

## Custom Made Gangstas

### "When Da Smoke Clear"

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[Hook - 2X]

I'ma shatter niggaz world, if they come my way  
Then confess it at the gate, when it's Judgment Day  
If I walk with the Lord, there's no man I fear  
I'll be the last one standing, when the smoke is clear

[Lil' Keke]

Hush it up mark niggaz, I'm the chosen one  
'Fore I po' you punks out, like a bottle of rum  
And my soundscan pull up, from here to the East  
Boost your game up rookies, I'm a lyrical beast  
I'm a wolf you a sheep, and it's time I feast  
And I'm hungry like a dog, that be showing his teeth  
I'ma squash all beef, when the album drop  
I'ma shit on niggaz heads, when I'm back on top  
If these so called gangstas, wanna turn it to violence  
Then God bless his soul, with a moment of silence  
C.M.G. shoot first, make the pack divide  
Front porch backyard, I'm still (by your side)  
Don't fuck with Young Don, cause it's consequences  
And you first on the field, but you die in the trenches  
It's a grave or a sentence, it is what it is  
This my street testimony, I've been waiting for years

[Hook - 2X]

[Lil' C]

I mash in the hemi, two semi-automatics with me  
Don't get it twisted at all, Lil' C is not friendly  
Bring any nigga you wanna bring, put him up against me  
He might be bigger, but you ain't gon wanna see the ending  
I fear no man, that mean nan nigga  
So when the drama come, I don't shake I don't shiver  
I don't cry about it, I just do my job  
I'm married to the mob, if it's easy or it's hard  
You don't wanna see a man, of my caliber  
Get red hot, and go to shooting like Gallagher  
Shit, cause that'll be a whole 'nother massacre  
Like David Caress' shit, burning your flesh

I promise you don't wanna test, I got the Lord and a vest  
To handle the stress, I'm smoking on canibus best  
So when the smoke clear, me and my niggaz is still breathing  
And you and your niggaz, is just bleeding

[Hook - 2X]

[Lil' Keke]

All black ski mask, with the gats to match  
Automatic M-5, knock a do' off the latch  
I'ma let you niggaz talk, while the currency build  
Trying to make a half a mill, 'fore I sign a deal  
Put the fam out of town, hundred K in the ground  
Put your working boots on, my niggaz it's going down  
Bullets at your grill, rain hard and heavily  
Your click talk shit, now they all in jeopardy  
Hate and animosity, I'm filled with anger  
Sneak up on you niggaz, like the perfect stranger  
Calm under pressure, and my click don't rattle  
And I never lay it down, in the heat of the battle  
I'm a soldier, ten toes down up in the mud  
This guerilla warfare, can you taste the blood  
Will the Don fold up, my niggaz it's no way  
And don't make me have to trip, like Kyle Sose

[Hook - 2X]

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