

Screw 32

"Communications"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Just got off the jack with my son that's up north
Tellin me he's comin home, and how he's gettin off
'Cuz his game was weak, killed two months, he's back
in the streets
With new plans, to expand, to jerk his mans man
We had the ultimate stick up, drop, on the brick pick up
But yo he can't, 'cuz he's still locked up
Jump back on the horn 'cuz his vibe was strong
Contacted the kid and told him lets be gone
I talked to Poet first, yo son, I got a mish-shon
Grab the ammunish-shon, pump up your pythons
I know a spot where niggas gettin it, and we can flip on
Son they frustrate me, 'cuz these niggas pump with no
heat
They play the night time sweet, like they can't get beat
I got their address, to where they rest and stash their
shit
Yo, I peeped it out how we can creep, yo yo yo
These niggas stay sleep
Makin sales, smokin out, and they all get ?geeked?
Lets catch 'em zoning, brain under, high and headed
home and
When they least expect it, lets put the gat to his dome
He stuck the key in the door, we ??? four four
We pushed our way in, we wasn't playin
Ready to spray 'em, tied him down to the A.M.
Now we layin, for a beamer, and some bitch named
Fatima
Chorus: Prince AD
Communicate for the cake, polly for weight outta state
Down on digits on the Isle with son we can't be late
We got moves to make, flood the whole New York state
Time to skate to other lands to put food on our plate
Communicate for the cake, polly for weight outta state
Down on digits on the Isle with son we can't be late
We got moves to make, flood the whole New York state
Time to skate to other lands to put food on our plate
Now we travel with the ?Crills Rock?
P, Noyd, Onsl

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