

La The Darkman "Wu-Blood Kin"

Visit "[Wu-Blood Kin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Young Gods when you shout them guns you kill sons
Can't get into the pen for murder one
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Yo, the garden of redemption, half of my clan is
fenced in
For being lynch men, never listening
Like Sonny Listen on Riker's pisten, 25 was no surprise
He shot 3 niggas left one paralyzed

With bloody palms, them niggas tried and raped his
moms
Start shooting at his chest
Shells went to his charms on Saint Nicks, call that
branch
The weed spot kid, 2 niggas dead, history, like a
pyramid

He mailed the cleaves to an island off the Florida Keys
Bent out, Dunn had a 3 story penthouse
450 C on SouthPeak
Young fakes made the move on the New York street

Extraordinary he flipped his man to see the nigga bury
Check the sub though, heat key Joe Colombo
Got a kid welled out in Florida on the low
Pushin' a Benz-O, sips O-O and mo'

He solded his smoke out the store, Boe kicked in the
door
Bran was in the back gamblin' with 2 pounds of green
on the table
My Dunn escaped out with guns stable
Of course, he fucked up sniffing white whores

The German's in his laboratory with the task force
Bring it too hot we self cock the full five
First sneaky hit the back caught a shell through his eye
He screamed, the rest of his police team
Got ripped to death like a 88 jeans

Young Gods when you shout them guns you kill sons
Can't get into the pen for murder one
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Nigga shut the fuck up and drown the keys in the pool
Keep your cool feds be knocking on the door soon
Said they heard about that cat you murdered the boom
boom
You shoulda swooped on 'em stayed Wake Water do
'em on him

Jet skied on 'em then flew around corner on 'em
4 o'clock in the morning, I threw the ski mask on 'em
My little man's on the corner when I plant it on 'em
357 slug nosing on 'em
Some bitches that was bugging for him you know 'em

Some bitches problem still be holding
20, 25 years on 'em they growing
Now back with the shit with the twelve burner to be on it
12 O'Clock is on it Darkman on it and niggas don't want
it

Young Gods when you shout them guns you kill sons
Can't get into the pen for murder one
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Young Gods when you shout them guns you kill sons
Can't get into the pen for murder one
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Visit [La The Darkman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.