

## La The Darkman "Paranoia"

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Call it Paranoia. Yea  
Every day is war. Every day, niggaz is gon' hate  
Gotta move

[Royce Da 5'9"]I'm a walking target  
I'm so far from soft, I'm probably close to the hardest  
Nigga you ever saw, been never thug, never had a  
problem  
And the shit he never starts, sickest artist there ever  
was  
Nigga found dead in his house, don't know who did it  
Yea, you bet it was me, niggaz die at the pavement  
I'm wavin a nine out of the window and blazin  
Is your house shakin  
Who's inside nigga, it's funeral time nigga  
They die from straight hits, pride wasted  
Cry your face, I ain't your suit and your tie  
Now look what you made us  
Look at the witnesses, all of them look shakin  
And alls they seen was the back of a green car with the  
plate flipped  
Look at the news, I did it without puttin a hit out own  
You homies in chrome, watch that nigga

[Chorus: Royce]I got my back, because it's my gat  
And my mouth that \*Started the War\*  
Lookin around me, got a gun on my lap  
While I'm drivin, taking the back routs \*Home\*  
If your headlights is in my rearview  
For longer than three lights, and I don't know you  
I'ma pull over, And I might shoot you  
You should go around me, and don't look at me  
'Till after you pass me, 'cause I might blast you nigga  
\*I'm at war\*  
I'm Paranoid, always on point

Always holding nigga, always sober. Call it paranoia

[LA the Darkman]In your bushes, on the side of your  
house  
Waitin to smoke you when come in from hangin out

Friday night, perfect, I timed it just right  
I know you at the club 'cause your car is nowhere in  
sight  
I'm like the DC sniper, Mr. Malvo  
Strategically precise when I squeeze the cali-co  
You look like a asshole, full of shit  
Niggaz sure to get hit, when my fo-fo spit  
Black shirt, black jeans, black boots, black whip  
Black mask, pair of black leather gloves for my grip  
I don't need no print, a killer with a plan  
Makin sure I don't get, gunpowder on my hands  
All drama I'ma end it, murder game splended  
Leavin all crews for the fucker in forensics  
I got, two dependants, I gotta make it home  
Clean get-away, two bullets through your dome  
Is locked nigga.

[Chorus - La the Darkman]

[Royce Da 5'9" - spoken word] And that's just how the  
story goes y'all

Any nigga where I'm from already knows  
Funny, my homie 'cause said niggaz gon' bring you a  
Bowl of soup when you sick  
But if you die, then gonna love you later  
Think you a fuckin statue or some shit  
God bless these streets, God bless these streets right  
now  
I'ma just be doing my thing so maybe, you know, I  
could show you how  
Don't come lookin for trouble, 'cause you just might  
find it  
Don't stand too close to me, I'm always on point, never  
blinded

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