

Deadeye Dick

"W.O.L.V.E.S"

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Uh-huh
We wolves baby, we wolves

[Krumsnatcha]
A full moon make my blood curl
Got me stuck in opposition in the underworld
Savage beasts, like wolves when we roamin these
streets
And work for least, fuck peace, go to war with police
Some call the priest, there's a demon in ya hood
schemin
Catch me out the six leanin, with the nine steamin
Ain't that 'cha BM
The sound of the glock sound like rocks in Watts
I point a Ruben at'cha crew and give you somethin to
watch
D.T.'s, Feds, and NARCS, exchanging shots
In broad day 'til the first one lay when he pop
And if I pull and you pull,
the one to get to get it worst be the last to burst
ICU status, wih the phattest nurse
Gat holders chuckin them burners, with the fat pollers
concealed
But quickly leave a veal through your widow's sheild
Reckless, connected like a Nexus, for your necklace is
on
Formin like Photron and bomb

Chorus:
[Children] Y'all police best be ready!
[Snatcha] If your tired of seein niggas gettin beat in the
street
[Children] Y'all police best be ready!
[Snatcha] For all my hungry ass thugs that be tryin to
eat
[Children] Y'all police best be ready!
[Snatcha] For my people in the ghetto, get up off of
your feet
And let the wolves out! (Unh)
And let the wolves out! (What!)
And let the wolves out! (Unh)

Let the wolves out!

[Billy Danze]

Yo I been labelled a bad guy since birth (why's that)
I was put on a part of the earth with a turf,
its rugged never smooth
(What have you got to loose!)
Not a damn thing
That's why I holler "Ante Up" when you holler "Bling
Bling"
How do I survive? I strap up all my heat
I get out on the beat, I find a way to eat
See William never sleep, you think it's somethin sweet
And I will kindly li-li-li-li-lift yo' ass up off your feet
Shackle me in chains, tamper with my brain
Spit a ten digit number when you call me by my name
Their system has been aimed
For every 211 and every 187, my niggas is to blame
What happened to Diallo is a motherfuckin shame
How 'bout if I spit .41 that you were in the game
ALL disrespect intended, to any lieutenant,
who feel offended, by the way I represented, BITCH!

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]

I put it down, M.O.P. spit FIYYAHH!
Show 'em what we stand for, YES SIYYAAH!
All I need is my niggas, my guns and, my CD's
And I'ma ride, fuck N.Y.P.D.
The STREET cops, patrollin them HEAT
Goons be holdin 'em but fuck 'em
We lay 'em down like linolieum
GHETTO WARFARE! brroom, buck! We grip eight on
The pop'll pop off, that's how we do in Brooknam
Let the wolves out! Huh, all day
For my niggas gettin money that hustle in hallways
Get'cha money mister (mister) it's a (it's a) new day
Don't mistreat the literate, cuz you could get it two
ways
Behind bars, or six feet deep
So be careful who you fuckin wit
Motherfuckin you fuckin with the UH, OH, UH, That's the
truth
It's the beatdown, derranged, gun poppers, salute!

[Chorus] 2x to fade

