

Originoo Gunn Clappaz

"Gunn Clapp"

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[Top Dog]

I figured that my mental is kinda into the life of crimes
So you find, that you will get hit one time
With the shotty, cause we know that anybody is a body
So fuck around when Top D-O-G's in the zone
You be slippin' into darkness with the chrome to ya
dome
Soldier boy, don't be takin' Boot Camp for no toy
Be the first one in the hole when po-po starts to roll
On ya posse, cause we know ya posse's punani
And forever dreaming, time for y'all to stop schemin'
Cuz if tomorrow never comes, y'all be the only ones
leaving
In a pine box, cause I'ma straight shots
And I won't stop, til all them body drop

[Louieville Sluggah]

To shots to a brain, punk tryinna maintain in pain
But it's insane how you was raised in this game
Streets is hectic, you should of been on ya best bitch
I don't feel sorry that we had to wet shit
But sound of a tre, pound is fired
It must be tension, niggaz wanna elevate
But not when nigga listens, he's on his own
Trapped in a zone, thinkin' it's fun
Forever stuck, project people runnin' to the Gunn
To see the one, who ass has just got done
Now tell a story, who fought back
But then clapped a dead homey, end of story
Feel and oldy took ya forty, Sluggah
From the Ville is gettin' naughty and real blessed
Many men get mingled, many get mashed
But how many times must we get up in that ass

[Starang Wondah]

Ruthless, whose this, coming through ya speakers
Everything is wreck, I'm on the set like boricua's
Original, criminals, style subliminal
Gettin' rid of you, fake emcee's, I put that ass
In critical, condition, where niggaz be hopin'
And wishing, Strang' ain't comin' up ya block

With glock ammunition, like lord have mercy
Starang don't hurt me, Heltah Skeltah melt ya
Ass like Hershey's, my mack clips make niggaz do
backflips
Them tactics need practice, make you act as if this shit
That I be kickin' ain't for real, pack more steel
Then four wheels at the dog hill
Commercial rap get the gun clap

[Skit]

[Starang Wondah]
Sayin' we ain't dope, when I saw ya punk ass scopin'
You was on my dick til Buckshot 'got ya opin'
Too hot to handle, no I can't stand y'all
Punk ass niggaz get blown out like Orlando
(Crept in cruel, but Steele got swept in fool)
It's a shame, Mr. Starang, hang ya like a picture frame
Booyakah, fuck who you are, didn't get ya name
Niggaz couldn't hang, if we sufficient ease the pain
And brains blow, so I say fuck this
Let my nigga Rock bring the Ruck-us
Niggaz talk shit, then they leaving here in crutches

[Louieville Sluggah]
I, cock, back, relax and swing
Ringin' ears, is what the Sluggah from the Ville be
Upon them weak crews, them can't do me nothing
Them can't do me nothing
Dare cross this path, gassed up and making something
Huffin', bluffin', punk in my path
Voice raise glass, and I don't think that you can ask
routes
Stand me, I bambi, ass of a wack cat, with my back half
black
So whose a dandy, he, L-O-U-I-E Ville Sluggah
Coming for ya, so muthafuckas run for cover

[Top Dog]
This is another, warrior sound that goes around
And go' around, like them punks from underground
Catchin' beatdowns, they not hard to the core
They don't really want no war, when them rays hit the
floor
Now this is for me, this is what I gotta do
To let them niggaz know, that ain't no fear in this man
here
But of course we know anybody die
But be sure to rely, OGC will multiply and do or die

