

Cru "Wreckgonize"

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Yo all I do is drop lethal, y'all know my people
Verbally it's a massacre, I'm sharper then shanks up in
Attica
Choke them lethally till he suffocate
Lifeless but step into this shit that's priceless
I cut the life force, now I'm on the right course

I stifle, those that pop shit but carry rifle, triflin'
Yet I'm wise, every murder's organized
It's premeditated so brothers recognize
No escapin' the hell-a-coust, pay your toll, come across
And watch me test my burner on a horse

Homicidal, I used the vital when I step to suck-a-cidal
It all balls down to my recital
No time to waste, fill the base, I got ya head in the
suitcase
Smilin' while I'm look at ya dead face
The cause of death still remains a mystery it's a pity

They caught me cause the source had to flicker me
Not at all tops the shame, no external, no blood stains
Sharp objects to pierce the brain
I got enough dope for your veins and restrain
Hand cuffs and chains nuthin' but pain

Nigga, you better wreckgonize
You better, wreckgonize
Nigga, you better wreckgonize
Nigga, you better wreckgonize, nigga

Carlos, the base head, is lurkin'
Askin' for change nigga constantly urkin'
Ms.Elizabeth callin' out the window to her husband Joe
Nigga died a year ago and every day's the 4th of July

With the sparks in the sky aimin' at the gods as we get
high
What's your pleasure?
Sippin' on the booze and the Cru's smoke the blunts
The whole blunt, nuthin' but the blunt

But the O heads in the projects, hit the heron
Dozin' off in front of liquor stores through a plonk
Don't know how to act, Sister Eve go to church
But she still smoke the cracks, praise to the lord, doin'
bad

Spanish kids across the bridge popin on that nes tabs
Go to the bar drop the yay-yo
Sniffin' with the lows, all red lookin' feyo
And the ledge round the way, Yogi still smokes dust
Beetlejuice
(Beetlejuice, be, beetlejuice, beetlejuice)

I guess that lesson wasn't delivered
When Chip and Elah took that long walk in the river
Fuck a 95, we got the 9 25's, 3 8 10, 2 4 4's
Make a nigga hesitate, that's if you don't know the date

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In actuality violence is my reality
Some tend to talk me but to them it's just fallacy
True lies, you kick your stories on the street
That was true, listened twisted up and say it was you

But me, I'm representin' while my peeps puff herb,
superb
Dropin' bombs like a Boznian, Serb's my word
It gets no deeper, I bet the Grim Reaper
While layin' on my chest wish-in I had worn a vest

Now don't ask why just wreckgonize my demise
Runnin' from 4 5's spark the drive-by's
Long hot days in July, the blood dries
And the kid that didn't run is the kid who dies

The body states of America filled with lies
Shorties runin' and gunin' in front of God's eye
It ain't no surprise that the brain just fries
Due to excessive use of the get highs

And I'm that same nigga drinkin' Mitie
And we can't kick out habits no matter how many tries
Living amongst the new world, doin' despise
Guys that don't give a fuck the just chastise

But I rise, see my mind's too wise
Catchin' bodies with chip-a-bodies I have no ties

Hittin' home runs while you hit pop flies
Don't mind the size nigga just wreckgonize

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