

Conejo

"Rest In Piss"

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Sabes que Conejo, none of these motherfuckers can
fuck with us homey
All the camaradas gotta bang homey
I ain't tripping carnal
I'm have to start making examples out of these vatos

I set sail on your bitch ass with my armada
A pack of barracudas that'll settle for nada
Cataclysm, you get cardiac arrest
Cuz I exploit your righteous till the bitch give head
Antidote, for the anxiety I build
The capacity of pain, the genocide surreal
Day break brings another atrocity
Bullets knock you off your feet from the fucking
velocity
Finger-printed, gateway to the system
I see holograms of my mother at distance
Too many cadavers, I said I gaze in gloom
I get a glimpse of the past to hesitate your doom
High fidelity through my ghetto plaster
I shove a bayonet through your back you bastard
Your screams loco echo my dreams
Deadlocked in my brain for the world to see

[Chorus]

Vatos claim that they're hard but they ain't hard as me
Cuz if I get to spitting there will be no peace
Just murders, all across the land
Flying bullets never miss, you can rest in piss
Vatos claiming that they feel much pain like me
But they ain't never been to jail or met the streets like
me
Just murders, and today you'll hang
Rest In Peace motherfucker, cuz you're less of a man

Sub-machine guns, I put my foot on the throttle
Thunder bold rhymes, take a swig of the bottle
Rigamortis, I said I desimate them all
Just a vato from the ghetto with a dream to ball
I'm a rider and I serenade the streets
Let the rotweillers loose on the pin of the beat

From childbirth I was consumed with game
I was trained for combat, initiated with gangs
Barbaric, ese I ain't submissive
Anybody wanna cross me it's a head-on collision
Conspire, I'll make your ass retire
Bitch ass raps get caught in the crossfire
Pay the ransom, homey don't make a move
Cuz I recruited motherfuckers that got nothing to lose
Keep them coming and I'll tax that ass
You wanna brawl with some gangsters, we're gonna
clip that ass

[Chorus]

I'm in the back of the shack where the cobwebs deep
Where if I commit a crime I can rest in sleep
I drop a neutron bomb on your nursery rhymes
Crimson be the color of my dripping blood
It's an epic tale, obsolete be the coke
I officiate the omen that you weaklings want
Yes I'm jagged, I crack a case of Coronas
And ese gets to banging, puts you vatos in comas
Now we read every page of my journal
My optum on the plot makes the onslide eternal
Octagon, eight sides to my fury
I'm a fallen angel and my face is dirty
Clock work, I be combining components
I'm erratic to the point that the feds be knowing
Overnight I had them hooked on crack
These bitches got no edicate, they lay on their backs
In my juke-box I play them cemetery tunes
Obliterate your son, leave you dope fiends in blues
I raise the octave to increase the pain
I'll put a bone crushing shank through your jugular vein

[Chorus]

You get a hunder CC's of this china white pure
I got a bad, bad temper
Trucha para la jura homey
Let's get the fuck out of here

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