

Jim Steinman

"Delinquent"

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(Repeat through intro)
Star Trak, Star Trak - Star Trak
[Intro: Pharrell Williams]
Lord I've seen so many things
That make me wonder why
But if the Fettaralis comes to take my life
Just give me the wings to fly
And I'll say, to myself, yeah
What a wonderful..

[Rosco P. Coldchain]
Well well well, why don't you you roll your window down
I want you to see this

[Chorus]
[PW:] When a nigga is delinquent with cash in hand
Even if it's just a couple of grams
[RC:] Nigga do what I do, nigga drop that motherfucker
Pop that motherfucker!

[Verse: Rosco P. Coldchain]
I done squeezed more guns than Charleton Heston
And if you niggaz mouths persist to run on, I'm a
continue to step on
Every limb on, every inch of yo body
You better hope the outlaw better never go broke
You fuck around you be the one being smacked around
wit a gun
No joke slick, I'll shoot your papa and tie your mama up
Whoop out an eight and pull out a straight, bitch take a
hit of this coke
Now, I advise you niggaz to chill
My percentile rises in the battle field
Your gangsta rating declining when it's time to kill
You rewindin, is it Rosco's rounds you feel?
Your eyes blinded, not from the ice but the light from
my steel
Ya'll niggaz never seen real bread
The Strohemman type that buy car, brick
Home and bikes, all at the same time I haven't either
Basically what I'm saying I'll jam you, one Desert Eagle

Uhh, coat change Jack!

[Chorus] (2x)

[Verse: Rosco P. Coldchain]

Why did the dickhead cross the road?
Man I hit 'em with a 12 gauge
And I didn't give him a chance to reload
That's what inexperienced gangstas get for playing a
role
You hatin on my dough?
Look now there goes an angel taking your soul
Fuck you, your fun, and your 4.6
I can push a renter, peel 'em wit guns and still be the
shit
It'll be nice to be rich, but I'd rather be well off
A half a pile raw, house in Conshohocken
In a rimmed Impala I roll with thugs and thieves
Not the petty kind but the ones that'll make you get on
your knees
And pursaude you with their thundering pound
To give up your valuables or they gunning you down
I wanna leave the pullitzers even though you
cooperated
They still letting off rounds
Now in your own matter you drown
Greed and insanity drove me to start killing you clowns
41 caliber slugs stuck in your bladder now
Clipse, Rosco P. - we platinum bound

[Chorus] (2x)

[Verse: Rosco P. Coldchain]

You niggaz would love to see me gone
In a plastic bag ligaments torn
But bitch I pop more niggaz than I pop Perkisets
Thump on you so hard I'll make it seem like
Even if you were strapped your hammer just ain't
working right
Bullets coming in flurries, fiends coming in a hurry
At a quarter to four in the morning, knocking at my
crackhouse door
Neighbors waking up yawning, secretly calling the
police
Draw'n, and that fact I'm ignorin
Like I'm not running a 24-Hour drugstore
Like I ain't got enough guns to take on an armed force
Remington will leave ya mind simmering
In a fine blood sauce when I'm pissed off
Which is all the time so you better get lost
I ain't got a fine line

These slugs will leave ya twitching like a schitz' and
smoke his jaw
You dealing with a repeat felon
If we can't see eye to eye, I'm a sea level ya
And I mean that, deado

[Chorus]

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