

Hoods

"E Pugno Limpio"

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All hell may broke loose in L.A.
But the boys in Sacramento will still be doing business

Hope you fucking beat me when it's twenty on one
Hope you have your gun the next time I come around
All your friends, a crew of fakes
I know when it all comes down

Break this shit, one on one
Beat you into the fucking ground, when you all
surround me
Hope you take the fucking piss out of me
In time my wounds will heal

I'll hunt you down and make you bleed
Try to get away crawling, my bat in hand I start to swing
Revenge is something sacred
I'm the last motherfucker you'll ever see

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