

Gonzoe

"Out Of Control"

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[gonzoe] (talking)

(alarms and helicopter sounds)

Fuck, no, not going back!

Ahhh, ahh (coughing) ehh

[verse 1 - gonzoe]

Good, the world got me runnin from the posse

Description on a walky-talky

Do you copy?

Brazilian boozin lightly

We chasin this day

Smoke and broccoli

Off this shit, probably, we smelt the smoke

Tried to stop me, but we took off

Fuck the law!

I got a warrant for some shit that went down and got
found and tossed

Not movin no post

They found my fabrics

A nigga tried to play me too close, I had to blast him

Come on keep it movin

Nigga, what you provin?

It's me and you and we both got guns, I ain't losin

They traced it

Remember that night, high and wasted

Breakin niggaz with naturals comin out the briefcase
and shit

And then it happened

Somebody started cappin

And it's me blackin out, I plugged up three

Hit the beach

When he gave us communion to the peace

Immediately, get on some new id

Cause they'll kill me

(police sirens)

[cops talking on police radio]

Do you copy?

Some of them from the correctional facility

License plate 1ma-80g

Looks like he's gonna exit bundy

Copy... (copy let's go)

[verse 2 - gonzo]

No matter what I'm not givin up

Fuck handcuffs!

They can chase me all day or we can straight bust

In the streets that's up in these corners

Complete with the gangsta tactics to get away from me

Police, fuck em nigga

Got a glock, better tuck it

And I'm stretchin on the one ten

And all in the bucket

Gang bet em, send me to y-a all day

I'mma slang it till I run out of gas and get paid (get paid!)

[guy talking about the chase]

(helicopter sounds)

Nah... in the hoods

Looks like lapd's in one of their wild chases again

This is takin place in the freeway

Looks like uh, what is that? a umm.. blue oldsmobile...
going west

He's actually flickin off, look at him, he's flickin off the
chopper

[verse 3 - gonzo]

Hit every back street

But still can't shake the police

50 squad cars deep

Now or more dv

Do or die, o.j. on the old 4-o-5

Gettin high in my shit bumpin "when thugs cry"

Gonna be through with money

Look back wondering why they want me

See the sirens

And now my life flash before me

And I'm sick y'all

Cause this it it y'all

A young nigga

Who fumbled and took a pit fall

Shit y'all

[cops at end of chase]

(sirens)

Get out of the car

(get out of the car with you hands on your head)

Keep your hands up (keep your hands where we can
see them)

Keep still, keep still (don't make any sudden moves)

Put your hands where I can see them

You're movin too much! (stay on the ground)

You're movin too much! don't move!
Don't move!! don't make any...
(five gunshots)

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