

T. Rex

"Countdown"

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[Chorus:]

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One
You done when I see you (David Banner, banner)
Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), (yeah, yeah) Two (2), (ay)
One
You done when I see you (ay)
Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), (yeah, yeah, yeah), Two
(2), One run
You done when I see (see) you (you) (ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
ah, ah, ay)
Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One (what it is
pimp I know ya'll miss me man)
You done when I see (see) you (you)
Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), (here I am
muthaf****), One run
You done when I see (see) you (you) (ay)

[Verse 1:]

What it is the king back in the building
Still stacking and building
Still rappin to children
Jeopardizing ya deals, ballin buyin ya wheels
Like it's back when we was lil and it's still time to kill
Quick displayin ya skills
Way underpayin ya bills
Spend a day in the field
So how you sayin you real
Niggaz could never live how I live, you ain't deserving
My lifestyle's urban, never met me in person
Just my bread suburban, in a red suburban
On 24's, 20 hoes givin head, I'm swerving
Fuck boys piss they pants, scared and nervous
I'm shell-shocked, black out like I been in the service
Clean cut and reserved, but I tote George Garvin
The closest thang you hoes seen to picture perfect
Your rose gold king, my ring tight as a virgin cop
Your dream I stopped fo I seen the top, nigga

[Chorus (2x):]

Five (5). Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), (what!), One
You done when I see (see), you (you) (ya days are

numbered shawty)
Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One run
You done when I see (see), you (you) (countdown pimp)

[Verse 2:]

I treat the beats like the streets
On em I do what I want to
I ain't gotta confront you, I'll kill you if I want to
Roam amongst monsters, kill homes and front you
That lil nigga swearin he bad, eat him for lunch too
Fuck you niggaz, Dominique slam dunk you niggaz
Sucker punch aan one of you niggaz
I was being nice at first now I'm runnin thru niggaz
Whole crews, not just one or two niggaz
'cause you aint representin the south, you just
embarassin
See you on tv in New York, them niggaz laugh at us
The reason why D.J.'s didn't have a clue I was fabulous
Now a days, not playin my records well, hell it's
hazardous
All this cussin, fussin, loud discussion's out of my
character
Bustin these niggaz melons and threatnin all of they
managers
P.\$.C. is Atlanta, so how you playin and handlin
Gorillaz wit bananaz, without playin and banishing
King of the south, it was said once then
Took a while to comprehend, now it all sunk in
On the low, deal a mil, I ain't done, come again
Room dead, scene fled, fo the fedz runnin in pimp

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 3:]

Comin live from the terror dome
Shinin lights on niggaz who got they skirts on tight wit
mascara on
All I have ever known, is 28 in the zone
Give me a day and it's gon, a brick of yay and it's on
You have never known, me to run less I'm gunnin at
niggaz domes
And runnin em out the own territory
Every story got a flip side to it, and ya disc ain't shit
less the click ride to it
And I'm gon show you how the Westside do it
In the A, not Cali, Bankhead, Simpson Valley
Every crack in every alley, sellin crack to every Tom,
Dick, and Harry
Every Kim, Sue, and Sally, till I tally up
A big enough knot to buy me a yacht
So then my pistols and my patnaz really all that I got

I'm not, playin at all, I'm sprayin em all
Still drop em down to size if they say that I'm small man
Pussy cats can't worry ya dawg
Throwin stones at the throne, I'm a bury ya all man
Know ya faggot niggaz hate that I'm ballin
Makin 30k a day and blow it all at the mall and man I
Can't relate to what you rap on stage
Nigga 'cause I been sellin yay since I was bow wow's
age nigga
Hear my daddy and cousin talking to me from the
grave
And all they sayin is young nigga get paid

[Chorus (4x)]

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