

Blessed Union Of Souls

"Floss, Don, One"

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[Don]

Niggas want WHAT!!!, what you want now
Operation Lock, shut niggas down
Nothin to gain, niggas want war with my gang
I'm gunnin them thangs, have you slumped up in a
Range
How do you die, once I swing the iron at ya'll
My riders'll swarm, Don be the eye of the storm
'Cause when it's my flow ya heart froze poppo
Expose the 4 grip apart though, you not know
Fuck with my dough, kick in your door, 20 Roscoe
You think it's a game, Hot Ones'll burn you in flames
Got little hands but hold the gat with ease
Aint much to adjust, pull back and squeeze
Flame-On, Chandon, never get it mixed kid
Shots from the cannon'll leave a nigga twisted
One phone call, cats is done for
You want war, see 4-4 with the pump saw

[Chorus]

Floss, One, Don
Let me get 'em, get 'em
Floss, One, Don
Let me get 'em, get 'em
Floss, One, Don
Let me get 'em, get 'em
Floss, One, Don
Let me get 'em, get 'em
Now who we be (fly niggas)
Who we be (fly niggas)
Who we be (fly niggas)
Who we be (fly niggas)
What!!!

[Floss]

Who the fuck is ya'll niggas, no name niggas
Live off the strip with ya man, 4 main niggas
Is ya'll insane niggas, tryin to rule the streets now
I'd be wrong if I cocked back, two of your peeps down
Fall asleep now, I got killas on a pay roll
Staight four from the trey-eight-o, kay bro

Hot Ones is well connected like cable
It's hectic when the Tec spit
Don't move, you catch it
Get in beef with me now, your peeps'll be found
Fuck beatin down, he havem' meetin the ground
In front of his door step, been waitin all night
Fuck black, I'm comin to kill him in all white
Cocked hammer, blow five at him on sight
If not hit him, I'm droppin my gun and we gon' fight
Get a brick, flip a brick, go plat, shit is sick
Rather rap game or crack game, Floss ridiculous

[Chorus]

[One]

Raised up in stories, Cristal and gators
Escaped through the block now, love us or you hate us
Rappers get shot down, whole lotta haters
CDs or tapes the only way to play us
Girls, they'll talk that he say, she say
Freshed up, more kicks than Eastbay
We stay, breakin 70 always on the freeway
But the cops say boy take it easy
My name is One, I'm tryin to lock the game
Uhhh, a lot of haters tryin to block the game
Uhhh, too hot, can't stop the game
Used to be in the streets and pack pain
Ay yo, stop One, but I can't son
Smoke branson, three young niggas tryin to blow like
Hanson
Fitted to the back, red and blue band son
Some cats can't stand him
But damn them

[Chorus]2x

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