

Colonial Cousins

"Ice Pick Bubble and Grind"

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[Gonzoe] (talking)
Yeah, Blackout (get out)
Outlawz, ride ride ride
Children of the Makaveli
Sing with me
Come on, Come on, Come on
(how... gonzoe... kastro)
I won't stop till I drop, why

[Verse 1 - Gonzoe]
When the lightning strikes
Ignite the name paper
I'm a made nigga
ClichÃ©
For the paper and all
Stand right here and ball
I bust or fall off
I'mma hustle till it's gone
It's on if I'm crossed up in this
Spendin well for my business
Live to tell my children about how they got it dearest
And how they fear us
Cause the sinners ain't givin a fuck
Tryin' to press my luck
And turn ones to two bucks
Like Magic (Poof!)
Blow in on my habit
I drink like a souljah, smoke nay, gotta have it
AAAAAhhhhhhh!!!
I drink like a souljah, smoke nay, gotta have it

[Verse 2 - Kastro]
Hennessey and ridin on enemies
Better mention me
Mo and Napoleon
And any day
Apply the pressure
Outlaw till I die rock blessers
Tell Gap we got more spots and still rock our vests
Lifespan when do I quicksand
To see me, (ahhhhhh) twist me, then mix me

Down to one ten, money and murder
Rum and big guns, that's all I heard
There's no woman swervin
Niggaz one time better hurt em
Flowin your wack
Watch my back
Time-storm it's on
Page G, then page me
Miss worried about one
Cross state lines
Late time it's day time
I take mine and break it
Tell the world, thuggin ain't dead it's sacred
We livin simple like shit from a pigeon
Break out of this prison
World we livin
Our mission

[Chorus]

As we Ice Pick Bubble and Grind for the cash
Ice Pick Bubble and Murder for the cash
Ice Pick Bubble and Grind for the cash
We (yeah) Ice Pick Bubble and Murder for the cash

[Verse 3 - Gonzoe]

(Gonzoe...ahhh...pissin on niggaz)
Yeah, nigga it's Gonzoe
Feel the heat nigga
Face the truth
Children of the Makaveli
Y'all niggaz ain't crazy
Give it up frequents
And mate ya momma's rats is too shady
I was clackin in the 80's
I'm about taken my money in every state
While you ain't about nothin
Havin no hustle, watchin moves I make
If you ain't got it you hate it
Let's straighten the facts in ya
Remember, I fuck you up by your bartender
No nigga hend as this
Tried to sell fingerless
Fuckin with Ritzy
Miss me
Your whole hood history (Boom!..hahahah)
Now clean this mother fucker up!

Chorus

(Outlaw!!! what what)

[Verse 4 - Gonzoe]
Yeah, who you fuckin with?
The blunt gets split
It's over with
The more enemies I see
The more niggaz get hit
Cause I'm an Outlaw
We all roll for the love of Makaveli
Four soldiers to kill niggaz
Ain't nothing you can tell me
Nothin!

[Gonzoe (talking)]
Yeah, Julio G, speak on it
Fuzzy, speak on it (Ras Kass)
Big Boy, speak on it (hahahah)
Theo, speak on it (what they gonna do to us now)
Baka Boys, speak on it my nigga
Sway and Tech, speak on it (These niggaz got loaded
guns... loaded guns)
Say down south, mean green, speak on it
Boom daddy, chris lova lova, speak on it
Yeah Yeah Yeah (and we... outlaw.. outlaw)
Greg Street, speak on it
DJ Nad, speak on it (Napolean)
Jerious Smokin B, speak on it (fuck everybody else)
Shieet (outlaw)
Outlawz, speak on it
Ahhh
World, speak on it
All my niggaz, speak on it my nigga

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