

G. Dep

"Down The Line Joint"

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When night falls, that's when it all begins
Be prepared, we can allow no loose ends
I highly recommend ya'll bring your arms
This is no false alarm, they want to do us harm

Like I'm nervous, live inside a glass house
They want to bring us down, then drag us out
It's all about niggas that doubt our reputation
Start'n conflict and don't know what they facing

Want twist us all in there black magic
[Unverified] suggest paper of wars and break havoc
Are you ready, don't sleep on them
Ain't petty, you get that ass thrown like infedy

Meet me at the getaway spot in a jiffy
Leave all the does behind that act iffy
We got maneuvers, that's hard to beat
Till the other side retreats under six feet beneath,
c'mon

I told you that is a saw I wore
I'm a kill when the rebel yells song that don't stop
Till it's done, see I got guns and I'm sick
See how you said meet me here and I came quick

Them same catz on the most wanted list
We can hit them, then straight disappear in the mist
[Unverified], won't cease to exist
I shoot to kill and I'll be damned if I miss

A warrior waiting for Armageddon
I get serious as hell when I'm threatened
Intent to get hostile break into a rage of fury
Send them back their apostle's fossils and crazed right

A rude awakening and but now I'm alert
And that's right down my line of work
The whole brotherhood new verse, gutless cowards
with no back
And watch how they all fall flat, ah

Niggas gone fall out, they got us up against the wall
Here I call out, let it all out
With or without you I'm for war
Some shit worth dying for, ah, huh

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Yo, you want hot soup, I got shit like up on in attica
Guns ridiculous like battle star galactica
What's this, want to insult my family?
La familia, actin' like ones of us goin' to kill ya

I want ya'll dues, shit hit the fan, we going to be eatin'
your food
Time up in the new, then torture, I rip a niggas toe nails
off
What, I didn't hear the news five slayin' the law
Man, how I don't want do these catz

I lay mousetraps for those mice house niggas that
house gats
They want to out me, I know killers from down south be
Who know and understand, there ain't a thing sweet
about me
I earn my respect, and I was born to wreck

Spit techs, by your rockets threw jets
Who's next, to get hit by firepower that's so raw
Go play 4-4's ready for war

All out, what, what, wanna blow, what, what
Teamsters what what, mother fucker
From Monday to Sunday, it's all about the money
Nigga ain't got mine, I guarantee I'm gun' play

Mom's says makes you going to need that money one
day
Bitch, I'm in the jet, Benz on the runway
Don't be fooled, still squeeze tools
Money like that, why the fuck I need school

M-A dollar sign E rules, hundred G jewels
Vacate places you don't even need shoes
Same catz say stay up, prey for my day up
No one where my bitch live, plot where I lay up

If you got coke way up, got doe then pay up

Niggas shoot at me a nigga better spray up
'Cause God forbid, you hit me in my ribs and I live
Comin' back and getting you and your kids

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Dom, dom, dom, thought I heard something
Last cat that I heard frontin', burned up herb huntin'
Word 'cause, my heard something, splurge something
Now I don't care who I hit, it's who I hit I knew I hit

Whom would understand though, we vandals and land
roles
Program for our own channels and flannel, this man
knew any clan
We're here for the catz in the minivan, got let this
schemy plan
Pay me man, scan, sex, cars any money

Sex guard the money with this gun, it be hard to run me
Get it right, or get it tonight, better tonight
Set up your wife, with the head of the night
Don't fold cause my goals embedded with ice

To my tents dimming the light, I'm bendin' this mic
Lot of niggas don't comprehend
Lots niggas look sloppy when
They don't see me and I see them

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