

411**"Gasoline"**Visit ["Gasoline"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

No cash No Cash you don't wanna fuck with me
I burn churches like persons in the 3rd degree
With the strike of a match hit the gasoline
POP PILLS! drugs kill? it's worth the thrill
Started in the NAZO pira "QUICK TO DRAW"
Sharp like a blade, we'll cut ya like a chainsaw
Drink yo blood by the pitcher until we feel drunk
Grind yer fuckin' bones to LACE MY Fuckin BLUNT,
PUNK!
Snap back, crackle, pop! motherfuck the cop
Always stayin on my toes when I walk the block
'Cause when I go to the store I bring my own discount
Cause I'm sick of payin money to suck corporate cock
Yo I know my spanish is rusty but my english is olde
40 down grab yourself an ice cold colt 45
Feelin' alive drunk as fuck in the daylight
READY TO DIE!
No time No time so count the hours when I'm alone
alone with a thousand dollars
Like Thread We Are all Good gonna spit the same
Nobodys good in Gasoline!
NAZO step to this wont slit yer wrist
Cross it off the list unless yer gonna wanna
Throw a punch it'll break your fist man up duck down
Cause the caps wont miss
Bust 6 shots on an undacova cop
They're all crooked mother fuckers and aint gonna stop
So held yo ground down "run your own town"
Down with the man LET THE DRUMS SOUND
I'll hit you hard with accurate precision, split decision
Yo, I'm sinnin and I'm grinnin' FUCK RELIGION
Fucked up got a vision so listen
Do what makes you happy not for money or attention
Flying with a 40 that's how I get down!
You say yer the king but I'm wearin the crown
High on my throne sniffin lines making deals
Got a CHEF in the kitchen, cooking my last meal

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