

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Let the Law End"**

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[Krayzie]

Fuck 'em, let the law end  
'Cause we simply get the raw end  
Coffins open, dump 'em all in

Nine millimeters, three-eighty's  
You're feelin' me kill 'em, 'cause I go with plenty  
artillery  
Come and get showed, there'll be gauges and uzis  
Let us begin with bullets  
Can't none of ya break off a niggas from prison  
And let 'em come with us - retaliation  
We come and blast 'em with leather masks on  
Let loose

[Wish]

You need beware when your rollin' down the Clair  
These niggas is killas, try to feel us  
Thuggish ruggish niggas from Cleveland  
We steadily creepin' on ya  
And you better believe that we bring that pap-pap to  
your doorstep  
Ho-check, you don't wanna fuck with Bone  
Let loose

[Layzie]

Nigga, bulletproof, if a muthafucka pull it  
Then he better shoot  
Nigga never no 9-1-1 to your rescue  
Never repsect you, blowin' your chest through  
Labelled as a menace, but I'm feelin' it again  
And I'm in it to the finish, better check my manuscript  
Killa, for realer, drugdealer, little nigga, cap peeler  
Bailin' through the Land equipped  
When I grips the grip, pump, shot it, shot it  
Jump off in my hottie  
Nigga lodi dodi, rollin' through your party  
Fin to show you this Mo Thug bomber, yeah

[Bizzy]

When I storm my cause up outta domes, get me,

badge  
War anytime I roll  
Come with the war, then you're gonna get yours  
Expect the four nigga ring yo doors  
And don't you diminish  
Til I finish you with it or you would missed it  
On the hit list, couldn't resist it  
Nigga, you risk it, here to stick with it  
To the po-po, you know;  
Who don't roll in a sixty-fo' Impala go  
Lurk, better searchin' all the doors  
Runnin' through crouds 'til I get to Mexico  
Go, nigga, Bizzy Bone, the story of a warrior with talent  
Little Rip gets so sadistic it's story of (story of story of)

[Krayzie]

Killin' for my niggas steady got up in the pen  
Depend on me, let 'em leave  
Well, we better flee, set 'em all free, give up the game  
But I love the way the thugstas stay  
And when our niggas really get to poppin' at the cops  
You'll be lookin' at a hell of a war  
Muthafucka done rocked the boat  
And we nigga fin to even the score  
Nigga drank to much, took to much  
No surrender, no you're never gonna catch me  
Never gonna catch me, catch me  
I'll keep runnin', I'll keep runnin' for my life  
And duckin' bullets while you're tryin' to ruin me  
'Quicker the copper  
The quicker my niggas'll pull up and drop ya  
We shot ya  
We shot ya  
Hey, my niggas boxed ya

[Flesh]

My nigga, we all in together in position for the maulin'  
Pac got his got headlight ahead of me  
Keep me raw, and fuck it, let the law end  
Open the coffin, top locked, let the body fall in  
Quit doggin' all the juice, runnin' loose for my crew  
Oh, what I'm gonna do is take a bite of the forbidden  
fruit  
And never seen us shoot  
If I could be the 187 on you  
Flesh-N-Bone got the chrome, and it's on  
For the next that get wrong  
Here's my TEC, and it's on, they they won't disrespect  
Then sleep with the rest  
Don't even expect, 'cause you ain't goin' home  
Who's next? Bring it on, whoever wanna flex

Think it no thang for me get with you  
All up in your shit, quick when I split up your wig  
Your brain gon' hang

[Krayzie]  
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'Cause we simply get the raw end  
Coffins open, dump 'em all in

(Repeat to end)

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