

Laibach**""Bout That Mess"**

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[Crooked Eye]

Say nigga, you talkin to me?
Nigga I know you aint talkin to me nigga.
Yeah I, I ain't bout that talkin nigga.
I handle my business.

When you see us forty deep, we bout that mess
Dressin up in all black, we bout that mess
To you niggas that yap, we bout that mess
And forever pullin strap, we bout that mess
I'm bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
I'm bout that mess, bout that mess, bout that mess
nigga
I'm bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
So bring it on, bring it on, bring it on nigga

Bring it on if ya wanna, I stay ready to ride
I'm goin out like a soldier, I ain't scared to die
Secure the clips in the chopper, cock the firing pin
Grit your teeth, hold your nuts and let the war begin
Squeeze the trigger, buck em all, somebody gots to
fall
I'm goin it, comin out wit it or aint comin out at all
You better kill me, do me in, boy put me to rest
Cause if you don't that homie you stole, we about that
mess

[Billy Bavgate]

Yeah I'm bout more mess then the crime up in Oakland
You fuck with me, I leave your chest open
Yeah I'm bout more mess then Joe Pesc'
I'm a Ghost Town nigga puttin one up in your flesh
I put suckas to rest, I'm from the west, I'm a soldier till
my last breath
The black mafia niggas, splittin wigs like a drug dealer
Dumpin shots like Little Rock, I'm your thug nigga

[Crooked Eye]

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And forever pullin strap, we bout that mess
I'm bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
I'm bout that mess, bout that mess, bout that mess
nigga
I'm bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
I'm bout that mess, bout that mess, bout that mess
nigga

[Fiend]

I'm bout as messy as Marvin Starvin, 'fore ghetto
problem
Now you can huff and puff, survivors don't fall
I gives a fuck how you call, how big, how tall
I bet bucks through it all and them niggas get hauled
Hittin jaws, pissin laws, that thing I gots to the cause
And the ass whippin's I'm givin have you sayin no
visitors
The dizzier you get, on your mouth playin catch
On my fist you stretch, should have been bout that bout
mess

[Mac]

You bout that mess nigga, then represent to the fullest
Put my name on that bullet and pull it
Who wanna ride with me, die with me, Mr. Camoflauge
Me and my niggas we trigger niggas, we do or die
??? can't come between us, no bootie shakers could
break us
Infiltrate us, we chases so many papers today
Take us to pergutory, we glory but don't ignore me
I kill em all if they bore me, I'm a soldier, this is my
soldier story

[Crooked Eye]

When you see us forty deep, we bout that mess
Dressin up in all black, we bout that mess
For you niggas that yap, we bout that mess
And forever pullin strap, we bout that mess
Bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
I'm bout that mess, bout that mess, bout that mess
nigga
I'm bout that mess nigga, I'm bout that mess nigga
I'm bout that mess, bout that mess, bout that mess
nigga

[Big Ed]

If you's about throwing things say I'm bout that mess
I'm bout that mess, I'm bout that mess
If you got at least four straps and you wear a vest then
You's about that mess, you's about that mess
It's the Assassin, niggas know me, Richmond baller

Raised in the Bay to be a motherfuckin night crawler
Shot caller, hoes holla, see me in the Impala
Top dollar, spinich, ass ballin like there's no tomorrow
Hollar out the window, uh oh, ohhhh
Cause when you see me, uh oh, ohhhh
Let the shots go, niggas hit the floor
Cause I'm bout that mess, you niggas already know

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