

Haystak

"Crackavelli"

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And now with no further adue

Allow me to introduce first Crackavelli The Boss has
gotten worse

(ha ha)

Don't get the paremedic get a hurse Pull up to the hole,
put that bitch off in reverse I try to murder 'em with
every verse I've done a million shows never rehersed it
comes natural, I'm a natural, you're a casual Tee if you
even think about F* **in' with me

I've came time and Time again and again off the top of
the mind i didn't require a pen

I only wrote when it was premeditated a mad man

Iniitic, don't get me agravated

Hits that I've walked straghter and never hesitated

Afiliated related somehow associated with the greatest
that ever played in my city dawg I used to want my
peice of the pie now i want it all

I use ta just want now i want your's

Catch 'em at red lights

Kick in they F* **in' doors

Make 'em get on the floor and tell ya where it's at

And when they ask who sent ya

Tell 'em Big Stak mak

[repeat]

It ain't even safe to have your kids in the car 'cause
these fakers know you paid and they know where you
are and where you live at, what kind of

Life is that motion censors and gaurd dogs, these
people got gaurds dawg

I swear to God I'm not runnin' tell 'em commin' if they
commin'

Stop al they Gum bampin' Know i'm dumpin' on
somethin'

And leavin' empty rounds all over the ground, you can
say one thing

But Stak, I put it down

I held Tennessee down on the west coast

When you don't go no further left without being in the ocean

Time Squire, Been there thinkin' of Young Buck, Pete Gates and Mac Nair

I swear on everything holy to me the only way to stop me is by puttin' holes through me

Ya hoes to me, I ain't scared nereone of ya'll and you gonna F* ** around and make my people burry one a ya'll

We can start a label an call body snatchers be the reason they don't show up at the party after the show, man i don't need no extra doe, you ain; t trin' ta get robbed for your necklece hoe

(ha ha)

These rappers with dimonds and lexas' lookin' a lot like lunches and breakfastes'

Yo Ima have to pay my light bill regaurdless

Thus explainin why I'm heartless

(Haa Ha)

7 Albums, Hunderd thousands, Local rapped 'em outa towned 'em

Hit 'em hard every swing, reputaition's everything

Never came fake or fronted

Gave cash villians what they wanted

Anthems, bangers heated sh*t

Imataters Eat a D**k

This the the click that started the whole Sh*t, who you really thought you was playin' with Bitch

We keep 'em commin', Street Flavor, Murder you with a strap for a peice of paper

Stop now? F* *k Naw, F* *k Stak? F* *k Ya'll.

Stop the presses call the Florest they sya he's his pronasouras.

[Chorus x2]

(ha ha)

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