

# Black Moon

## "Son Get Wrec"

Visit "[Son Get Wrec](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

\* send corrections to the typist

(Verse)

This is a warning I advise you all to stay alert  
Yo Reals grab the nine cause it's time to go to work  
Ask Dee, rest the rhythm, I hit 'em, then I just split 'em  
Besta believe that's the way you should've did him  
Backing niggaz down with the heat, feel the flame  
Ripping through your flesh, can you handle the pain  
I don't give a fuck, I never did, I never will  
A little Crooklyn knight nigga with the skill to kill  
Which to the point I will extend the trey pound  
Nobody makes a move, nobody makes a sound  
Catch mad wreck, raise hell with my crew  
Chilling in the east as I sip on a brew  
Drugs no frills cause the dutch is the master  
An individual who blows up because I have to  
Bust mad shots, it's time for me to misbehave  
Whoever doesn't like it we can take it to the grave

(Chorus 4x)

SON GET WREC  
SON GET WREC  
SON GET WREC  
It's time for you to represent

(Verse)

I'm a grave digging nigga that can hold his own weight  
They tried to flex on the five now they lives is at fate  
They didn't think I had enough heart to set off the  
spark  
I'm a shorty getting naughty getting I'll after dark  
My eyes are bloodshot red  
All the hell I feel has set the stage in my kingdom  
And not your rule in every state, the war as begun  
I'm about just blow, so pass the hand grenade  
It's time to let you know my freaks do deeds, though  
Plus they will, three slugs through your grill  
The pain you will feel, rippin', wrecking, causing mad  
drama  
You acted like you want it, now you crippled like your  
momma

(Chorus 4x)  
SON GET WRECK  
SON GET WRECK  
SON GET WRECK  
It's time for you to represent

(Verse)  
Spread your wind and prepare to meet your maker  
Fucking with the five, I'm like the average night taker  
Deaths in the street, in the borough known as Brooklyn  
Where niggaz lose they life and they get their shit  
taken  
Guilters run it all, don't even try to riff  
Shoved down his throat was the nickel-plated 5th  
Shoot out his brains, left them on the dinner table  
Went home, got the urge to watch a little cable  
Just lay your back, and think about the things that I do  
Throw on my timberlands, grabbed my crooked eye  
brew  
Well my man Due, told me to met him at the spot  
Cause things is getting hot, too many bodies in the lot  
Just the other day they raped a girl in the exit  
Put her in the dorm, now she three months pregnant  
Damn it's so real in the heart of buck town  
He'd better think before he dare to fuck around

(Chorus 4x)  
SON GET WRECK  
SON GET WRECK  
SON GET WRECK  
It's time for you to represent

Visit [Black Moon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.