

## **Cruel Creator**

### **"Capable of Murder"**

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[HAVOC]

Like Shaq  
Hav and Prod's back for the Tec  
Still puttin' down on wax  
Mess up  
Against any of you busters  
Flash dance  
For your ass like Custer  
You should to trust us  
Because where we from  
You gotta be capable of murder

[PRODEJE]

Dippin' 1-0 way in my E-X-P  
On my way to pick up Havoc cause he's waiting for me  
Blue chrome in my stash as I'm mashin' the gas  
I see a 64 swoop and they fin' to smash  
Why they trippin' upon Prodeje? Why they bringin' the funk?  
Hav is parking his Suburban and shit ready to jump  
He sees this drama  
He ain't slippin' cause he packin' his heat  
I hit the brakes, jump out the truck and make a dash for a trip  
The '4 dropped - five brothers jumped out  
They be heated  
5 semi-automatics with the aim for the ??  
I hit behind  
They finna to send me to my maker  
The one of the brothers know this was the Prod O.G.  
What you're trippin' on homie, Havoc into the set  
Knowin' good down well it could end up wet  
They said we took 'em for this buster, we was settin' to kill  
Or we mistook the homie Prod y'all niggas keep shit real  
I said damn 10 seconds from a six feet hole  
Growin' up in South Central, Loc it's hard on the soul

[PRODEJE]

Now you're trippin' only gets so far

I got the infra-red heater  
And I'm about to blow shit down  
Don't make me act to break your ass like day  
Don't make a nigga have to spray  
And make you have a fucked up day  
Now you're trippin' only gets so far  
I got the infra-red heater  
And I'm about to blow shit down

[PRODEJE]

It was  
Just the close car, Havoc call me we don't sweat 'em  
Park the 80 ??? Suburban and we sailin'  
You have to swoop to Venice cause it's sunday and it's  
crackin'  
Stash the two heaters then it's off to do some mackin'  
He fired up the endo weed  
I let 'em breath  
I hit the third roll was startin' to count with my G's  
When you're broke your homies love you when you paid  
there tight  
The playa haters get to trippin' when they enter your  
sight  
Hit the beach, parked the big Bird - turned the corner  
Just see what kinda love we can get in California  
Gangstas don't dance but we boogie  
Today my player's more takin' over though my hoodie's  
at home  
And it's on  
Who in it the zone for feelin' somethin' in my bones  
(What's up baby? Can I take you home?)  
Five seconds then I pulls her up  
He gets to trippin'  
I tell this fool, he gone before it gets his ass whippin'  
(that's real)  
A baby father's brother homie  
So what he run it  
And just a few seconds I'm about to start gunnin'  
Havoc tells me get the step in cause this hoe ain't shit  
You wanna lose your damn freedom for a broke-ass  
trick? (hell no!)  
I understand that so I checks this fool and gets the  
mobbin'  
And fools got a problem I'm down for problem solver

[HAVOC]

Like Flavor Flav  
Mouht Piece has skill will never demand it  
Only get back like Denny Menaces  
Me and my partner Prod  
Who's ready to seek and destroy

To blast to equal four mark  
Who done fucked up some shit  
And pissed me off  
Because you thought I was soft  
But now  
I will kill your ass at all call

[PRODEJE]

We got a couple of honeys numbers then we's off for  
the set  
On our way to L.C. to laid back for a sec (fool!)  
Havoc told me about some bustas tryin' to rain on this  
shit  
Playa hatin' muthafuckas tryin' to gaffle his grip  
They hit his crib when he was solo four deep on the  
proud  
Tryin' to clean a homie out the situation was foul  
Four niggas strapped with heaters couldn't handle it G  
They didn't get a damn thing, yeah you know who you  
be  
Make your own money makers all that bitch in his hole  
We love to catch you on the corner and retail your soul  
Cause we blast if we have to fools, don't get it twisted  
You've seen that blue chrome right before you're ass  
kissin'  
Can't exist it, you desire for ends, it's gettin' deeper  
But trippin' on my homie makes me get the street  
sweeper  
Where the heat seeker infra-red  
As I blast only take ten seconds to retail your ass, fool

[PRODEJE]

Now you're trippin' only gets so far  
I got the infra-red heater  
And I'm about to blow shit down  
Don't make me act to break your ass like day  
Don't make a nigga have to spray  
And make you have a fucked up day...

[HAVOC]

Ahahahaha  
Yes  
It is me and motherfuckin' Prodeje  
Back in the motherfuckin' studio  
And this is the last motherfuckin' song we did done  
Shine, you get a motherfuckin' good job, you know  
what I'm sayin'  
I hope this shit is goin' platinum  
I wanna give a big shout out to that nigga Bob  
Who put down them dope platinum track  
And all the rest of the people who didn't participated

1-Nutt, Young Prod  
And all of the rest of the muthafuckas who did put  
down for dope shit  
Yeah  
Truez Neva motherfucking Stop!

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