

C-rayz Walz "Whodafukareyou"

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* Fuck alarm clocks, battle me you'll start wakin up
I slice you with your rhyme book and write verses on
your paper cuts
With alcohol pads, excuses you'll be makin up
Sound dumb like Outkast breakin up
Last time you shot somebody, you had a camera
I'm C - Rayz author of stamina

Loungin on the walls you'll end up like Humpty Dumpty
With your shell cracked, scrambled, in search of
something
I'm a narcissist, I bomb quick, your full of shit like
sausages, pardon this
I alone turn crews into the Partridge kids
I love games I play you like bragin right cartridges

Y'all against me is dragons versus ostriches
Totally proposturous, like abortions, i kill stupid kids
before they act up
Make a new suit flip call it a black tux
You cracked up like baseheads in a space ship
Playin ??? in the matrix, the only thing i lose is my
patience
I smack the shit out you tissue heads
????? ?????? ???????
Hip Hop Don deep into stocks and bonds
I'll take a shit in your house, and blame it on your
moms
Survivin the game when i get money im buyin a chain
Drivin a Range and my flame will expire your fame
I'm comin through loaded one, buckin two
I'm C-Rayz Walz son who da fuck are you?

Chorus: (X2)

Ayo yo yo im truckin through with my ruckus crew, your
luck is through

Yo im C-Rayz Walz WhoDaFuckAreYou?

I'm comin through fifth knuckle bruise brick fist snuffin
you

Yo im C-Rayz Walz WhoDaFuckAreYou?

Who da fuck is you (x5)

C-Rayz Walz plain Pat

Some people must get jacked
My repatoire from back smackin cats wit gats on impact
Just like that we festered like bubble in cuts
Doublin up now funny cats get fucked up for mumblin
stuff
The nearest truck rolled up im just playin wit this
Every line explosive my pen broken up but
Still smokin strokin thrust, fuck closin shows
My ?? flows is hot, let me open up

Like Arabian referees who yell sesame plus
I'll spread through the industry with leprosy cuts
Effectivley strut, put a hole in one the second we putt
You so pussy you come from a rib you son of a gut

Lining ass rappers up, I'm the lightning struck
Blazin like we lightin a Dutch Masters up
At the Mason-Dixon line twistin lime in a cup
Get your mind fucked up while your nine in the truck
Even my producer know math with his caucasian ass so
Just because you say please doesn't mean i won't blast
stupid

You gotta show and prove it, brothas live and die for
this music
Dont do it for amusement
Ghetto hi-top blaze you for your hydrox
Put glocks on my Irish clock and watch my eyes pop
Chicken head, i dead your livestock
Do a song with Charles Dutton to see how i rock

Chorus

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