

Heaven 17

"Fill 'Em Up"

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Cuz nigga we budded at the brain cell and blue down
Niggas don't show they face unless they locs
blue rides blue flags everyone else was fuccin hoes
Cut though get stucc in the spot
And I could barely breath up in ths biatch
From all the smoke, god damn
Loc's eyes is bustin while I choke
Tote one more to tote
Throw the joint to Lynch and slice some mo dope
Adjust my strap so that it's coo and take a sip of 4
Now it ain't no cavies burnin but chronic got my lips toe
up
All at each others throat cuz '94 was crazy as fucc
So I steps out look up at the darkness
Glad it's night and that I'm alive
Ready to die, don't ask why
I don't know why it's like that
Just know that locs is gonna die
Nigga so when I going dead I'm takin 2
Nigga rolls for shit
9 for the fuccin set brain

(Chorus)

LIQUOR! MURDER!
Went to the fuccin brain, brain
Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium
With LIQUOR!(liqour) MURDER!(murder)
Sherm to the fuccin brain, brain
Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium
Drank LIQUOR! MURDER!
Went to the fuccin brain, brain
Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium
With LIQUOR!(liqour) MURDER!(murder)
Sherm to the fuccin brain, brain
Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium

I stay high, for the reason niggas is in the season

And I'm sicc of the fuccin stress
Fill 'em up Loc 2 Da Brain and
Fill 'em up like quicc to the shits
Now lets let go of the smoke
Flow to the gangsta flow
Can't none of them fucc with
Got nigga rolls dyin from contact smoke
It's a Loc 2 Da Brain insane thang
We smoke to the brain and gang bang with folks
Got a indo theory for any nigga that's out there trippin
off that loc
Now who wanna smoke and who wanna get smoked
By the gang that's staight loc
Cuz a punk ain't shit like a bitch ain't shit
They can all get crept with 4's
So I steps out look up at the darkness
Glad it's night and that I'm alive
Ready to die, don't ask why
I don't know why it's like that
Just know that locs is gonna die
Nigga so when I going dead I'm takin 2
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Sherm to the fuccin brain, brain

Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium
Now LIQUOR! MURDER!
Loc to the fuccin brain, brain
Fill 'em up with slugs
Fill 'em up, fill 'em up to his cranium nigga

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