

Cruachan

"To The Left"

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Chorus x2: Shoulda broke it to the left man

[KILO]

I was born to be a PIMP!

Ain't lovin' no hoes, never no half-steppin,

Never caught on my square, So there ,when I ride I pass
my wea-pon,

Who-Ever want to go to war, better come fully equipped
When I grip my clip that's it, I'm on some gangbanging
shit,

In my hood gotta slang, gotta bang

Was the knowledge I (???) to the left side,

Went under(??? walkin???)well, hangin on the curb
puffing herb

Straight hustlin NIGHT and DAY,gotta get my nine

Strappin up my glock and hoody, i'm lookin for goodys
on your block

This is a stick up,don't make it no limit let's pick up
(nigga)

You can get up, get lit up, pussy motherfucka

You best to give it up to the right, that's them niggas
conception

But that's cool, get your money, but i'm gone break it to
the left

Chorus x3

[Wildstyle]

They said this nigga wasn't gone come up, just run up
wit his bad ass

I'ma tell ya momma,daddy did it with the flu and I
thought you knew it

BITCH

Comin from the CHI, bang my shit to the left side

Homicide a double in the drive-by, come out run by
nigga gone die why?

I was only 15 years old, never handlin a vice lord
steady growing

I learn my shit from the niggas comin up in that county
whoa

Blastin at the niggas on the other side

Picking up the trigger when you come up right?
Aint no love what love got to do with it
When you be slappin them ugly BITCHES!
Bitches gone get you caught up, fighting over them
hoes
She be giving up the pussy left and right
I could've fucked that hoe last night
Rolling down the block, I be the mack and playa of the
set,
45 automatic if you want to get off your chest
Shoulda broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[ColdHard]

Listen up, I heard some mothafucker said that they
want some static
Lets grab them automatics, I'ma let you bitches have it
For fuckin wit, the wrong motherfucker
That you thought you had you a trickhead
Run up on a goddamn Lunatic, one slick so you want
the dub shit
And your whole click aint shit to me
Try to play these games with the C-O-L-D
Bustin caps in ya ASS going 50 miles fast
Know you hoes can come and see me
'cause it don't mean shit, I'm ready to turn it on any
time
Specially when I come to shoot
I'm a loon and I'ma have that damn nine
Only you some nigga dying
To hell wit his momma and them and all that crying
Nigga shouldn't did what he did now he's a DEAD ASS
CLOWN,
Another nigga that wont make it in this world man,
Played hissself to the right
And that shit wasn't right, now it's a damn shame
Should've broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[Never]

Could it be that a nigga want to play game,
And the game done already been played,
Trying to get with this gangbangalistic shit
For your homies in they grave,
Had to think about murder but you couldn't go deep,
So get ready for tha street sweeper, going to be a cold
creeper
When you told the playa pimp I'll beat ya
And a nigga like me was always in the game

'cause I kept my shit tight, niggas talkin bout we used to
fight
Nigga used to get they ass (???), and it's still the same
up in the CHI
That's where my nigga rose dwell, bustin butts up in
they face,
On the murder case, bring they bullet proofs wit mace,
And you we was all good, comin up, getting paid
Smokin on a fat sack, gat to the left
Lay back in the cut drinking Tanqueray
Pimpin I think I'll never do, to the right that's tight but
I'ma stay
In the cradle, if ya able
Break it to the left man

Chorus
(till song fades out)

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