

Abk "Tools"

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"Tools"

(feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

[Verse 1: Anybody Killa]

I wanna know where the fuck are my down ass
underground killas
Straight cap peelas
Walkin' the earth, been mean since birth
Takin' every damn thing in sight that's worth
Somebody stabbin' you in the back, for a pebble of
crack
Eastside, bitches like that
Sometimes I feel that I can't eat, can't sleep
Put me in a hole baby, 6 feet deep
Better yet, just leave me alone
I've survived this long with a microphone
Roamin' the streets, mean muggin' police
Left hand on my nuts right grippin' a piece
So now I feel that I owe it to y'all
You're the reason that I'm here instead of dead and
gone
And don't think that I'm here to stress you out
I just wanna let you know what I'm about

[Hook x2]

Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains
These are all the thangs that a G brangs
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral
Streets is crucial, competition zero

[Verse 2: Anybody Killa]

Face facts, do the math
You can try to relax but this killa ain't like that
Wait a minute, let me tell the truth
I'm relaxed like a motherfucka, tomahawking a fool
Walk away just keeping my cool
Like I'm sneaking in line at a big venue
No traits, no motive, nobody, no clue
Yo Blaze, am I right? (WOOP WOOP!)
That's what the fuck I've been tryin' to say
Me and my whole damn family actin' murderous ways
That's why we only gather once a year

Because the world really can't afford to disappear
So now we all break bread, never misled
And the drama that I bring you will never forget
And the ones that's down no matter where you're at
I'm just here to let you know that I got your back

[Hook x2]

Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains
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[Verse 3: Blaze Ya Dead Homie]

I'm hard as the come, homie don't be slippin' actin'
dumb
Shove the pistol in your mouth, slightly quicker than
some
The streets are talkin' I be listenin', hearin'
Reppin' for my thugs who got nothin' to be fearin'
Ask me if I ever been jacked, I've been screwed and
taxed
And waxed, some suckas with two little stripes to attack
Mothafuckas ain't shit, I'm a soulja
Drag bodies into coffins, by they bitch ass shouldas
Middle name Murder, Colton Grundy the rest
You see me packin' a gun in the vest
Now do your best to stay alive, I ain't never gonna die
Eternal like the galaxy, who wanna try me?
I tell you one more time for all the foes of mine
Ain't no way, ain't anybody gonna stop my shine
Do the drive-bys bitch smackin' hoes and robbery
I do it for the streets and the money so respect me

[Hook x4]

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