

Doedens Tanklock

"4 Souls"

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Intro:

This is how we goin' do
We goin' do this right
Word, word is bond
Know what I'm sayin'
This is LA wid the track
Know what I'm sayin
You know how we do
Word up, yo
Let Dark pass no stunting
>From the real
Better get your 4 pound God
Let's proceed
Yo, what yo, yo

Verse 1: LA

I run up on rap like Boo Smith on a hatchback
Put my patch down cause a head crack
I'm trapped, in a hole filled with guns and drugs
Three-headers, nothing better 5% and thugs
Style tight like O.J. gloves
Niggas state to state take a bug
'Cause I burn rich niggaz who will hide slugs
It's the coke that got me caught,
in this dead train of thought
We stepped the coroner theft law from the Bronx New
York
Holding a pitchfork for cream
Eyes on high beam, 13
Cooking up coke, selling as dope fiends
Now realise my anger as I craft my chamber
With no parental vision made a fucking head-banger
Who's in change a, you dis this judge you get finished
Disrespect Darkman you get slapped with a Guinness
Kid spin it, baby MC's I'm just choking 'em
My shit hits the town like 300 pounds of opium
What, turbulence which is your first defence
Scripts stay scrapped to kill an action-packed defence
Cocoa plants, I payed the cost in a loft

Now lyrically candy topping niggas and buttered soft
As the holocaust

Verse 2: Shotti

Prepare for the killin' shield
Sight you lose to nightmares
Stan man and my desert ???
Then I slip to the US, and then,
The battle thought you had me screw-finched
hologrammed
You can stick it to death
Talk means you scot
Einstein dangerous mind
2 heads and 4 eyes
This man X,
I'm known when I'm off my shift
Scarf on my waist pull then I'll scorch your face
I'm like a copy-cat killer
Born for strangling niggas
Then pull figures
Receive and rob the spot like Dillinger
Settle cap like ???
I'm saber-toothed coming at you
Forfeit the minds can't win wit' no .22
Get nuke and henny rock 80 proof
In the hood, never sipping while I'm drinking my jewel
Dance to my ritual, lower you into my seance
Bitch wearing Avon
Missing me ?on the rap song?
I'll buck, you frontin' wit out that GK bubbly stuff
Gang games for schools that's why your whole shit
gets laced up
With the mic as my staff
I inscribe my witchcraft with full blast
Buddah cut, shot these screw cats

Verse 3: LA

When I'm lifted
Rip shit up kid quick I'm busted
On any demon puffing hizo can't be trusted
Lustic lyrical blunts be like mud
DARKMAN THE KING, lampin' on my throne of blood
Lynch men, verbal henchmen, kickin' your door in
Blastin', rip, flippin' your shit, rippin' your organs
Triple darkness, lies trap a constant rip juggler
Snake eyes dedicated undercover smuggler
As I cut you
I slice your brain right without the mic
Vivid literature pictures shine like four nine lights

Time in space, grab your head-bands, suffocate
Call me Chester so i had to let
them rappers I wake on fuck 'em break
I hold crack like your ass
Lick shots from the techs then jet through the wet grass
Bubble worth like a bass,
Darkman instancy, sniff canibus living
part in the Caribbean Sea
Through your history the dark scenes will make you
ears beam
Talking 'bout hitting rap then sit back and hit your weed
LA can walk through walls stand straight up in fire
Look at your eyes look at my eyes pussy
and tell me who's higher
Darkman empire guard you now like a gun
Loading wid nine rich niggas and I'm bound to be the
tenth one

Verse 4: Shotti

Read my jungle
Got the far eye see shot predator
Detonator blowin' up city blocks
Wid' a large watts
About six clocks
That's high potent killers on each corner
Wid guns ready for smoking
Six sense Indian head hancha
Yo my peso got royals that screw Castro
Operation statement my technique will be an
experiment
For my alliance I catch skins of ten lions
What you trying tasting this sawed off iron
Adjustable punk fashion came out your whole batch
My plan to wrap this town like Saran
All I need is guns and a few good men
Shotti, stay like Scarface wid a key to shoot somebody
Come get me, my fingers dipsy,
Who's coming whippy, I'm a yippy
First enemy who's stealin' filthy
Size 'em up break 'em down I'm guilty
My sons is wit' me
Shot like 150 watts and fistful like Kung-Fu plots
Wid my sing-sing shot
You form something that can't be stopped
Got a glock the fuck up your snot box wid a shot
What!

Outro:

Sing-sing

Know what I mean
LA The Darkman
Shot these fool faced keep your boots laced
Many many fakes and gun rules
M-A-D, wealthy
Killa Bees

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