

## Threat

### "Pdk"

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[top pops off, can being shook, spray paint applied]

[Threat]

I'm here to let you know that no ho plays me  
I don't do crack cause I'm already crazy  
And we don't need no mo', psycho people  
Guns don't kill people, people kill people  
Haven't you heard, there's a new sheriff in to-own  
But one black chief can't calm us do-own  
We floss 'em out wide, the nigga ain't from our tribe  
Not +Tribe Called Quest+, the tribe called West  
Too legit to quit so tell the cops they can kiss my  
young black ass cause I'm out to get mine (you're  
gonna get yours)  
Let it be known, to all, men, that roam the planet earth  
that Allah come first  
Livin in the L.A. Zoo you gotta be a warrior  
Make sure you got a good lawyer  
Get caught with a spear that's fifteen years  
I hit the fence with my khakis and still they shootin at  
me  
Tryin to kill us off like buffalo  
Po-po can't have my life, or my soul, so..

"I don't give a FUCK you motherfuckin cops" [x3]  
"BUCK and another BUCK and another BUCK, I don't  
give a fuck"

[Threat]

I keep my brownies im my pocket, I can pick it if you  
lock it  
I'm servin place your order got them fat fat quarters  
Slangin ain't my style, never was Mr. Fuzz  
I don't drink suds, I pour 'em out for my loved ones  
Every day is like, every day I gotta go through this  
So, you can get the boot, and the motherfuckin fist  
I ain't bailin no hay so be all on your way  
witcho' whip cause that shit don't work on pimps and  
hustlers and players and dragon-slayers  
I got the bomb in my palm, how much  
Can't stay in one spot, the heat get too hot

I gotta get another G, cause this one's on E..  
Peep game, peep game, I let loose, I let loose  
Now from the window from the roof, shoot nigga shoot  
That's for yo' eye and yo' sparrow, crack and roll my  
barrel  
Just one click away from, blowin me a nig away  
Serve him and it's [?] lights out

"I don't give a FUCK, BUCK and another - I don't give a  
fuck"

[Threat]

Jumped on the beach cruiser with the pea shooter  
With my homies on the handlebars, goin to handle ours  
The homies had me all fucked up off that yack  
Bust a U-turn to go back, I dropped my golf hat  
Stopped and copped two forties, two paroles  
Some niggaz started starin like they know me, damn  
I only got two shells with me, but then  
deuce-five get busy, where is he?  
Hopped on the bandwagon got his pants saggin  
New kid on the block fuck around and get mopped  
Now that's the story, the fame and the glory  
And tell that to them niggaz if they lookin for me  
where to find me

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