

La Pozze Latina

"Fuck The World"

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(Chorus: Spice 1)

FUCK THE WORLD, I'll load my clips
Slang my ki's, smokin' ounces
Dump niggas in ditches cause I'm a rider
One of the 50 calibur inside ya
FUCK THE WORLD, I'll load my clips
Slang my ki's, smokin' ounces
Dump niggas in ditches cause I'm a rider
The Black Bossalini put slugs inside ya (slugs inside ya)

(Spice 1)

Fuck the world, we be gattin' the up
Niggas be comin' with the AK runnin' out of the car, we givin' a fuck
Grabbin' my nuts and bustin' with the killers side, we killin thugs
Catch my enemies slippin' and hittin' them up we bury they ass
Some of you niggas is bitches we scary to blast
I'll put down the mash and I'ma pull fast class with tinted glass
Murder for cash, niggas be runnin' and dumpin' with no ski mask
Paid hits so close your eyes and keep a close grip on your dick
We empty clips, slip, silde and dip to those who collect the chips is thug shit

(KyoZ)

My life up in the ghetto stackin' talk show flow
King of the block (block), pushin' rocks until my heart stop, clock me or not
Brought me a drop, triple gold D, stackin' my teeth
Puttin' slugs in enemies, makin' niggas freeze just like the police
And until I'm deceased, marry me a 'G'
Young niggas, dumb niggas with chrome (chrome) and tell Al Capone
Flippin' zones by the phone when I bought my home
Laced with game, the game explains wettin' them up

like rain
Killin' the markers was the caine

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(Den Fen)

I'm mentally mind gone with the chrome in my hand
when I take my stand and glance at the right foes
Two shots for my right foe
The life that I'm livin' I'm leavin' 'em fucked in the
game
when I maintain in my ghetto path
True to the roots, only crews gonna blast on your punk-
ass
They flashback to my main frame its the same thing
but a different game, feel a strange pain
when you got a bullet hole enlodged in your
motherfuckin' brain
They slang caine on my blocks, glocks cock on fight
non-stop
Patrol - nigga me slangin' that caine since sixteen
years old

(Spice 1)

My foes be shot up in caskets, half of they faces be
missin'
dumpin' on you jealous bastards, six feet deep nigga
listen
Bossalini bring the drama as the motherfuckin' world
keeps turnin'
And I won't rest in peace till I see my enemies burnin'
I'll load my clips and slang my ki's smoke ounces of
chronic weed
while niggas bleed over scandalous bitches, money
and greed
Down for the wettin' them up, niggas be diein' for
disrespectin' a thug
Now takin' some slugs and leave these niggas with all
they gats in the mud

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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