

Heintje

"Intro & Insanity"

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(Airplane take-off. Air-traffic control dialogue.
Helicopters. Sirens)

[Boogy Nikke]

Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Three Hustla'z was born up in this world of evil
Sanity, humanity's gone up in them suckas tryin' to
trigger me
Figure me out? Hell, naw, it'll never happen
Still cappin' them suckas
I got the tear to show I love it, muthafucka
Never once was I hesitant to handle this type of
situation
Gimme the grip, I smoke this nigga
Let's roast him

[Tony Tone]

I'm a Hustla, St. Clair nigga, bustin' caps if have to
Niggas that's talkin' that shit
I'm a flip - don't make me kill ya
Smokin' those, buckin' no hoes, that's how I roll
Ready to ride, just bring your guns
I blaze the blunts to get high 'til I die
I'm bustin' through - you never sleep
I creep up at your window to snatch your soul
Then take cash and bail up outta there, I's gone

[Mo! Hart]

We'll I'm known for my flippin' skills
I'm rollin', niggas causin' ruckus
So you best to chill, eliminatin' all suckas at all costs
I pay to be the boss
So, come on, we'll play your game
But it won't be our lives takin' the loss
Sendin' your body into hellified convulsions
Makin' you wish that you had done early mornin'
devotion

(Chorus: Flesh)

The St. Clair thugstas for the wasteland
Poetic Hustla'z bring, and suddenly all of my gang

from C-town
Ready to get beat down with bats and chains
The St. Clair thugstas for the wasteland
Poetic Hustla'z bring, and suddenly all of my gang
from C-town
Ready to get beat down with bats and chains

[Boogy Nikke]

Now you can tell there's a time on a brother if you
wanna
now be willing to face the consequences
if I show ya behind the scenes of a genius
I's a Hustla, muthafucka
Never trust ya for nothin'
because you bustas hatin' Hustla'z
You're suckas, for one
I can fuck your bitch, for two, and it's true

[Flesh]

Like TNT, my crew blew up
Nothin' for you, but destruction
Daily kabash, now let me tell you somethin'
If you ain't down with the click, start shit, and I'm
dumpin'
Pump, pump with the Mossy shotty
Thought that they got me, but I'm a roll
So dare and step up, with my pistol, grip up
Well, instead, anybody better beware
Don't stare when I'm bailin' down your block
You stop, you look, and then very soon drop
Way back in the day they called me B.B. Rock
I'm tryin' to stop any fools who thought that he was
livin'
Turned his back on stacks, to the bloodshed
I stop 'em and make sure they come back

[Tony Tone]

Murder crawls on the streets
I roll with heat, and watch my back
At all times for the shyste muthafucka's
Tryin' to sneak a TEC with his mind
Remember this: don't let me bring that ho up outta your
soul
When it's time to roll
My St. Clair niggas'll point with straight up gun control
Ammunition that'll blow you away
You niggas test, got blessed when you lay in your
grave
'Cause crime pays

[Mo! Hart]

Callin' me out on the dance floor, nigga
You know we 'bout to prance
But the outcome ain't shit closed to what you planned
Mesmerizin', your ass left in total confusion
Should've read the instructions good, 'cause you're
losin'
I've never bothered nobody until they bother me
Especially now, 'cause I'm in this fuckin' industry

(Chorus)

[Boogy Nikke]
Giddy-up, muthafucka, 'fore I diss ya
You ain't got the heart to drink the blood
I can't trust ya, muthafucka
Gotta know who I'm rollin' with be soldiers for me, the
B-double O-G
Yeah, I'm in your veins, die nigga
What you wanna do?
I run everything from Mississippi from the bitches to
you
I got my clip packed straight in my hip
ready to dip on them suckas that be set-trippin', rippin',
and dippin'

[Mo! Hart]
Commonly known to the foes, nigga, my name is Mo
(Mo)
Don't ever get the impression that I'm some kind of ho
'cause once you cross that line
you'll be the victim of your own demise
This means you're gonna die for fuckin' with a cool-ass
little nigga like me
Just throw up your right fist when I roll through your
street
Didn't wish to be violent, but don't think that I'm tame
Muthafucka, wail his ass with a bang

[Tony Tone]
Niggas is pissin' me off
So my actions are based on reality
Society makes this world we live today in a fuckin'
tragedy
Niggas is killin' each other for the root of all evil, the
same sequel
Back in the days, you wanna get paid?
You had to do some evil, anything to make your life go
foward
We'll run over what's not in order
Mo Thug's in charge, we're rebels
And St. Clair soldiers, comin' from these Cleveland

streets
We can't be beat
You slip, and we will really harm ya
Muthafucka, you slip, and we will harm ya

(Chorus)

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