

## Gross Paul

### "Judgment Night"

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\*chorus\*

Judgment Night, got gun got badge  
Judgment Night, HUH!  
Judgment Night, in the echo of a gunblast  
Judgment Night!!!

Over here, and bust the way, crush a sucka gutter  
Sun don't cease at a hundred degrees I'm coolin in  
your freezer  
(He's a breezer) I hits it up with that bald faced rap  
I sinks to the crack, and I make shit get wild  
Run it by, bust to start, to punch, others front  
Top drop Ceasar, it's more than a leisure  
Bitch every fuckin grain in your brain, like a tweezer  
The sinister thief, shaded to six feet deep  
for the misdemeanor, offender, the backbender (UH)  
Corny nigga, the bullshit trip ender (YEAH)  
Never perpetratin, so ain't no lurkin in the dark  
I'm lurkin near the workin niggaz heart  
Used to be a gambler, when I was a scrambler  
Now I'm grand to her, shorty back might damage her  
Who's this here, state my facts, and react  
and saturate brains with a plate of hot wax  
Intertwining, combining and aligning, shining, studies  
in the light right now while we wreak fuckin havoc!

\*chorus\*

Come inside with his highness, the illinest  
Killin em with adrenalin, blast past the minimum  
Look to the winter's ugliness, ruggedness  
Under the rug, front to this, money strikes confidence  
Chopped in the days and the blazin smell  
then the realm of a seance, I blackloose, guns!  
Comin to the project, walls with AKs  
We're talkin days, word, that you sun  
You really want some next shit, some blood on the exit?  
ONYX!!! Watch me wreck shit as they exit  
But yo I keep em hollerin, screamin out for mercy  
minds of a lowest of enemies, ghetto mentality  
So blast it as I hit your head you're dead not disbelievin

Got the toxic rock, to bring a nigga Biohazard!

\*chorus\*

Yo!!! Gimme that shit, you fuckin baldheaded bastard!  
(What the Evil Nastee Access?) Mad shit to burn the acids!  
(So ashes to ashes) raps with the ghetto gats!  
(And I'm, doin niggaz ruin em showin em my razzamatazz  
Mainly a Devil rebel, foul) Niggaz know we fuckin wild!  
(I'm wild!) I'm wild (He's wild) So we's wild!  
(Capture the rapture!) Come blackness after!

[Sticky Fingaz]

I swear to fuckin God I raise Hell and make the white man call me MASTER  
I'm six-six-six, and need to repent to the pastor  
SO FUCK THE RADIO and close your ears but read my lips I rips  
and if you eat my words I'll leave your strung like umm (UMM, UMMMHH!!)  
It was on the tip of my tongue!  
But now it's stuck in between my throat  
I can't breath so I lick it  
Onyx ain't the top pick, you must be suckin a black dick  
And if it takes the death of me, to make history  
The whole world will remember my misery  
I know what I'm tryin to say my words get in the way  
they render me speechless, ohh Black Jesus I'm cryin inside  
Couldn't give a FUCK if I live or die  
cause I'm just a slave who's brave (uh-huh)  
But fuck pickin cotton, I'd rather see my grave, so I meditated, before I was created  
And if you prefer sorrow, made me reincarnated  
Now I'm back rulin MC's but pussy niggaz increase  
Well then it's just another nigga that, gotta get greased  
So if you wanna talk shit, in order to avoid a fight  
Say what the fuck you wanna say, just spell my name right  
YEAHHHHHHHHHHHH..... mother-FUCKER!

\*chorus to fade\*

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