

Juliets Wishing Well

"Sav Boyz"

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[C-Bo]

I'ma cock and unload the AK
Have 'em on they radio screamin out MAYDAY MAYDAY
callin back up, I let 'em stack up
It's just more cops for me to cap up
Punk cops I kill 'em on the spot
Fuck a foot pursuit I fill 'em wit the glock
And ever since pete wilson came up with the 3 strikes
I'd rather it be death than let it be life
I done seen wit juvenile delinquits
pull heat quick, dump and leap fence
And I can't wait for the homies to see this
Me on the offense killin they defense
a hnudred miles and runnin
fuck that a hundred rounds and gunnin they ass down
and comin
with that titanium bullet proof vest that'll show ya
that them motherfuckers lied when they told ya

[Chorus]

I'm a gun slangin d-boy block hundred proof
fuck the police we throw shots out the roof
heat holder, ya block soldiers cops don't want it
shoot a cop blow a cop smoke on the doja we bad boys
we roll around the town in dem toys
them after that we snort a gram of that boi
the savage causin the havoc
and bust a nut in nothing less than the baddest
we holdin courts in the middle of the traffic a savage
nigga

[San Quinn]

I give the boys in blue the real bb king blues
rookie cop get popped out his shoes make the news
due to the hustlin they wanna pursue and cuff quinn
shoot a nigga quick, so of course I'm dustin them
since my homies a parloies they told me paperwork
aint the lick
I'm movin work in somethin quick wit a glock and a kick
on ya shift tryna sniff in my shit
you get behind me, ya little lt-1 I'm runnin that shit

call back up y'all stick like Savs together
so get blasted and have matchin shit, bags together
or get chedder you can keep ya punk ass number
fuck the cops I stay wit heat and I'm ridint he runner
if you comin bring a helicopter to chase me down to the
compound
50 niggaz strapped face me now
you brave bastards similar to slave masters
try to interfere here you'll meet disaster

[Chorus]

[Killa Tay]

we shake the spots cause we hate the cops
cali life everyday tryna make some knots
my lil homies keep the blocks hot
Dub C M still hooked wit crooks that jook
and ese's wit chop shops
and ride drop tops and when it's time to blow the
dough
I'm in the escalade wit bo ready to hot box
super sav boy, keep a breezy to spot cops in case we
got chops and glocks
you know how we roll cause p.d. is dirty as me
tryna see a real g shack'd down but I'm tryna stay free
fuck the police n.w.a said it and I said it
they lie and try to plot thats why they keep us hot
headed
but we stay savage on hog status like bettis
bout to stack a mil plus if they let us
we black geurillas that hate laws and break jaws
so if thet try to pull you over mayne shoot 'em in the
face dog

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