

Cypress Rock But: Parenterol Advisory Explizite Lyriken "Rendezvous With Death"

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[Mr. Lil One]

He's back

And we got a rendezvous with death

A rendezvous with death

(laughin)

If you're wicked and you're sick
And you're evil let me hear
If you're bitchy and you're fakey
Then you'll know I'll never feel ya
I'll see you at the crossroads
For another episode
No I never let it go
Better bring your testicles
No I'm not the bitchy kind
Nothin like the snitchy kind
Kick it with the wicked
Cause I'm sick up up in the mind
Find a way to murder those
Claimin to be Little's foes
If you really wanna know
Come and let an Ese know
Show you how I do it
When ever I go prusue it
And I move around in ways
That'll make feel a daze
And it pays to be clever
Better never try and diss this
Mothafucka kiss this
Mothafucka kiss this
Pistol whippin vever slippin
That ass is mine punk
If you heard it through the vine
Then write to be drunk
I love to be the faded
Motivated by you bitches
Stranded in the woods
That be huanted by my witches

[Chorus]

I leave you stranded in the woods

Imagine from your hoods
I get a match and gasoline
And rob your ass for your goods
I got a rendezvous with death
I got a rendezvous with death
Leave you stranded with some witches
Have you actin like some bitches
[2x]

[Mr. Lil One]

I got a rendezvous with death
Plus my homie VMF
That be make all the spooky
Fuckin music that I love
Hatin mothafuckas
Know you wanna get a dub
I know I be the topic
And my bomb I fin to drop it
Like the Blair Witch Project
I'm a scare and I'ma dear ya
Mothafuckas come an approach me
Never could you croak me
Still remain the same
I got these flames up in my brain
I bring the pain to what you claim
And have you actin like a dame
And my name always stay
In a spooky kind of way
I disobey on these walls
I've been walkin in these halls
That be full of grief and sorrow
No tomorrow for my enemies
Yeah you all remember me
Get wicked with these melodies
In stead of my arrive
I'll be hidin in your mirror
Make you shiver
Make you quiver
Didn't even pull my trigger
I'm just a wicked mothafucka
Never could I try
To ever see the light
Pitch black when YOU DIE

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One (Talkin)]

We'll be waitin for that ass
(laughin)

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