

House Of Krazees "Pigskinna 2"

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Dear Sgt Swine
Pass me a pork chop
Maybe a rookie cop
So I can let my night chop
Swing off another head
Of a little pig
Dance me a jig
And smoke me a cig
Sit back and calculate the math of the plan
The little pigs don't stand a chance against the son of
sand
Mista Mista Bones with the chrome 20 second
Pay heed to my lyrics listen as I reck it
Giving you da four one one of the one nate seven
Two Eleven
Sending these pigs straight to heaven
My terrifying rhymes leave a little pig shakin
Buring up the officer damn I smell bacon
But no faking
Dis shit real
Giving you the deal
Pluggin cops with my steal
Im da for real
Spitting slang like a winna
Lable me a muthafukin bloody pig skinna
Call me a pig skinna
I can't dig a pig
Call me a pig skinna
I can't dig a pig
Call me a pig skinna
I can't dig a pig
Call me a pig skinna
So I drop them dogs
Back in yo ass again
Protecting niggas in here to lay back again
They comming hard with 40's in hand
To ice da system
In the other hands is pistol from kid son
We can resolve this whole matter so let me tell
Resolve to tragic because your mind explode damn
I smell a little hog trying to tail gate
It's too late

Keep through the night while your ass masturbates
Then put bullets in yo head until yo ass is dead
Then Im grasshoppin visting the tool shed
Because your whole crew is gonna want to stop me
Mayor already told his whole crew to drop me
But I get ghost slipping grasping to the hood
The Hollow-o-Pine-Wood with the niggas that would
Put da straps to dat ass Im gonna down hard
But cam rolls to far I hit east point
Then I just trast the ass of the beginners
Another fucking sequel to town
Wooo, the pigskinna

So I drop them dogs
Fuck the cops
I hate em all kill em all
Im standing tall and making sure they all fall
To the end
End of time I watch them bleed
I hate them muthafukas and this is what I need
Two cops up my agent two cops for in a jam
But fuck dat shit, it's time to take a stand
I can't believe the people obey they laws everyday
I give them a donut and send them on they way
But if they chose to write a ticket or talk shit
Im serving their ass up with a wig split
Two to yo head
Mista tougher man I said
Two to yo head that he was tough and blood shed
The night chillin
All the way around the sirens are sounding
Time to get down Im gun bound
13 cops on my trail they can't cope
I slip and I fall
There they go on my back broke
Adreniline pumping suckas I punching and I kill one
They mass produce by the thousands
The comming from LA, New York from DC to the hood
They comming from states droped out
Im about to skin them good
Mass confusion
I ain't losing
I'll blow Michigan before they can move in
The Pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me

Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
Call me a pigskinna
Dont say shit to me
(Fade Out)

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