

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Visions of a Silent One"

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[Mr. Pookie]

Comin up tha muthafuckin block, its tha Undertaker
Jus throw yo hands in tha air, dont move a muscle I
wont hesitate ta

Jus let you have it wit a few thangz

No need for runnin and duckin cause wit this missle
pack, I'm takin aim

Now all these methods, need to finish him

I took my sack out my pocket and smoked a blunt as I
diminished him

Intoxicated, rule number 1 Pookie jus cant be faded
High off that dosha, I don told ya I was bound to make
it

Niggaz smoke, forget that drama I be tellin ya
Cause me and my crooks stay on cloud 9 on tha
regular

And sense we crooks, jus some killaz we motivate to
get cha

Pull out that knife and slit yo throat and watch yo body
shiver

Jus will peel ya, hollow points is hittin quicker

Standin ova yo body and watchin that blood spilla

Say hoe, jus have a seat and listen thea to tha beat

As tha words come out my mouth and grab hard by yo
feet

Penetratin to yo nerves, sendin signals to yo brain

As I post up on tha curve, do you forget I'm tha blame?

Wit tha finastatic, lift up my shirt to pistol I will grab it

Killin folks and smokin blunts, I'm lettin these niggaz
have it

Chorus[x2]

Visions of a Silent One, loadin up an extra clip

Foes out to get me but these rounds will spill up out my
clip

Trip and watch me throw some shit at yo head

No clear description of this face leavin coppers
mislead

Now look into tha eyes of a muthafuckin crook

(Whatcha see?)

Jus a crisp azz nigga high as he can be
Wit them 3 mo crooks, in otha words, my motives
Be comin hard, I told ya, and spittin shit so potent
And toastin to heavy burdens, nigga I'm on my own
Gauge inside yo dome to solve tha problem at home
It's on, now tha pressure's on my back wit a tree
Damn I gotta hit a lick (Naw you need to hit that weed)
Stressin me is a baby momma gripin and cryin
Man I hope she aint lyin about this baby bein mine
And times is changin, you betta peep tha world around
you
Comin up I'm bound to a Southside clown fool
Mr. Pookie, Mr. Muffit, K-Roc and C-Pone
Rippin beats we see on
Smokin killa til we gon
Loan me them pistols so I can make a dismissal, what
Wont need to dis you, leave you shitty like some tissue
Bitch you anotha havoc, cause boy I aint gon have it
My Visions of a Silent One release tha automatic
Let you have it wit tha gauge, buckshots come from
every way
Got em lost in tha maze betta yet I see you dazed
Be amazed by tha power I possess, that I stress
Turn tha S to a P on yo muthafuckin chest
It's best you keep yo distance cause nigga I jus wont
listen
Come on in my dimension and let's get into some killin

Chorus [x2]

(Pookie please jus let me live, man)
Bitch would you let me live?
(Huh?)
That's wha I thought
(Gun shot)
Surprise nigga I hit that scene when you think I wouldnt
Talkin shit to my niggaz now boy you really shouldnt
Cause tha pack in tha back of me they really killaz
Cut you up, body show nuthin but yo body shiver
Flossin that bitch that you wit and really shit to me
Cause I don already fucked that hoe
But you cant tell and you cant see
How a pimp that be me, be actin quiet and calm
Be quick to snatch yo bitch and leavin that hoochie
body numb
Tha fun of her, lickin my back and my azz
Told me to lick up on her, but hoe now I think I'll pass
I'd rather smoke on a blunt I get so high I get tweeted
I try to stop smokin so much, K-Roc keepin me weeded
Jus back on off of me though dont wont no mo or no

static
I'd rather reach for my gun, bust a pump, let some
punk nigga have it
This nigga dont know where I'm from homeboy you
betta take a look
Because I'm out of clean and dirty, 13030 Stoneycrook

Chorus [x2]

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