

Cindy Lauper

"Frukwan"

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[Chorus 4X: Frukwan (Maraj)]
Frukwaaaaaan.... (ah-ahhh...)

[Frukwan]
Yo, check it..
My body feels, set the wreck, disconnect, heads from
neck
Crossin' bones, raid ya home, fuck you thugs and Al
Caponese
Go against me, G? Bring a fuckin' military, G
I drop bombs and shit, made to spit, plastered it,
blastin' it
Rapid fire gladiator, who the fuck am I? Next door
neighbor?
The illest pursuit, I'm after ya, crashin' ya, harassin' ya
Same brother in the store with ya, never thought that I
was stalkin' ya
Scorpion, Kevorkian, same stable that your horse be in
Skip the dirt, enhance my work, cop my purse, defend
my turf

[Chorus 4X]

[Frukwan]
Yo, I bring chaos, mayhem, crash the wood, rip the
hood
Niggaz can't rock half as good, phony ass go to
Hollywood
My recipe's, destiny, fightin' for my ancestry
Stand down, admit defeat, catastrophe's, blasphemy
Now it's a game with toys and feedin' the young the
poison
Frukwan, Black Moses, explode like guns and roses
Cultivate, amputate, alter states, decapitate
Box you in, lock you in, drain brothers from they
oxygen
What you see, higher degrees, think about before you
step to me

[Chorus 4X]

[Frukwan]

Yo, the crate is deep, smokin' dust, guns that bust,
start to rust

Melt the lead, heads are dread, don't give a fuck, what
you said

Ain't no one protectin' ya, body bags is collectin' ya
Raid ya crib, crack ya ribs, hold ya whole fam hostages
Psycho with a rifle, poke your ass full of knife holes
Attica, massacre, yeah, it's funny when they laugh at
ya

I road dirt in a black hearst, keep a nine in the black
purse

Protector of the sector, the real, the resurrector

The warlord, the lord of all, bloodshed and pain

If anyone care to ask, Frukwan, be the name, yo..

[Chorus 8X]

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