

## Cruachan

### "Desperado"

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Whee-hee-hee-hee!  
(Chorus)  
Desperado. Can't help it. I just can't let it ride  
Wanted dead or alive.  
Desperado. Gunsmoke makes me strive.  
Bogus way of life.

Who the hero? Who the villain?  
When I'm sterrin down the block  
Fools wanna try why  
Fly what they ridin'  
On the tip of a rider slidin'  
Somebody gotta die  
On the frontier.  
Cruisin' but watchin' for a hit  
Cause the hood be on  
Shoot em up  
Everytime I look around  
Something goin' down buck buck  
Somebody got popped  
Stop drop  
Hollow point tips hard to dodge  
When you lookin' down your enemies barrel  
You wish your apparel was camouflouge  
Booyaw what you gone do now  
I got my crew pal  
And weese wrangla's  
What I got in my chamber  
Will rearrange ya  
Goddang ya  
Will hang ya  
Death wish wanna play  
Under lasy under lay  
Can't help it when I spray  
Break out if you stay  
You're gonna pay in a bogus way  
I'll blow your skull hollow  
Now if you follow  
That's your choice and you're  
Gonna feel sorrow  
Death hard to swallow

You rodent  
Here todasy gone tomorrow  
Shouldn't fuck wit a...

Chorus

In the streets it's a game  
Niggas try to get a name  
But ah,  
I don't fuck with em  
When I hit em with the shit to make em wanna  
Squash it,  
Watch it.  
Ride off through the valley  
Leave em in the alley.  
Stankin' bitch who gone trick  
No witnesses  
I rush the vic  
Two times in the shit.  
I laid em, miss  
He was acting like he had something  
I got pissed.  
No whif.  
A nigga said that he was at you  
What you gone do  
Strap up black hoody up and  
Bit the dust  
A hard head make a soft ass,  
So I'm gone blast.  
Watch a motherfucker last.  
Shoot it  
Don't baby food it  
You got something nigga  
You'd better use it.  
Threatning a nigga with a gun  
It aint fun  
You caught one.  
Three off from the back  
Gotta blow my guns  
Woo-woo  
With a glock  
Make your ass stop.  
Attack again  
Won't come back again  
Fuckin' him up like a bitch.  
Bustin' at him quick  
Reachin' for your shit  
Try to get away from me  
You getting hit  
You dig.  
Better move your kids

I'm at this nigga  
And I don't wanna do it,  
But I'm wanted  
So fuck it  
I'm ready to drop em  
Shit  
I got em.

Chorus

Who can help but to be scandalous  
Cloned a vandalist  
But aint havin' shit.  
Boom. Buck. Buck.  
Who's next to get fucked up.  
Chump  
Gotta lot of rowdy niggas  
Wannt get your body stunk.  
Steppin' in the middle of a motherfuckin' blizzard  
Where niggas are livin' and copin'  
And rooftop scopin'  
At ass  
Too fast  
Sufferin' succotash.  
Quicker to bust and blast  
Take em up off the map.  
Now you wonder why it's on  
It's on,  
Cause a motherfucker didn't play like that.  
Start the shit  
The Conflict we attack right away.  
To be exact  
Now you wanna squash it.  
Uh-uh  
It's a rumble  
Only way we gone end it  
When you on your back  
Kick off and ripped off  
Til shit aint attached.  
Itch through the dirt  
Like a bitch bad with crabs.  
Yee-Haw, Yee-Haw  
Desperado rollin' out  
I'm wanted for millions  
For hanging up scabs.  
Take that  
Bust off cannon then haul ass.  
Bogus way of life.  
But life get the last laugh  
No chance to glance and dance.  
Shit in your pants

Your leavin' the land  
Hit your whole clan  
With they guns in they hand.  
Mission is finished  
And victory flawless.

Chorus

Gunsmoke from the Chi  
Never with a crew  
And it's Flict and die.  
Gotta' put em up  
Put yo hands up right now  
Clap  
I'ma snap  
React and serve my pack  
Or punch a punk dumb  
Here I come  
With the Flict  
Renegade and raw dope'll split  
Heads.  
Come equip or get rip with  
Lead  
Never dis  
Dat strap so what's next  
We can get down  
Rumble or tuggle around  
What you got  
You gotta give it your all right now  
Pal  
Or get piled with pow  
You foul  
We buckwild  
Get on up you got one false move.  
It's Chi for now  
We down to change the rules.  
Buddy done got his nutty split  
Sent off a bit  
Now he got some conflict  
Got a thousand grams of mac  
Wildstylian with Hiddian the Yak.  
What else you need to justify trials of the Flict  
Cause the Flicit'll straight kick it off  
Somethin' proper dopper know you can't stop a  
Poppin'.  
Steady mobbin' straight up knockin' you noggin.  
Tell me what you got, I'm starvin'  
Bring it on nigga  
You trigger happy  
I'ma desperado.

## Chorus

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