

## Bathory

### "Leakage"

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[ CHORUS: Dwellas ]

Dwellas rep real hip-hop music  
This time you won't refuse it  
In the clubs wild out and lose it  
UG and Phan about to bring you the new shit  
Right now  
Dwellas rep real hip-hop music  
This time you won't refuse it  
In the clubs wild out and lose it  
Stop frontin on Phan and U.G.  
Right now

[ Phantasm ]

Straight out the gate, never hesitate  
Blast off trey-eight  
Leave you in a coma state  
Only I control my fate  
Me and son can only wait  
Kick back, meditate  
Buy the album, don't debate  
Hope my people can relate  
Switch flows on every 8th  
Dick hoes in every state  
Deejays need our songs in crates  
Finally my ones is great  
Too late for who's great  
Need food on my plate  
Y'all ate, so why hate?  
Never try to violate

[ U.G. ]

Gon' punish, paralyze your posture  
Pop ya, you're no longer popular  
???????????????? binocular  
Topple ya like C4, steez is raw  
Genetically ill, appeal to the retina  
The Winchester makes it hard for the brain to register  
Life signs ???? blow your mind, you're crazy  
Facin me, I stomp like Doug Lazy  
I hold a 80 from here to Haitii, ladies praise me

[ Phantasm ]

Every day we pray and thank God that he got us in  
Sorry that we gotta sin  
Motto is: we gotta win  
Dwellas, yeah, we hot again  
Make a whole lotta ends  
Cash big checks and sex, a whole lotta skins  
And you can come too, boo, hope you got a friend  
It's room 110 at the Ramada Inn  
We real players who ain't gotta spend  
Just bring a lotta gin  
Hope y'all crab niggas still followin

[ U.G. ]

Now what you think this is, ain't nothin innocent here  
Focus, attack and chop drums like Premier  
Wave the gun in the air, you runnin in fear  
Punish who dare stare, you don't wanna go there  
Trust me, flow's rusty, fuckin yo hussy  
She wanna touch me, told her I was cousins with Puffy  
Gased her, hold up, blast her with two hands, you're  
losin your fans  
You fuck around and get two in a glance  
What

[ CHORUS ]

[ Phantasm ]

Aiyo, 4 years passed and we still got the hot shit  
Every time I spit it's liquid toxic  
Every show rock shit, love to get my cock licked  
Now every interview I do, gon' pop shit  
Can't get to the glock, then you get oxed quick  
Run off at the mouth, wind up in a box, kid  
Rap criminal, you can still get your lock split  
Dwellas soon come, switch labels like the Lox did

[ U.G. ]

Blasting, blast the fifth, facelift niggas  
Headcase, sprayin the mace all in your kisser  
It's takin place, I'm holdin a 8th takin a picture  
I'm on a date, 8th day straight fuckin your sister  
You paperweight, bring her this way, son, I'ma diss her  
You know the flav, raidin airwaves and transistors  
With no delay I hold you at bay, the brain twister  
My nigga Ted aimin the lead, boot up, nigga

[ CHORUS ]

