

Frayser Boy

"H.C.P"

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f/ H.C.P.

* send corrections to the typist

[DJ Paul]

Yeah, H.C.P. Defeat does not exist in this Camp

Do you hear me it's goin down

Yhe niggaz who's sellin for real

Ya boys hurtin out there man

I see your sound scans we killin you baby

And we gon keep bringing this pain

and this motherfuckin bump in your motherfuckin
speakers

[DJ Paul]

See I'm the number one killa for these bitch ass niggaz

Got guns got rope for a bitch ass nigga

Plastic bags, duck tape for a bitch ass nigga

Stolen cars, sellin hoes for a bitch ass nigga

S K's, double clips for a bitch ass nigga

40 cal. on the hip for a bitch ass nigga

Ridin Benz's shootin at you old bitch ass nigga

Hypnotize we allergic to a bitch ass nigga

Niggaz wanna talk shit you a kid to me

I'll fuck you up, real dog, its some killas with me
In the end you won't see me, just wait for my calls
Ill ride by shoot your momma's house up and all
And leave a motherfucker bleedin on the carpet
Walk right up to your bedroom window and don't stop it
Nigga you started, I won't when I brought you back
Momma dead in the Lexus, when you look back

[Crunchy Black]

Hold up my nigga

This is danger you is facing

Ima crank the fuckin chain saw

And cut you like Jason

Aint wastin no time

Ima go on head and let my smith and wesson

Gone shine my nigga, yall be hatin

Aint no hatin on me dog

Ima leave you layin in the motherfuckin street dog

Now catch this heat yall, lock it and release yall

I'm just tryin to keep some mutherfuckin peace dog

Yall Testin me

[Juicy J]

People always asking bout Project Pat

Did he get ten years, or did he time go flat

Well ima tell you like this, its a baller battle

Try to prosecute a nigga, probably taller than Shaq

Me and my brother been down, since the days a rap

Hangin out Cypress Garden tryin to sell the crack
Can't no money or no bitch can relate to that
Throught he good and the bad ima have his back
So ima tell you young niggaz in the streets today
That be standing on the block, smoke chokin that hay
The Police, Prosecutors are the enemies
Dont get caught up in that cross yo decsion you make
If I could turn back the hands of time, I would
And tell my big brother the gun ain't no good
He got one strike a felon, thats good
?

[Lord Infamous]

Its the heavyweight Champion chip of rap
I hope you did all your sit ups and ran your laps
Cause I'm ready for the whole damn ten round bout
Throw a jab left, up, right, to the map
And I don't think your boys gonna help you this time
Cause you done fucked around with the roll down kind
Got get a bump and grind gotta bump me the pine
Gotta nine to your spine, yo I gotta get mine
With that in mind, yo for what I am highly trained
Insane mane, and I gotta very good aim
So bring yo bandaids and your pain killers
We foe killer, type of niggaz
Best believe we keepin you injured

Even worse then you in pictures

So get buck if you really think you want to

Best believe Lord is gonna come back and haunt you

[Lil Wyte]

Calls it quits when you talk cause you spoke my name

Gotta switch when you walk, lookin like you a dame

Lil Wyte, yeah I rocked it when I entered the game

Cause Ima hussler on my bumpin for my fortune and
fame

And its a blessin, not a question, being part of this
Camp

Learn a lessin from this blessin you can't fuck with this
Fam'

Youll come up missin when you glisten your lil wrist I'm
not dissin

Until the center of attention, and your momma you
listenin

And I'm the one bringing thunder to this sky you
wonder

Fuck around wit a mugger and Ill then make you
wonder

What happened to this little craker it was just marijuana

His shoes just got a little bigger, I just gonna warn you

That he was creepin from the slab, where the gat is
packed

Pull a Cop killer bullets that'll pierce your back

I tried to save your soul and plus state the facts

But still bitch made motherfucker's get laid flat

[Frayser Boy]

Muthafucker cock sucker you don't want none of this

Bitch pull a trigger tell a nigga fuckin wit this shit
HCP best believe, bring the motherfuckin pain
Clickin on you, hittin on you, we ain't playin no games
Fuck you off, we the boss, got the city on lock
Glock my side, time of ride, Got the sawed bitch
cocked
Wit a nigga makin moves, in this fuckin rap shit
Trigger pull it, get a bullet, cause you know I'm
strapped bitch
Know a bunch of niggaz some real, some fake, some
hate, Some trake
So I get them bitches out the way
Dont you test, be my guess, We gone bust the steal
Nigga one less, shoot less, tone to the head feel
Nigga what you wanna do dog
Bring the shit to the fan
Every stressin, got you goin down like quick sand
Frayser Boy, Rep of course, find me in the fuckin Bay
Slangin work, doin dirt, quickin wit the AK
Pass the gat and lets ride
Lord is in your house best go hide
Crunchy gon smack you cross the head wit the Tone
Juicy the type nigga you best leave lone
Paul ain't gone talk at all he gon blast
Fuckin wit this click you bitch you won't last
Much love to my nigga Pat and thats real
Lil Wyte reppin Bay with me don't get killed

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