

Finley Quaye

"Lunatic"

Visit "[Lunatic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Geah
Jig a geah
Nigga, geah
Check, geah
Nigga, geah
Uh, c'mon...

I'm sittin' here trippin', mind playin' tricks
Tryin' to make it hot while rubbin two sticks
Anybody killa, several conflicts
Dead on arrival, the message is survival
Only the strong get it on
I do my creepin' nightly, nigga, with the chrome
Last place niggas get caught up first
I ain't satisfied, so I follow the hearse
Check the verse
Situation end up worse
As I release the heat on my ?label? that's cursed
Back up, bitch, my shit spits down
4-5 fully auto, never down
Wanna dance with the evil in the pale moon light?
Didn't know that I blast anything on sight?
Murder at night, side-busters best take flight
As they dead bodies covered in the sheets that's white

I'm a lunatic
Geah
When I bust the strap everybody...
I'm a lunatic
Geah
Your days is done
When I bust the gun
Everybody better run

I'm dreamin' more nightmares when I sleep
My steez, a nigga like me N 2 deep
Creep with me as I invade your mind
Be a killa with me as I pass the nine
Don't be a weak muthafucka, get your brain on strap
Hit the blunt one more time 'fore we hit the gat
Got to dis 'em, food on my plate, blood on my hands

Lesson number one if you plan for grands
Follow my lead as we enter the place
Shoot anything that move and aim for the face
Race against the clock, a minute to ten
Good time, everybody's tied down in the den
Listen, a killa for hire, expert
Don't talk, only point out of work
Smart move, nigga, ready to skirt
Ain't no jam, prepare yourself, cause this might hurt

I'm a lunatic
When I grab the gun
Everybody better run
Cause your days is done
I'm a lunatic
When I bust the strap
Peel a cap
Everybody adapt
I'm a lunatic
Better run
When I bust the gun
Your days is done
I'm a lunatic
When I enter your home
I bust the chrome
Geah

Y'all best back on up, I act up
The blood that you spill just like a cracked cup
Your attitude, kill it, mines they wanna steal it
Bitches, y'all can feel it, any caps, I peel it
Warning, killin' niggas, strike in morn'
And stay around the crime scene till the cops start
swarmin
Smile in your face while I mess with the case
Through the streets a fast race while your boys gettin'
chased
No mace, only shootin' gats with slugs
Directed straight at the mug tryin' to kill this thug
I work that thing on my back, so I blast back
But that's the quick instict of how a killa react
The straight aim I possess is what they lack
Droppin'em one by one with a 80 Mac
Chips I stack, muthafuckas need to quit
I bang for life and y'all can't handle the shit

I'm a lunatic
I enter your home
Release the chrome
Straight for your dome
I'm a lunatic

Your day is done
I pops the gun
You're best to run
I'm a lunatic
Enter your home
Release the chrome
Straight for your dome
I'm a lunatic
You're best to run
I bust the gun
You're best to run
You're best to run, run

Geah
Hoo-Bang one time, nigga
Geah, c'mon
Lunatic, get'em
Geah
Geah
For the Y2G
Hoo-Bangin' gangstas
Hoo-Bangin' affiliates
Hoo-Bangin' official, nigga
Geah
Luna...
Geah
Luna - tic, c'mon
What tha fuck!

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