

Frankie Laine

"Lucci"

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[Intro: La the Darkman]

Gun rule. We gon' make this spicy.
It's La Trapacanty right here.
You know? And we gon' do it like this.
Yeah. Darkman.

[La the Darkman]

Yo, yo, watch the Corleone give neck ties and puff
bones
Stick arabs for the crystals like Indiana Jones
Witness, La, hands of stone, on this action packed
odessey
Majesty, livin out the golden book prophecy
Unstoppable, Iron Shiek of rap speaks
Blaze a tree in the street, blue and grey benz jeep
Tazmanian, rebel, new Wu tycoon
Two thousand-five lyrics, you'll catch on soon
New entrepreneur, no match to go to war
On tour, blowin smoke out the four by four
Enjoyin life, I don't know a man who live twice
Cee-Lo, king, rollin dice, holdin Glaciers of Ice
Playin ninety-seven matten at the loft of Manhattan
While I get blitzed and rich, watch him run short flicks
With a bad chick, La been raw since eighty-six
On the block, new kicks with chalk and skunk mitts
Son, i'm fortunate to still be here, shells is close
City Lights, La The Dark, stay conceilin the toast
Cuz thieves who decieve get loot the most
But thieves that see me are left Holy as the Ghost

[Chorus x2: La the Darkman]

For that lucci, it's all about that lucci
For that lucci, it's all about that
Gettin money in many ways in these lasy days
With Venom written wisdom, I have to say crime pays

[La the Darkman]

I'd rather die if I'm not livin fly, Now Y
Can't get a job with a corporate, fuck it, I'm gettin high
Suicide commited in cells, dwellers square as hell
Children can't have a chance with impairable bells

Sufferin in a jail, I only recognize a soul
Reach one with a cold force, gon' be the one that have
to be told
Behold the son of God with a scroll
Flame throwin lyrics, niggaz better stop, drop and roll
Lyrics is gold, Darkman pushin up in the land
Hit a spot fot a Rolex watch, two thousand grams
Now dip, cuz loose lip shorts ain't shit
But in this drug rap, I bang like the Bloods and the
Crips
Guns and clips seen to make my state rotate
Stayin close to a hornet, drinkin, bustin that jake
Holdin my weight, now a purchase 'bout to case
When I coke 'em and drop 'em it equal Cali
earthquakes
I escape, baggin worth, pawn porcelain plates
Get ill like Al Capone after sniffin that ape
And my state from the halls of Hell
Sing-sing stick a spear through your chest like an ear
and an earring

[Chorus]

[La the Darkman]
Niggaz and sneakers and over-night night crawler
creapers
Cake junkies on the Jones plannin a heist to get ya
speakers
In that Acura, same soldiers attackin ya
Desert camellion, no civilian, better know as Dracula
Seven, I'm 'bout to see about a half a mil'
With twenty niggaz perfectin in Kung Fu skills
And fuck bitches, they only want they name on my will
And all you half-ass rappers, kid, you need to be killed
My shit is ill, the eels gave birth to my friend
I represent on all tracks like the number four train
Maintain, it's all about the cheese you gain
I get the studies, then the money and the bitches, fuck
the fame

[Chorus]

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