

Finley Quaye

"Caution"

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Gyeah
Gyeah
We can take it to the streets with the crips and the
bloods
These real CPT G's please show no love
Compton
Compton
in this bitch
Somebody told me
Mc Eiht is back with that thug shit
Compton
Check it out

[VERSE 1]

My mindstate too late it's been gone
Tryina take me out of the hood you're dead wrong
I hustle all day to the fuckin break of dawn
Sendin niggas' bodies to hell like sadam
Appetite for destruction corruption
To the highest degree my gat steady dumpin
Always into something you heard of me
Killer for reala my nigga another tragedy
Pops in the clip and slips the automatic
Anybody killer I gat it stay tatted
Fucks them high class I like em hoodratted
When the shells slide they panic
Nigga straight static
Catastrophe caught in monopoly you copy
Defy you mock me you're gettin sloppy
I rolls through goes through such and such
The angel of death meets you time to touch
Mind of a lunatic quick to handle
Sackin muthafuckas like I was john randall
I blows out your spot like a candle
I fucks you up muthafucka like I was rambo

[VERSE 2]

Easy as it comes I can handle the drama
I bucks givin a fuck and high off marihuana

Sendin your body through some muthafuckin trauma
I can dump the damn body you can scream for mama
Common sense you make your ass hit the fence
Run fast or catch the consequence
My straight aim I got it with confidence
The sticky situation I make it intense
The instigator the muthafuckin regulator
The quick to dump the shells in the ass of a infiltrator
The violator the muthafucka with heat
Let me see if you can beat it from across the street
I'ma knock your damn noodles cos your talk is cheap
I'm a rockabye nigga cos your ass asleep
I'ma show you the way let these real G's play
Stick and move with the working clock like sugar ray

[VERSE 3]

Y'all know what the song and dance is get the flows up
Y'all know when the fuckin cash drawer your hands
goes up
Close up shop nigga the hood's in town
Hand over the money and don't make a sound
Doomsday no parlay no politickin
We packs up with extra clips and steady dippin
Niggas in black coats with black nines
Dig into your body and catch the flatline
Your mama cry over your body at funeral time
Gang related one-time reported the usual signs
Hot crimes killin who dropped dimes
Smokin chronic reefer listen to gang rhymes
Y'all know the time it's now the pow-wow
The big payback have a nigga lay down
Anyway you bring it I want it
Gun-totin killin muthafucka from compton's most
wanted
Lifestyles of the ghetto foul
Music to driveby in my dash when I style
100% gangsta steady servin
Me and my homie Dub-C curb servin
Gyeah

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