  
then you falling with ship  
let it be known  
I send a squad of killaz up inside your home  
strapped with fully's and chromes  
leaving your body exsposed to bones  
while I'm posted at the tele  
hit me on my celly phone  
no love your orders is carried out  
that problem you had is gone  
so bitch niggaz break bread  
and cough up my dividens  
before they stay to view the body  
while I'm contacting your next of kin  
we packing straps for caps  
pulling jacks for scratch  
infest your hood with bombs  
like we did them japs  
making you fumble up your bundle  
when I hit your ass with one of them slugs  
based up on the fact that there ain't no motherfucking  
love nigga

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