

## Cruachan

# "I'm Bout To Explode"

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Hook

I'm bout to explode  
I don't know when I'm gonna go, I got so much been on  
my mind  
Every time I look around, I try to prevent going down  
From locked up or even dying

I can dig the problem  
I can see what's going on, it's a fucking warzone  
With the thieves in the hood don't look good  
Never ever thought she could jump off like that now  
O.G.'s done backed down, you eased a step down  
Everybody wanna have the crown  
Every breath you benefit the sin  
We gonna have to keep fighting them mugs within  
Now it is killing before what's killing you niggas that  
started out friends  
You win, the wrong for what you doing  
You need to start snatching, kick out the mob  
Can't show no love at all, don't even turn back  
Anyway homie wasn't all that  
If he was real he wouldn't even have caused him that  
I hum to Allah, I'm wanted by far, and he disinfected  
that  
So long I been known, don't think it's the law in the  
loves of loves  
In a positive demonstration  
That we could never conquer shit and defend no more

Hook

High-Tech young niggas with a little scratch, could be  
richer  
Hustling to make enough to buy the shit I need  
Like a bag of weed, I was blind now a nigga see  
everything  
Brothers strapping up on this thang, timing's off, feel  
the pain  
Let the hood done laid out, shits way out, no way out  
Murder to the lunatics, them the tricks that was talking

that shit

Took the test to the brain, rip em' off, vest off, pull the mask off

Smoke that bitch, what a mess

I suggest, we suggest, fuck each other up

Look into the mind of a Flic' born westside

Mount Sainai in the flesh bless my

Niggas with the bottle, get the top

Then pour out the back door when it's war

Armor to your brothers stay clean

Watch your back young brothers I mean

My hood is burned up, and burned up is my hood

We ?kicked bout' a foot?, don't own a hood

I took too much then too much, now I don't know where to turn

Or who it may concern, life and death all I've learned

I've earned my respect in the hood, but the shiesty still pulling moves

You a man for the man, that's another point he was trying to prove

Got your own mind, might as well use it for yourself

Cause you'se your own man to the right, to the left, all is well

And it's one thing I believe in, don't ever leave and retrieve

Killers jumping off by the evenings now

97' just another hunting season

Niggas in it 6 feet deep and no reason dying freely

Why?

Hook

Back in the days on Chicago Avenue, (?)

Niggas used to bang for the kicks to slang cain

Hustle and rain pain niggas

Once there was a little brother who ruled across the street with his crew

Fast pacing everyday, facing murder situations

Gang affiliation makes you kill a nation

Take another life a day, smoking, hoping just to get away

Put it in the raw, I'm 'bout to go boom

Y'all can't help but to talk, it's us against the law

That shit backing people off from the gator alley in the whole

I don't know where the hell to go

Cause my life is like a pack of (?)

Having brothers capping, it's a free for all in my motherfucking hood

And it ain't good, if I got to die for my Flic' then I would

Every day is numbing  
If you didn't count your blessings boy then you really  
should  
Until the final tic 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 out

Hook

So much shit on my mind  
I can't find the time to free myself from going down  
Best to antici-pains and pressure, no lesser than  
human situations  
Erasing, ruin doing time in the mind  
Like to wild em' down, bullets flying, mommas crying,  
niggas lying  
Reason for the rhyme let the spirit climb  
You thinking different, defending for the real of it  
Flic' in this forever, finally letting in Chicago, tear a  
little  
Never on a pedastool, want to jump up off it then let it  
go  
Easy it's about to blow, like how much longer can I go  
How many situations before I just go below, catch up  
with my funeral  
Caught up and brought up in it into dimensions  
The feeling like I can't take it no more  
The mission is dealing with pressure  
Pressure is the death certificate and that will get cha'  
Wet cha', leave you on a stretcher, I bet cha'  
He shook off and looking for shelter  
Help a man and give a helping hand, stand by the plan  
Struggle the daily double, double trouble the mold  
I redoubled the O in the roll, let it go then explode

Hook

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