

Paul McCartney

"Wu-Blood Kin"

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Chorus: Ghostface

Young Gods when you killed them guns you kill sons
Can't get into the pen for murder one
I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit
Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Verse 1: LA

The garden of redemption
Half of my clan is fenced in
For being lynchmen, never listening
Like Sonny Listen
On Riker's pisten
25 was no surprise
He shot 3 niggas left one paralysed
With bloody palms,
Them niggas tried and raped his moms
Start shooting at his chest
Shells went to his charms on Saint Nicks
Call that branch the weed spot kid
2 niggas dead, history, like a pyramid
He mailed the cleves to an island off the Florida Keys
Bent out, dunn had a 3 story penthouse
450 C on SouthPeak
Young fakes made the move on the New York street
Extraordinary he flipped his man to see the nigga bury
Check the sub though, heat key Joe Colombo
Got a kid welled out in Florida on the low
Pushin' a Benz-O, sips O-O and mo'
He solded his smoke out the store
Boe kicked in the door
Bran was in the back gamblin' with 2 pounds of green
on the table
My dunn escaped out with guns stable
Of course, he fucked up sniffing white whores
The German's in his laboratory with the task force
Bring it too hot we self cock the full five
First sneaky hit the back caught a shell through his eye
He screamed,
The rest of his police team

Got ripped to death like a 88 jeans

Chorus (starts at end of 2nd last line of verse1)

Verse 2: 12 O'Clock

Nigga shut the fuck up and drown the keys in the pool
Keep your cool feds be knocking on the door soon
Said they heard about that cat you murdered the boom
boom
You shoulda swooped on 'em stayed Wake Water do
'em on him
Jet skiied on 'em then flew around corner on 'em
4 o'clock in the morning I threw the ski mask on 'em
My little man's on the corner when I plant it on 'em
357 slug nosing on 'em
Some bitches that was bugging for him you know 'em
Some bitches problem still be holding
20, 25 years on 'em they growing
Now back with the shit with the twelve burner to be on it
12 O'Clock is on it Darkman on it
And niggas don't want it

Chorus (till fade)

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