

Knightowl

"knightmare"

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[Chris Gun]

When we ride it's a homicide

When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide

[Noble]

Yo, I'm on the glock pumping white valves

Just me and Knightowl rollin in a white owl

It's light in the day, fuck it it's night now

The right style to attack every track

After shootin range target practice perfect every gat

Never stepping back cause all I see is drama

Vietnam did you see I'm calmer

Cause I know the outcome when the Outlaws play

Knightmares of a young thug strollin your way

Holdin a day a mothafucka shut your trap

Or bust your gat cause I ain't tryin to hear all that

My heart done froze street life dark and cold

Fuck with Nob wind up with holes you can't close

This ain't no fairy tale we ain't on no book shit

I know the streets well been on some crook shit

Look bitch I ain't gon tell you again

We ain't partners, homies, we sure ain't friends

Cause I'm a nightmare

[Chorus: Chris Gun]

I'm a nightmare of your life

Spirits fly through the sky like kites

There they go here they come

Oh can you see him nah

Better duck down before they blast on y'all

(2x)

[Bokie Loc]

Feels like I'm on some witch out with Hitchcock

Lord help me keep my shit cock

Cause the demons are out there like the air can get
through ziplock

My gangstas hot bangin' revolver on my heat turnin'

Hitin' spittin' fire while the rival flesh is burnin'

Next week they gon' be standin' where them reefs is
hangin'

But they told us to fall when the fat lady finished singin'

I ain't no waiter but hater it's you I'm a serve bitch

Your family wonderin' why but it's me that says you
deserved it

So pow pow now we headin' back to the hood where we
posin'

We drinkin' remmy bacardi let's party on the front

My niggas was tellin' me nah but I was like yes y'all

Forget that, an hour later heard a rival kid call black

From a passerby don't caught my tick short

Where my life passin by is the only flick showin

And when the movies over I can see where the pearl
gate is

Blind folds and ropes help me dawg I didn't make it

[Chorus]

[Knightowl]

We outlaw livin we got the bells of death ringin

For all you mothafuckas bitches that be singin

I got a pistol in my fist

As I creep through fuckin smog

You'll never be able to take me out

I got my dawgs on the side of me

They got my back

And if you got a strap I suggest you fuckin use it

Cause we ain't about to play no mothafucka game

My bullets bring the pain then watch em fall like the rain

If you ain't down with the cliq you'll never be victorious

You'll be the next to wind up dead like Notorious

Knightowl, Bokie Loc, and Noble got it planned out

And if you have a doubt you'll be the next we taken out

Watch your back before your mom starts to cry

6 feet deep when we creep when ever we ride

Suicidal thoughts hit the back of my scalp

You best not ever fuckin stare, I'll bring you
nightmares

[Chorus]

(Laughing)

I'm so fuckin sick
Evil out the mothafuckin demon
I got all you mothafuckas screamin
Bunch of fuckin bitches
Knightowl's ridin on this mothfuckin track
With my boy Noble, Bokie Loc
Up in this mothafucka
So watch your back
When we ride it's a homicide
When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide
When we ride it's a homicide
When we ride it's a mothafuckin homicide
(Laughing)

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