

Gene Watson

"Hear This"

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[Bookie]

Get ta bustin like a well known glock
Get ta vibin', now you realizin' West coast get live wit
the hip hop
And Phoen, feel me comin' through, fuckin' wit the
sound
Wit the nigga Ke Ke, God he used ta checkin' out my CD
You feel me?
We 'bout ta rise wit love for the buck
So feel the ties when it's 3 combined, and double
Kurupt
Paper is what I'm after
Talkin' 'bout this nigga that's been known ta regulate
Lyrically gifted wit a passion
But hold up
Let out the vibe when I bloat up
Serve it up like tadow, who blowin' up now?
But son, this the season, go terminate your reasons
Makin' it hard ta believe, recognize the legiant
Believe in somethin' that Phoen niggas is decievin'
We seizin', niggas that bleed, fuck wit every reason
Let me get a breath, I said the peace
Y'all 'bout ta feel it
Faced wit a bigga size at the killin'

[Kurupt]

G'd up
Check it out
I gotta hustle, get my muthafuckin' hustle on, main
I bustin', not givin' a fuck who I'm bustin' on, main
G life wit the scope and the beamin'
Schemin' while y'all schemin', it seem like all y'all
demons
You want my shit
Tryin' ta snatch everything I get
Nigga, you just a pranksta
Fuckin' wit a gangsta
I told a bitch may change up and switch game
Like hoes, we in Monte Carlos
Rollin' by like fuck hoes
Rollin' by wit the homies and pistols in carloads

4's and switches, bounce around the corner bendin'
Tremendous G status, like a gangsta should
Pull the fools out and bang the hood
Dogg Pound gangstas, up ta no good
I'm a gangsta, and you're not
Capital G, blastin' off the balcony
Kurupt Young Gotti, not givin' a fuck
Just laughin' and shit, fin ta start blastin' and shit
You ain't hard, you a punk nigga
I got the gauge in the trunk, I'm 'bout ta dump nigga

[Lil Ke Ke]

Check the lisp, whatever you do don't get me pissed
Ain't no doubt in my mind, you niggas don't respect
this
Unlimited shot-caller, Texas rich baller
Lil Ke Ke the dun, I'ma lead, neva follow
Commission, I represent 'til my last breath
The only way out unless I'm dealin' wit death
It's 'bout the wealth, the fame, and even the glory
So young in the game that I'm tellin' the story
They can't ignore me
Me and Kurupt, we rip it up
This thug like Chuck, Fo' Life don't give a fuck
We the realist, while the fakers be frontin'
Jam Dundy comission, we strait live paper huntin'
Ain't no stuntin'
Keepin' it real up in the side
Platinum rolex wit diamonds in the mind
You feel me, I'ma hole in dolla loaner
Texas ta Arizona, we'll leave ya in acoma

[Bookie]

Uh

I have this permanent disease
and have me barkin' everytime I'm talkin'
Seperate the bullshit wit a caution
Another germ mob ta realize that when I'm stalkin'
Know this nigga hawkin', summarize the life when I be
flossin'
Another story
No need for glory, fuck the fame, it's the same
If it put it down without the lights and TV's, enemies die
Won't see me sokin' up the game, 'bout ta bang
For the 9-9, betta know mine, surprise for the triple
time
Feelin' the shit I'm spittin', be rippin', lyrically gifted
I'm sippin' Hen wit the Coca-Cola, and I'm on a mission
No love for hatas trippin', I'm dippin', forever whippin'
And pimpin', checkin' the microphone as I keep it hittin'
Anotha gut exploded, reload it, the bomb

Took the time ta quote it,
no question you thought it, we are now promote it
It's on and poppin' wit whateva's droppin, no stoppin'
The quandoe, puttin' mo' bounce up into the ounce

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