

A Rhyme This Time

"Klack"

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[S.A.S. - Mitchy Slick]

Yeah.. huh.. it's been a long time
It seem like the whole world waitin on the West coast
We missed you.. welcome back - let's go!

Uhh, yeah that, new West
Yes
C'mon, uhh
Uhh
Here we go - Steady gang, Steady gang, Steady gang,
Steady gang
Uhh, yeah that
Yes
Klack, klack - klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack, uhh
c'mon
Yeah, uhh
YEAH! YEAH!!!

[Xzibit]

Strong Arm Steady we ready it's time to ball out
When vocal chords spit cold shit they never thaw out
Industry tried to pigeonhole, I had to crawl out
Hear my name bein called out, nuclear fallout
Full body armor with bangers, we goin all out
Garbage bags in trunk of the car, it won't stall out
Hit you where you stay, hogtied, you gettin hauled out
Crush the whole car, it's well planned and thought out
Try to attain fame from beef, you went the wrong route
Scrape a 38 on your teeth, I knock 'em all out
I know you ain't fuckin with me dawg (c'mon NOW)
Underestimate, run up on, it's on now
Have your niggaz plottin revenge and puttin songs out
Demise by design, blueprints is drawn out
Flood crack back in the hood, it's been a long drought
Show you what this gangster killa Cali is all about

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

KLACK - for the niggaz that bang in the inner city and
KLACK - for the enemies creepin to come and get me
Be thankful, if you get away alive
You wouldn't kill or won't let nothin die, so keep it

movin

[Xzibit]

Yo! You don't like how I'm livin well FUCK YOU
Nastradamus style, make every line come through
Don't make me spit predict your last action
Last man standin (yeah) last man laughin (yeah)
Assassin, crosshairs, smile for the birdie (CLICK!)
Hit you long range, high powered, 30-30 shit
If you never heard of a heavy assault rifle
Hit targets a mile away from the top of the Eiffel (woo!)
Knock the soul out of your body, stay plottin like Bin
Laden
to swoop down and crash your party
All bark no bite (SHIIIT!) we don't bark nigga
We bite to the white then shake 'til the afterlife
Hard work and sacrifice, who's your daddy?
Make you wanna drop e'rything and move to Cali
We classic, go 'head, speak my name
And I'ma lay your ass down like the All Star game,
c'mon

[Chorus]

[S.A.S. - Mitchy Slick]

Sawed-off shotgun, shoot through your shoulderblade
Bitch-made niggaz get, hit with a hand grenade
Blow up your Escalade, then I hit the road
and I'm back in the hood lookin for somethin to smoke
Everytime, I use the element of surprise
With a gun that's big enough to make an elephant hide
I elevate my rhythm by hustlin crack addicts
Get locked but, when I'm released I'm back at it
See, Mitch know the time, in front of me the birdie and
Phil got the customers comin to get it early we
came a long way from po-lice chasin us
for dope in our socks and angel dust
Yeah klack for the strippers in clubs shakin they titties
This, mac'll have you bitch niggaz runnin like P. Diddy
I'll bang you, comin out the side of your mouth
We the reason why you stay in the house, Stizzle, Gang

[Chorus]

[unimportant ad libs to end]

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