

Era

"Why?"

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[Hook - 2x]

Why y'all over there, looking at me
Got hating in your eyes, I can plainly see
Don't wanna see another nigga, up on his feet
Shake my hand, but at the same time be plotting on me

[Lyrical 187]

Now let me get this straight, you got your mind on
jacking me right
You got your pistols ready, to go to war with me right
In the middle of the night, blood stained carpet
Your heart stop pumping, and your nerves start-a
jumping
They should of told you something, I tell you bout your
friends
Mama said they there first, and then they disappear
It appears we have a situation, one aggression
Move short, of an altercation
Niggas in the background, waiting for the drama to
jump off
They got some young bitch ha, she wanna shoot a
nigga in the mouth
Fuck what they talking bout, 1-8-7 comes strapped and

Him not afraid, to beat them blood clot cats
Y'all ain't ready for that, relax and slow down
You moving too fast, you bout to make me calm you
down
Permanently, for even thinking about murdering me
I'm that niggas, that y'all yearning to be

[Hook - 2x]

[Lyrical 187]

Look at these fools looking at me, like I wan' murder
them
Slaughter them, what's it gotta take short of be pulling
out the K
And unloading 25 red hot, making 25 red spots
Scattered cross they throwbacks, and leave em where
they sleep

And not even speed off, but creep away with big nuts
And that Bad Azz Mix Tape, causing a thunder in my trunk
It's Lyrical 1-8-7 the Terror, I'm telling you boys I'm ready
Been doing this shit for a long time, I can tie you up with spaghetti
Got a rumble up in my belly boys, got a ringing in my ear
Either that or I've been too close with too many shots, all over the years
In the club parking lot, with just a peek at the arsenal
Have you ducking and dodging the five trucks, trying to make it home
Too many god damn scars, don't deserve where they are
Real niggas still work the block, we ain't made it that far yet
But once we get there, we gon rip this bitch apart
I wan' make sure I do my boys, I'll be the light up on the star

[Hook - 2x]

[Kevo]

I know why you over there, hating at me
It's simply, because I'm stacking here
Nigga recognize the real, Young Fever was pistol packing here
Before a jacking them hammers, will get the clapping off in here
Are you that mad, I Sprewell a fresh set of 84's
Is it that bad, DTS got voice activated do's
I'm not that cat, where your eyes should really wanna focus
My game atrocious, I run em up out the house like roaches
Y'all want me to stop my high, don't hold your breath
I'm 3rd Ward at it's finest, I'm suppose to rep
Fever wash up these watchers, like a Laundromat
I don't just shoot at cinemats, bitch I'll bomb your hat
Make me turn your Mitchell and Ness, to bitch you a mess
My P-9 will eat through your vest, and tear up your flesh
That's what happens, when you try to get this pimp out a pocket
But you won't understand until your eyes, is stripped out they sockets

[Hook - 4x]

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