

L.G. Wise "End Results"

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End Results

Verse 1 (D.C.P)

Ya'll boys try a dope deal dutchy sacks ready to roll cop
a sack from
dred down there on 74 'lac fogged up like you been hit
with a smoke
bomb eyes chinese like you been raised up in Hong
Kong no joke boy when
you roll through the MI 44 boy city gangstas bust them
in the sky streets
infested with sinners and bad body winners play your
game right dog
you might can take 1 out to dinner and combined souls
now jezebel got you
lace all eyes on dred when you walk up in the place with
no fear of God
what so ever mind only on chedder slanging out the
blue beretta hit the
club in somthing better just to show off your ice 38 on
your waist in the
back of the car you got a snipe praying Lord please
forgive me if I have
to bust asking you in advance just in case I have to rush

Chorus

End results ya'll its coming for ya
Cigar full of doja you can ball til you blow up
We never learn that's why many forever burn
Watch your rollie tick guaranteed it's hitting your turn

Verse 2 (D.C.P.)

Got a hold of two headturners one black and italian
other girl built
like a stallion down for whatever on her medallion boy
be careful about
these dade county girls they ain't no joke you get got
with a small 22
she pull out of her coat you just bent the corner blades
spinning like
propellers at the stop light some cats pull up in a tinted

jetta yellin
hey pull over look dog you got a flat next thing you
know you feel
something cold on your back it's miss itala mixed with
black she done
pulled out the gat make a false move cat she ready to
attack thugs

jumped out the back stripped him down like club rolex
took everything
to the car to the weed to the iced rolex they peeled off
right along with
the two chicks mouth wide open like he been yawning
thinking i can't
beleive this i don't deserve this yes you do if you be
living wrong these
are the results of the lifestyle of them boys who ain't
living long
now you pack more heat took back the four feet bullet
proof the black
fleet ride no less than four deep boy it's real in this
hood of reaping
and sowing for sure killas won't hesitate to bust your
head over dough

Chorus

Verse 3 (L.G. Wise)

Trapped on the block driving lex and coops iced up in
the hood with your
soljahs and troops but I salute you with truth now tell
me how could it
be little kids selling crack lying dead on dese streets
it's messed up when
you think your only hope is the dope we end up dead or
in jail so we
can't even cope 16 with triple beams selling weight to
make cream wanna
cry when I see me people can't even dream It's a
shame how these cats gone
say da name of my Lord spitting violence over beats
got babies caught
in the war and they lost not understanding what they
doing it for got
these judges throwing the books and closing the doors
no more time with
they family just a cell and cold floors like my Granny
used to say when
it rains it pours hustle to break bread just so you can
stay fed next
thing a closed casket cause they blowed off your head

Chorus

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