

C**"Boo Yow"**

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We like to murder in combat, war on the streets

.4-5, Glock 40's on sight to see

Me and the homies run deep like a wild pack of wolves

Attack like the Congo's when niggas talk bull

Better step and get further before them hollow tips spit

The Vulcan automatic with the Vulcan death grip

Walk the strip and still tote, see four in the tip

and explode on Kryptonite chronic blunts when we dip

Chorus:

And I be hittin motherfuckers like boo yow!

Whatchu motherfuckers wanna do now?

I be hittin motherfuckers like boo yow!

Take your whole motherfuckin crew out

I be hittin motherfuckers like boo yow!

Whatchu motherfuckers wanna do now?

I be hittin motherfuckers like boo yow!

Take your whole motherfuckin crew out

Now step into my zone, we can get it on

Roll a coupe, not a chrome, fuck a sack, I wanna zone

Stay blown on the strip, all switches away from dips

Next to the mack and the lil' homey talkin shit

He quick to blast on that ass, blood puddles in the
grass

I thought "Make sure he dead, come back and then we
smash

witta .4-5 automatic slug in his windpipe

Ain't no love, for a thug livin one life

We split wigs back like afro picks

Flagged up, ain't your momma's style when we dip

Young hogs creepin thru the fog

Ready for combat, just me and my dogg

Fuck y'all, other niggas all on my dick

For the money and bitches ain't really down to do shit

Another lyrical cap into your cranium

We known to blow shit up like nuclear uranium

Chorus

I explode like a nuclear warhead, wit this lyrical gang

that I slang like cocaine, makin the crowd bang

As we kick up more dust than a pick-up

Assaults, murders, and armoured truck stick-up

Cos ain't too many niggas that can fuck with these

Gz, pumpin and dumpin them ridahs on fo' D's

Wit a fo'-fo', quote I give, "busters are jokes"

and watch the concrete smack him in his face when he
smokes

Fo' sure, I'm known like the Boyz N' The Hood

A Menace II Society knows it's tryin me, best to knock
on some wood

I bring it back to the good hooks, wish that they could
fuck wit this

lyrical microphone assassination hood spittin

.45 hollow point chips at'cha chest

The grinders penetrate a vest in the wild, wild West

So break north, south or east, retreat and meet defeat

It's West Coast, ready for combat, strapped wit heat

Chorus

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