

Boondox

"Straight Out The Crops"

Visit "[Straight Out The Crops](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

Straight out the crops
Straight out the crops
Straight out the crops
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix
Straight out the crops
Straight out the crops
Straight out the crops
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix
Straight out the stix

Who it be? The doc's comin straight from the crops
I'm thinking switches for these bitches as dirtay as
Woodstock
And when I chop, the shock goes straight up your
vertebrate
They pickin at yo bones, and at your watch just like a
bird of prey
A sick son of a bitch call me the scarecrow
A face-painted doll, the Blair-witch with a foe foe
And I stay on the prow, my nose like a blood hound
Straight stalking muther fucker showing this how it
goes down
This sight of blood it gets me higher than an astronaut
A backwoods monster shot gutted a master plot
To burn yo cities and murder all yo committees
Do' to Do' slangin lead never showin no pity
I bring the pain to ya brain though they callin me drama
Choking at ya neck, with a chain I think ya dead mama
It aint da same since the sane went insane mama
Time to show these haters how to play da fucking
game mama

[Chorus x2]

Straight out the crops I won't stop ima POP! POP! POP!,
until they all drop
Straight out the stix I wont quit, I know you feeling this
shit, you must be feelin this shit. YEAH!

I comin' straight out da stix, and all da shit dat I spit
It be as dirty as a gathering of 2006
And yea I grip like a tee write the words of these pricks
Who all hatein throwin away because they say im a hit
But I aint apologizing, hell no I say fuck em
After sunning with a hatchet then these hoes aint doin
nuthin
So just quit of all ya'll frontin and then get down on yo
knees
Pray to God dat I don't find you and then dislocate yo
spleen
Cause you never wanna see me bitch jumping out of
trees a shear
Wrap my hands around yo throat and send you up to
Jesus bitch
Quick to see ya to ya maker, quicker than the
undertaker
Put you through a shredder and then spread you on a
hundred acres
Keep my name upon your mouth, keep yo ass upon da
south
Ya mami aint raise ya right, ima bout to show her how
Please don't make me fetch da steel, make this cap an
extra pill
Pop you like a cherry mutha fucka never test my will

[Chorus x2 until song ends]

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

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