

Matchbox

"Creepin'"

Visit "[Creepin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook - 2x]

Creeping, with the sawed off
In a rage, bo'gaurd blowing niggaz balls off
I'm the reaper, touching fellas on they lifeline
Ain't no running to the trunk, I got my pistol right now

[Z-Ro]

Creeping with my automatic, running round
Laying motherfuckers down, straight up causing havoc
any day
I done gone insane in the brain, motherfuckers in my
face
Claiming that I owe them something mayn, don't let me
catch no case
I don't really give a damn about nothing, but my Nina
and my sawed off
You can call me Deadly Head, cause I'm blowing they
balls off
Anybody bitch nigga don't test me, move across your
jaw like a jet ski
Quick jab (opening up like), Big Sab aw naw
Pulling a gun on all y'all, disrespect me and fall down
This here my neck of the woods, where you gon go who
you gon call now
Military minded, I's a motherfucking soldier
And I don't need nothing, but murder music and doja

[Hook - 2x]

[Cl'Che]

Right now I got the shit, that'll blow your balls off
And all this hating talking down, make a bitch wanna
snatch your tongue out
I'm creepin with the sawed off, creepin on hoes and
careful what they tal'n bout
I'm hitting the industry with tricks, magicians can't
figure out, uh-huh
I'm from the South, I'm breaking these bitches off
Making the news with headlines, she's dangerous and
she's out
In your tape deck, these motherfuckers been duty click

and rest
I'm touching hoes on they lifeline, now they can't pass
my check
That's why I'm creeping with my nigga, Z-Ro a dirt dirty
killa
You heard them guerillas, we hurt you to make you feel
us
Through all this fraud in you, you need to stay away
Cause you don't wanna fuck with Z-Ro and Cl'Che,
when we ride now

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]
Ain't no running to the trunk, I got my pistol on me
Cause ain't no telling when a bitch nigga, try to tun up
on me
I'm coming after your camp, me and my O.G. Darrel
Burton
Thirty odd beam on the drive card, that there gon have
em hurting
In need of medical attention, lifting up motherfuckers
like I'm bench pressing
Put everybody to bed, write S.U.C. on the wall and then
I'm ditching
Out the do', firing it up with B.J. and Fo'
Nickel and D slide in the do', that nigga there my nigga
heart Lil' Ro
Picking me bitch I'm a real one, it's gonna be hard to be
takin me off the map
Determine the real ones from the fake ones, by the way
they give me dap
Beg your pardon, if you didn't know I'm a soldier
Military minded, clicking with the sawed off murder
music and doja

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]
Creeping deep, see how we rough in the Houston
streets
Me keep me sawed off, right next to me
Watching a set of bitches, show they breasts to me
With M.O.E., that be Money Over Everything
Bet I could hit a home run, nigga let me swing
Swinging wide, with me sawed off shotgun
And when I pull it, that's to show you that I got one

