

Beautiful Creatures

"Redrum"

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[Chorus]

I got some redrum shit up on my redrum mind
And when I creep up on you bitch, that ass is mine
It ain't no time for explanations, ain't no time ta pray
It ain't no muthafuckin' mercy, Redrum!
Redrum, murder redrum
Redrum, murder redrum
Redrum, murder redrum
4:20, 7-8-1

[Verse 1: P.I.T.]

It's time ta locc up, I'm bout to nut up, so nigga what up
The homie Wall got the sawed off, about ta blow yo
face off
The balls of us true niggas sag like dickies
And the guns from my Doom nigga's devour my
enemies
I leaves 'em wet like a bitches erection
Top candidate did a killin and today's the election
Muthafuckas disrespect and get chopped into sections
Cuz stressin with a sick marked manic depressant
(huh)
So wheres my medicine? break it up, roll it up, then
blaze it up
All my true niggas feel me, cause it's time ta locc up
I got them niggas from the Northside, ready ta ride
Cin Sity, so get ready ta die
Mothafucka we gon treat you like you famous,
surround you like fans
But we ain't no fake ass niggas, we bout ta stomp yo
ass
I'm from the Wild Wild West, my horse is a black 6-4, I
gotta tec
That'll beat you to the draw, 3 to yo face, 12 to yo chest

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Cowboy]

I was high off of that chronic smoke
Plottin' my revenge in the murder shows
These oppositions wanna see me locc
holdin my pump, kickin in doors
I'm fin ta make these sorry mothafuckas feel pain
how it is, my days ain't changed
O.C.G. Renegades my gang
Cowboy had ta earn that name, killin? Yeah!
Niggas talk about it,
but me and my niggas y'all know we bout it
All these bitches gon feel my static,
it's time for war, nigga gotta let 'em have it
Creep through the cut, let my anger erupt,
testin' my nuts can get you wet up
Bitch tried to make a move so he got bucked,
left 'em laid out in a puddle of blood, I gots no love
17 shots give 'em all that I got
Reload the clip, dramatize yo spot
Givin up Renegade bail to the car,
It's Doomsday fold anybody on the block
What the fuck you thought,
you get away, hell no bitch you was caught
My niggas ain't no murderers,
we killas yo life has been sold and bought
Before I go to my grave,
gotta have all them niggas that fucked with me
So now you know my plans, better take heed,
pray you don't decease
Now pay the cost, wanna see who's the boss,
saddle up, get broke the fuck off
You niggas should know that it can't get done
Fuck with this I produce Redrum

[Verse 3: Eklypss]

I feel I'm funky enough ta make them gangstas boogie
and yet
I'm still obsessed with murder, sex, and sellin' cookies
Rookies ain't got no get back, better get back
I got a double edge ax in the back
of my white Cadillac and a 9 millimeter gat
Redrum evil mean muggin' body snatcha
Jack the Ripper ain't got shit up on this ax hacka
Bitch smacka, gun totin' car jacka
When I die dip my casket in black lacquer
I love ta decorate my livin room with bloody flesh
And in my bedroom I got body parts from dirty sex

Now picture that witta Polaroid instamatic, gotta a
semi-automatic
That'll tear a new asshole when I blast
so you better run real fast hoe or smoke
I done started up a new love affair wit kitchen knives
Any nigga that disrespect my new bitches, they gots ta
die
Cause they be real for me, they made of steel for me
Whenever I feel the need that you gots ta die they kill
for me
It's Redruuum!

[Chorus]

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