

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Tha Rippla"

Visit "[Tha Rippla](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. Pookie]

Feel tha calmness of tha breeze as Mr. Pookie walks
through tha hood
I been strollin all night long solo johnson feelin good
I just threw away a dubbie nigga, I'm about to roll
anotha
Til I bumped into two niggaz I aint know wassup hustla
I heard you got them sacks and if that's true, I want 2
And uh 1 for my lil homie, he be smokin all night too
So I told them niggaz bail and quickly stepped away wit
hast
You see I know these streetz to well and he was reachin
for his waist
Oh shit, my battle mode don switched a whole fuckin
level
Don switched to part 2 that's crooked intentions mixed
wit rebel
Like tha devil on me, Pookie get control of yoself
Cant release Tha Rippla on these niggaz shit they'll be
nuthin left
You ready? I'm ready aint scared (Hold up)I thought
you was ready
Naw, you wasnt sayin that shit while ago when you was
callin for Mary
I bring ya hat to ya nigga, its best you flee out my hood
Cause you don fucked up on tha second level motivatal
crook

Chorus

As you enter, yo body shivers, yo brain no longer
remembers
Who did this to ya, it was Tha Rippla
Blank yo picture and left you cold, yo body swoll wit
bullet holes,
yo eyes are closed, it was Tha Rippla
Release yo soul and sides exposed, tha Grim Ripper
has come to get cha
Now close tha zipper, it was Tha Rippla
As you enter, yo body shivers, from this world you've
been delivered

Who did this to ya, it was Tha Rippla

Still chillin peepin tha path in which they fled
Notice they took a right didnt them bitches hear what I
said
They think I'm playin Mr. Pookie finna scene don went
cold
Now its time for Tha Rippla, I'ma tell you niggaz how
I'm gon do it
Swift wit big holes
We bringin tha big guns artillery u aint gon fade homie
Bringin my knife wit my gun fight AK black wit tha blade
on it
Betta watch out when i spray if only
It inhabit yo body wit leg components
Take it for granted I'm swearin on it
Leavin for crow dead and lonely
Now ya tryin to squash tha shit, I don hit yo body, caps
wit vengeance
Can't nobody get me up off ya nigga, prepare yoself
for tha finish
I don cut tha nigga I'm rippin take tha confidence from
a nigga
Left him wit feminine feelings and big bullet holes from
Tha Rippla
There's a lesson to be learned but its too late for you to
see
Plus yo homeboy been left and got you alone up in
these streetz
Mo 3 had to get him at tha point of no return
Anger don got tha best of me, now they bodies get
burned

Chorus

[Mr. Pookie]

I don dealt away wit a nigga, now its time to flee tha
scene
Thinkin bout how I left him, face down off in tha crete
Lemme fire up this weed, time to calm my fuckin
nerves
I can feel tha po-po's comin ,hear tha sirens seen a bird
Heard, this nigga known for pullin jacks on a nigga
But what he didnt know ain nuthin but crooks on
Audelia
But still you'll be tryin to catch me slippin wit cha crew
So I released fire and came back bustin wit my fools
Let's even up, fightin we aint deep enough
So my niggaz strapped and now they headed toward
tha street to bust
Ya'll bitches aint seein us, shit I'm bout to blow some

mo
Bombin on you hataz like tha crisis off in Kosovo
Powerful and dont you know I aint that average playa to
test
And like a rhino I'm jus finna penetrate through yo
chest
Time to rest and that's for good see
No comin back too late to plea
Told you bout my motive 3
Dont cross my crooked boundary

Chorus

Visit [Jerry Lee Lewis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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