

## UGK

# "The Corruptor's Execution"

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Hold up

It's the motherfuckin' corruptor, since I came I was a hustler

It's a shame, I got to blow out niggaz brains

To make these motherfuckers peep my game

I let 'em hang to the flo', snot on the snow

And full of kicked on rivals, it's for survival, in the intestines of the city

'Cause the game's shitty, and Piggly Wiggly on the payroll

So they can't bust us and we shine like diamond clusters

'Cause we some made motherfuckers

Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start bustin'

I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen

I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'

Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution

It's the corruptor's execution

I be workin' and twerkin' my portable digital

Triple beamer scale like a teeter-totter

Kind of like a see-saw, up and down

A hundred and twelve milligrams of some of that

There soft white baby powder, equals a they call up the Valley

Heat up in the garbage dumpster, "Who's sack is dat?"

All the tiffles and po'po' I got it back, don't make me do ya

I know these streets, like the Grayson's know jujitsu

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I go, cold loco lay 'em down by the dozen

I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'

Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution

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I'm havin' small change with gats and hundred sacks

I got to ball main with thangs, I let 'em hang  
It ain't at all strange with game, remain the Savage  
And cabbage, got to come, if not, five-oh for one

I come with guns smokin' leave you croakin' in Oakland  
Without no words spoken put the Chevy in drive  
And ride the block hopin' not to choke up in back  
With the strap, and the kick in the back, imagine that

Because I take out my weapon and I quickly start  
bustin'

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I look at my riders, they say nothing's confusin'  
Why, why, why? It's the corruptor's execution  
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Now, we get the cash the stash and bash  
Your brains all over this dashboard  
Give up the hash, and get you some gas  
Who'll blast you main in man's sport

Now, brrr, stick 'em I kick 'em, Bobby you lick 'em  
We stole 'em and brick 'em to death  
K.S.'ll go left, finger flick 'em, bitches is breathin'  
They last motherfuckin', breath

On the real how you feel about caps get peeled  
I just baby, deal with the talk  
You backin' the guns and all the law  
So just hopin' these bastards know that we strong

Fuckin' 'em quick in the back with the dick then  
Make sure while they don't know throw a trick in  
Keep yours eyes on Nich-en  
'Cause we stickin' the Bic in, any sick then

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bustin'

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