

Mr. Lucci

"Lifted"

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f/ Mr. Pookie

* send corrections to the typist

[Mr. Lucci]

See recongize my niggaz we pullin triggas & knockin
em off

when a nigga talkin the south

44's steady droppin em off

we makin sho that we aint takin no loss

and for them niggaz who keep on comin across

they cant fade wit a nigga I pause

the ass and leg arm and head

I rush a nigga like a swarm of fed pencil whoopin til my
palms is red

place bombs in beds the bitch niggaz who gone be
scared

fuck the dumb shit I'm gone numb shit

in some red rum shit

wit my crook niggaz

all these niggaz talkin nonsense while my drum click is
unconciuous

for now own many functions

when I get the punchin stopmin wigsplit slug hittin

in a rythum I aint spittin and I aint quittin betta get the

gettin

cuz I aint kiddin

im heatin like a mitten in every thing I'm dealin

im sendin a message to hoes everytime the hoes come
you get it crooked

you fuckin with a crook who be off the hook

and I dont believe you dont wanna watch me cook

now gone take a look and freeze

yeah I'm the nigga that cheese

all up on the streets

where you be I be in a matter of three lookin for beef

blazin a b while I'm holdin my peeps

you betta call the priest

that I done siezed the lease

99 percent of each head nigga I reach

when I sweep my d deep

knockin out teeth

for releasing the beat

now gone keep me off the leash

i make everybody say please including the police

I dropped my hinnisee you find it up on the beach

been gone for four weeks dont wake him up he sleep

another mystery performed by lucci

Chorus 2x:

Nigga we stay lifted

all yal niggaz in the bitch betta run from us

nigga we stay twisted

all yal niggaz in the bitch wit them guns that bust

you nigga cant hold us

all yal niggaz in the bitch betta duck and hide

crook niggaz throw bouldas

all yal niggaz in the bitch who love to ride

[Mr. Pookie]

this goes out to all my hoes knockin down doors

nigga tried to fade a crook came up short

playa let that be a lesson to you and a blessin to you

don't you ever try that shit no mo

and restrain your ho because I refused the bitch

you betta come again and I'm gone smooth the tip

guess you nigga gotta get used to this

comin around finna smother you niggaz

like a fat bam boos ya bitch you all new to this

now tell me what the hell was the front for

matta fact I dont give a got damn fuck you

and the punk ass label that you out for

you nigga never get a rap quote

less known tryin test your minds with a crook playa
right here

test to find we the greatest out here

close your mind we buckin niggaz in the ear

playa we stay lifted leavin you nigga this

and tryin to match a sound with us

crook playas stay twisted laughin at niggaz
while blazin pounds of that purple stuff
they cant perb enuff ????? and we bout to bust
and let loose like a angry nut
so what you claim what I be the nigga
with the banging touch see yall nigga
cant hang with us in such a waitin
I make a nigga lay it down with a bolda spray
got em duckin and dodgin tryin to find their way
and the rest of you niggaz be duckin the kay
aint no up in my face yal know I take offense to talk
yal know you really pissin me off
you think youre big and all
but ur mind full of ????

Chorus 2x

Yal betta leave em alone

before I get up in your dome and leave a motha fucka
dead

hit em with the touch of death

and make a motha fucka loose their breath

now im gone in the wind work a damn 635

with my hand on the 45 pistol wood bumpin in the back
smoke another sack

as I'm ready to attack with a hand grenade and try to
blow out your back

yall niggaz cant fuck with us we the ones

who is dangerous we the ones with the platinum touch

we the niggaz who aint scared to bust
so when the stones get set label us victorious
when I run up on your block yal niggaz betta run
death and destruction bustin with the gun
play stone crook till the world blew up dont give a fuck
if you want some come get some
I'm gone shoot til I kill ride til I die smoke another blunt
cuz
I gotta get high beat a nigga down in the parkin lot
we too pass th glock before they call the cops
from the ones that will make you hot
from the bottom to the top put your body in a phase
from a crooked ass nigga who aint scared to bust
and put a bullet in your got damn face
I'm gone burn the place u gone get the gasoline
burn everything into smitherines
cuz I gotta get away with the pistol play and your hoes
better hope I dont come you way I'm gone bash the
place
retalliated with a mind disgrace
step if you dont wanna die take another look
because you might get shook if you aint ready to bust
Chorus 2x

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