

Frisco Kid

"Chuck Cheese"

Visit "[Chuck Cheese](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[narrator]

When you deal with the other side, you see things
They warn you, they let you know, about your friends
around you
People around your circumstances
One must have belief in order to believe
One must see in order to know
These little things I tell you is what's kept me here
Is what's made it, possible, for me to tell you this story

[Prince Poetry]

Chuck Cheese! Everybody neighborhood's fuck-up
A wild shorty, touched, heads got stuck up
Under the trestle wrestle with your chains 'til your neck
muscle
veins pop out, GIMME, paper cut your bled vessels
So what you real? He'll test, no question
Always on the ave in plex mode, impressin
baby girl with jewels and his pretty boy complexion
He was makin them lose their minds, packin two-two's
Ready for testin plus prime time
Stickin your ATM, expert, vickin your two-week's work
Jerk settle for lickin ya if any funny moves is made
Known through the PJ's for puttin bodies in graves
All over the tri-state, now why wait, when crime pays
That's what he started sayin from way back in the days
He had plans, to stick up the bully, and his mans
but got caught up with the heat
when jake rolled up in two fifty passenger vans

(Aiyyo! Aiyyo! Get up off me man.
Get up off me. I didn't do nuttin man!
Yo, yo, whassup yo? What's the problem?
What's the problem?)

{*"thugs bustin slugs..", "shorty's down for his
respect"*}

[Prince Poetry]

Anyway after puttin in three or three-to-five
you thought Chuck would be happy just to be alive

Now thoughts of cash (?) connections
occupied his mind first, a nigga didn't waste time
gettin work
When he seen the scheme gettin less green
Chuck Cheese got grimy, him and about fourteen
was countin paper on the line at Green Acres
and behind them was the shiny link, it's victim, a move-
faker
And so they caught him on the way to the car
In the parkin lot a shot was heard from afar (whassup
now sup now?)
Money's grazed, shameless, without all of the frontin
Chuck, you know the one with the new link he's now
manhuntin
for more, who get ten G's a wop, on the low
from two hot shot spots in Hollis bold G's that stole
Pushin weight, through the (?) Metro, he's contracted
Twenty's a hit on his head, jealousy didn't like the way
that he acted
Now Chuck heard the news and got attracted
Ready to bring racket to the wrong full metal jacket
Bold, he got some love on the street, he knows about it
Now a tactic or patient retaliation is routed
He gets outted!

(Yo f'real, this little skillet-head nigga.
Runnin around disrespectin, you know how we get
down on Southside.
Word to strength, he gots to go. I don't care HOW it
happens!)

[Rude One]

Yo, the word got back, to my highest of rank
This cat's burnin my ears son, his suicidal tendencies
got me askin about him, the word on the street is
Y'all ALL wanna out him, all present and accounted
There ain't no way around this dilemma, he's stoppin
cheddar
Seen the better part of life so yo he keeps a baretta
But all we gotta do is, follow plan A through
to the letter, y'all choose the in and outs on you

[Prince Poetry]

And just two days later Gator and Chuck was creepin
up Sufton
Out of the dark called yo Chuck they advanced and
started buckin
(What the fuck?) He screamed with no time for duckin,
six struck
Rules even apply in these mean streets nigga with no
discussion

Ask Chuck! {*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM*}

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

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