

Abk "Close Call"

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"Close Call"

[Verse 1]

Right place, right time, close call, what does it matter?
Clean get away, keepin' my dirty pockets fatter
Smooth operation, plans well thought out
Hands in the air is what I'm talkin about
No doubt call me a warrior, I'm runnin' with a hatchet
The one crazy native representin' Psychopathic
Down for the D cause the D is where I struggle
Underground, wicked shit, MOTHAFACKO!

[Hook x2]

Do you want that native shit?
Yes we want that native shit
Do you want that crazy shit?
Yes we want that crazy shit
Do you want that wicked shit?
Yes we want that wicked shit
Do you run with a hatchet?
Yes we run with a hatchet

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