

Champ MC f/ E-A-Ski

"Neighborhood Sniper"

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[Intro: E-A-Ski] Yeah, these motherfuckers want some funk I give it to motherfuckin funk Get this motherfucking glock 17 with an infra red I'ma put some lead in these punk motherfuckers Yeah, I'ma do it at night, I'm gonna creep on these muthafuckers Buck they ass, wassup nigga? Take this! [Champ MC] Cruisin down the block in my hoopdie Cheah, bitches talkin bout they wanna do me What time of the week will you stop ridin me? You hottie, you get got by the shottie Fuck the bullshit and the law You get even? Call your crew, or better yet, get your homeboy I don't toy around when it comes to gettin down Six feet deep is where you bout to rest, underground But now it's time to go throw in the hoodie Put on the mask and go looking for the goodies Pull up to the corner if you think I'm gonna wait by Well fuck it, I think I'll do a driveby Just to let a nigga know who the fuck he dealin with I bust your ass quick cuz I'm on some ol ill shit I'm swift to jack a bitch from the back cuz I get down like that Now muthafucka, who's the mack? [Chorus X3: Champ MC] Sniper, sniper, sniper, sniper I'm the neighborhood [Champ MC] I step up now to put a brotha in his place I let the nigga know to stay the fuck out of my face Because I have a confrontation I gotta keep I got a for five and I'ma blast you off your feet I'm rollin deep, so just sleep sucka You be the next dead nigga layin in the gutta It's too late to go run to your mami I feel bad now because you've been caught by the jammie Fuck it, the leg breaker, here I come, better find your hideout, bitch Because you don't want none, because I kill, you know the deal I pass the steel, and I get thrills from all the punks that I kill You tried to play me, and I don't row that boat And if I catch your mans slippin, then his ass is out Cuz I slicing down and pumping holes in your chest And if you're fucking with me g, then you're fuckin with the best [Chorus X4] [Champ MC] Ain't a damn thang changed, I'm ya neighborhood sniper The type of crook that catches bodies when I'm hyper I'm 'Hittin Switches' like that nigga Erick Sermon I knock you out real fast like George Foreman You better pick around me because I give the worst beating to the

bitches This is a warning, I'm storming anywhere that
I'm not wanted I blow your brains out ang go get
blunted Think I'm lookin for your wife and your family I
don't laugh at all foo, you can't handle me Tooken you
to the bush, I hope into your window I heard the wind
just before I let the bullet flow I already blocked shots,
relief from the glock It's in your heart, I'm licking shots
throughout the block Shit, you've been hit by the viper
You best to beware of the neighborhood sniper, word
[Outro: E-A-Ski talking over chorus] Yeah, it's E-A-Ski &
CMT up in this muthafucka We gon be buckin
muthafuckas thats comin around with that bullshit We
snipin all you punk ass bastards You better break yo
self in 1994, cuz it's on, punk ass marks

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