

Conejo "Mad At The World"

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Am dead to the streets cause I aint physically there
They'll put a bullet in these punks that scared
Am out of bounds, in distant land
Just me and my cellie heats close in hand
So fuck Lil Rob I should've smashed you bitch
But I aint got no time for your friendly shit
Would've choked your ass out and tighten my grip
And for your entourage, I had a hundred round clip
All them faggots from your area Mrs. Shadow always
says
You rhyhme like a slave you little "nigga" you lame
LITTLE WHAT! you fuckin pimple face
I'll pop you with a glock and leave no trace
Then I shoot back to Los where the gangsters at
With the capital murder over nikey at
Oh, it's on, Low Profile get whakced
Even Royal mouthafuckers get slapped with gats

Mad At the world (4)

Ama tell u now how the fuck I really feel
under S suicidal steady gripping my steel
Why now? I guess am ready to die
Overdose on doodger about plane in the sky
Am sick and tired so I have to devour
A stupid sad "nigga" that be claiming Hi Power
Fuckin break your fingers for throwin up the H
You fuckin swapmeet rapper I'll fuckin spit in your face
And your boyfriend snapper I'll snap his neck
This fuckin mac 90 put u suckers on check
that's real u don't wanna see me peel
Ese everbodys cap tefloning your gril
What's the deal
With all these weakass label
Sorryass fuckers face dead in the crattle
Get the picture or want me to take it again
Ese to another level with the devil instead

Mad at the world (4)

Homie this be my plan cuase evil entered my mind
It spoke to me in dreams all the busters must die

Plus the shit I left behind no longer matters
Hey to 15 don't even make windows shatter
Being all about the streets is my only concern
Ese kill a fuckin crip or a blood if it's on
It's on a crakin cypress hill on the list
U fake ". " throw slid in the mist
Cuase we ain't got your back you never repped for us
U puffed a little weed but never shared with us
And tell them bitches off north tryin to clown the SUR
Ese we run every prison and give it the blues
Man down one of your soilders down
The homies act a fool never scared to get down
A rotten corpse the main head in crowd
I put swithes on the curse in a gangsta town

Mad at the world (x4)
I guess am mad at the mothafuckin world

Haha I been around all u bitches and none of u fakeass
G's wanna see me
Lil rob I'll serve in a muthafuckin battle
Shadow get your blackass outta my face before u get
cooked
Lil one talkin about the heat I'll make u bleed u ain't
satanic fu
Capone e fuck hi power this is west side harpys that OG
H we never be laughed at u mothafucker
Snapper u phony u don't wanna bang ese
Cypress u slippin
And to dark one shut your mothafuckin mouth before u
can capulate u lames
Rewiind.

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