

Criss Peter

"Oh My God"

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Intro:
Dj Dev you with me?
[mix: yeah]
Let me break it down for you
B. Stone
David Ray
Stump Dog
And Lex

That's the CWB, the Crazy White Boys

Right about now your bout to feel this

[Lex??]
You know you dun fucked up huh don't cha
Leave me in some blood
And your momma won't want ya
You aint got no heart boy
Knew it from the start boy
Now we bout to pull em out
Let em spark boy
??? pump and it dont make sence
When no ones around I fight the fence
I fight the house
I fight the bucket
Nobody ever loved me, man fuck it
We was runnin the club??
Homemade class??
I was hustlin and gettin cash
And rockin up in glass??
Baby John? Whaa
Drivin fast cars, Whaa
Shootin dice playin cards
Leavin em with scars

[??]
??
Jumpin out them ghetto rides when them things on our
side
Keep playin boy
Don't let fifty glide

Ammunition to the fly?
Birds fallin from the sky
???
???
Now you bout to find out
Bout the boss from the south
???
???

[HOOK]

OH my god its some crazy white boys
Oh my god they jump out of them big toys
Oh my god ???
Fuckin shit up like it was your life boy??

OH my god its some crazy white boys
Oh my god they jump out of them big toys
Oh my god ???
Fuckin shit up like it was 4:20

[??]
I've been to hell and back
Had to sell some crack
Got caught with some packs
And they held me back
Got released to the streets with these other cats
They keep lying threw their teeth doin nother raps
I'm bout them twenty twos and them Bentleys too
But when there's dirt to do
You desert your crew
But when them guns bust
?? then call me on the phone and wanna run with us
Next thing you know
They had to see dub tap??
See me at the club and want hugs and daps
My drug is rappin and I'm about to overdose
Come close let me leave straight comeatose
You better slow your roll before I throw them bows
Stay gone on them rolls and them toatum polls
Then some Xanax bars gota have me slow
Pull up in the spot everybody like ohhh

[HOOK]

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[??]
?? cwb
When they come to the streets
The peace is up under the seat
With nothing but beef
I swear to One hundred degrees
The smoldering heat
The type to run over your streets
I'm blowin on trees
The kin that will leave you holding your knees
And holding your chest
Matter of fact, I lay you to rest
Come stay at my nest [nooo]
Those boys don't play when you test
I told you stupid mother fuckers shoulda came with a
vest
Im bringing the best
Never ever was or will be
You slow poke stoke?? better hope you kill me
I'm no joke bro when I know you feel me
For shore my flows been known to kill beats

[Haystak]
Blazin, can't get no wrong
Your talkin bout money or you're movin along
Holdin it down provin a point
Rich kids want to ride but they just can't join
Cwb is the only thing goin
Yall were made but my boys is born
Flip the flows in several forms
Knock your ass out like electrical storms
Incredible poems laced with pain
My medication makes me think crazy things
Free cd didn't changed an thing
Cause when its whack its whack
Bang-sha-bang?? COMMON

[cut]
Who in the hell
Let me get my gun
I tell ya I kill a son-of-a-bitch

Paw its just Bubba

[Bubba Sparxxx]
They just want to listen
They don't want to hear it

They just want to touch it
They don't want to feel it
They don't really know us
Who is they to judge us
This one on the house that put away your budget
Twelve more bars before I put away the subject
Bubba-c-dub bitch there I made it public
Crazy white boys that aint afraid of ruckus
The flow made ya like us
The heart made ya love us
Let me calm down before I start a revolution
Boy don't even speak if you aint part of the solution
The old style died so were chartering a new one
My pits bite fuck barkin its a blue??? one
New style pedigree
Get the guns betta weed
Gone of that kedameen
I know its unsettling
Talkin bout a chain
White gloves is what you better bring
Oh my god hes the wildst boy you ever seen

[HOOK]

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[end]
Weeeee Dieee

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