

Calvin Richardson

"4 in the Temple"

Visit "[4 in the Temple](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Gotta get on my job
Take it back to the warehouse
Plot back in

[Gipp]

A late night escape, hit me on the script
On the hip, gotta dip
Hollering, calling me out like a Girl Scout
Better go ahead and sell your cookies later
Fuck up out my face, rookie
Took me on a trip away
Chopping trees, eating grits with runny eggs
I'm always tripping on the beggars working the same
corner
Trying to vamp me with the creases in your clothes
Sticking cuffs up in my face, don't act
Fumbling, pretty scared like tailbacks they flow
Knees and elbows got drug in the parking lot
So jellybeans (where ya at?) come clean
Come on in, sit down, relax and catch your wind
Some pretend but this man don't bend
Limping like Willy, turning bunks face down
On the military campground
And I'm out, nigga

[Phoenix]

Yeah, all this goddam grinding ain't shit
(ho hustling) Cause I ain't got nathan to show
Except small quantities of blow
And enough flow to keep my lil boy belly full
But when that little bit run out
Pray your card don't get pulled
Should my path ever be crossed
On my family-feeding missions
Missing persons lives lost, inside edition
Kissing ass on nine-to-fives ain't gon keep me alive
Had to do without a lot still I seem to survive
Tried that straight path with the bow lean
Better with this new world, fitting in
Like a buzzard in a bed of swirl
Pearl handle on this firearm

Partner stay calm, now pass me your bomb
I thought your moms
Had told you about them niggas in the slums
(East Point, smoke something)

[T-Mo]

I wish you were me and I was you
Maybe then you would see what I go through
Each and every day, making up thangs to say, to speak
Uplifting words from my soul to keep
And my niggas that fantasize how wide the ride get
The concert, never the need to rob or car jack
The fact is to keep a cool head and chill
And get your Bible, it says thou shalt not kill
We do it anyway, and focus on short-lived enjoyment
And blame it on the white folks cause they supporting it
360 degrees of emcees from the Tree
To from one fourth of the MoB (SWATs)

[Witchdoctor]

Yeah, smallest predator on the Georgia plains
I'm about to take your mind on a journey
Uh, seeker no sleeper
I walk the streets, God keep me safe
Evil's raped this planet, damn it
I can't stand it, come travel to South West Atlant-ic
With me, there will be no stops in the bluff
A motherfucker sniffs his snuff
Sometimes it's tough to cope
Came a long way, and with so far to cover
Let me drank with y'all Gs
Moether Nature's seeds keep your eyes open
The seven seas rumbling, bullets they coming
Uh, the devil's shot it, human beings robotic
I'm got my chrome, man
When niggas start disappearing about cloning
Sometimes I feel weak
Mentally I'm one of the firest niggas in the street
With this rap shit I paid my dues
I never thought that I was better than you
Uh, niggas wanna die you'll get your wish
Goodbye, you outta here, never coming back
Niggas dying with their straps, uh
I can't adapt, I want a free life
I'm in the dark throw me a light
Blaze 'em high, let's expand
Rule the land, invest with a vest
If you catch a slug to the chest
So much turmoil you put yourself in
So much sin each of us has slept in
Bout to inject this chord

You know something about this rap shit
But you ain't know nathan about the Lord
Outta here

Visit [Calvin Richardson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.