

## Eric Carmen "Glockapella"

Visit "Glockapella" on MotoLyrics.com

(sang) Brother... you've been on my mind Oh brother We've changed over time so Brother, I'm keeping my eyes on you I bet you don't think I know no bett'(er) But sanging the blues Oh but brother have I got news for you I'm something... and I know you know that I'm something too (chuckle)

Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit and all that Shit's stupid But I'm gonna address it And after I get it off my chest may God bless it I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone who had the audacity to attack me

I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire quicker

Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker Yet I react without even a crack in my composure But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure I'm worthy, and my associates and I named the South Dirty

And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and blind have heard me

But I ain't even breathin until I get an even 30 I could casually clap up the front of somebody's throwback jersey

You makin' me hafta talk this way, aintcha?

You makin' me hafta talk this way

You forcin me to walk this way

Maybe my album will get bought this way

Niggaz slow down around me, I make em superstitious And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually vicious

But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something nutritious

But you will appreiciate what a sacrifice this is And I know you ambitious young men, you have my best wishes Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my best dishes When you assassinate my character, not one remark misses So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin these little fishes Fuck fakin, there has been some offense taken But this itty bitty beef is, beneath me, like bacon But hear me when when I say, I ain't gone hate you halfway You know me, somebody will surely owe me When it comes to respect, I only put my family before me And the beat ridin, oh so slowly, but surely And you in danger, and I'll be strict about straight erry one of you niggaz like strangers I'll put bullet holes in anything that oppose Through car doors and clothes, amateurs and pros Hardhead niggaz and hoes, also friends and foes Let it be known that you'll lose your life fucking around with Lo This is my Glockapella And I'll be wearing diamonds forever like I'm signed to Rocafella And I'ma bust two times in the sky Cause ain't nobody around here ready to die But if there's more that you want, can't but one side win And I'm damn sure ready to try mutha fucker, yeah Hold on... haha I'm all off the mother fucking beat, hold on Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody bad Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody dad Decide to ride down your street and just hurt somebody bad You know, as in house, hurt somebody's child or somebody's spouse You see what I'm saying, and you know I can be what I'm savin And I got the most to lose, but you steppin on my shoes, nigga You become a target, and will remain a target until you are hit You gone fuck around and found out that's Lo still down for it I ain't scared of ya, never been scared of ya If anyhing I'm scared for ya because I'm so ahead of ya

Take that to the head brother, before I walk up on your bed brother And paint your blood in red brother You heard what I said - brother? Mutha fucker, hahaha I ain't mad at these niggaz Ahh, ahh I tricked you

(sang)

We got a real awful thang goin down, getting down There's a whole lot of talkin going round You best believe me before I pack up and move out of town I will gladly gone and glock one of them down I said, bring me the funk, I want the funk I said, bring me the funk, give me the funk I said bring me the funk, I can handle the funk Just bring me the funk, bring me the funk Mutha fucker

Visit <u>Eric Carmen</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.