

X-Raided

"Let It Be Known"

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(feat. Chill Bola)

[Chill Bola]

I'm so sick of these little
trick ass cats
and their bitch ass raps
acting like they factors
they ain't nothing but rappers
they need to miss us with that shit, that they try to
make us believe
you ain't no killas dog, just like you rap and blow weed
I hang with, cake movers
3-time losers
big body pushaz, and marijuana abusers
chickens never refuse us
they always go with us
even your baby daddy wanna roll wit us
y'all some wack niggaz
I'ma nigga that rap
without this rap shit you cats would be some square
ass macks
its bola and X-raided
them niggaz they love hating
middle finger salute for all of the thug nation
this is for my true trippaz
door hing kickaz
forty cal packaz, and all of my thug niggaz
so I'm just rapping just what you see trick
I take it to the streets quick
I let it be known
what you gone see is what you get BITCH!!!

[Chorus x3: X-Raided]

let it be known nigga
call your bluff like a phone nigga
chrome trigga make your bone splinter
its on nigga
connecting puzzle pieces, put together the trigga
releases
he projected cause we down for whatever

[X-Raided]

fuck around and get kidnapped by a masked man
tossed in a black van
either give us the cash, or they find your ass in a trash
can
I'ma mad man
figurative, and literally speaking
life is a game and I'm trying to win and nigga I ain't
above cheating
deleting enemies like a mistake on a computer screen
its a horror flick and I'm the director
we gonna shoot a scene
shotting me a forty-four caliba gat
and I blowing your brain right out the back
of your cerabellum like J F K
and watch 'em get the fuck out of the way
coming to spray parabellum
got tired of trying to tell them
im ready to buck
leaving you stuff, bout to erupt
like mount st. Helens
da felonies crimes commited
cause I'm commited to living this gangsterism
killa cos me and my nigga
aint down for riding for mistaking our senses
we making decisions
is it life or death
I suggest you pick a later date to be painless
splatter your brain with the smith and wesson stainless
is a lesson to be learned
you better pay attention
y'all nigga is bitches, I blew up your stomach like water
retention
im water resistant
aint no wetting nefarious
niggaz wanna bury us
cause they hoes wanna marry us
niggaz is scary as a calvary line
aint got no courage
il serve fitin to that shit that you heard
every word bitch let it be known nigga!

[Chorus]

[Chill Bola]

my nigga I never hesitate, to extend an extra clip
when them niggaz be running off they mouth with all
that excess lip
let his blood drip
let the nine kick
at anytime, take frame of mind

to immobilize your whole clique
punk bitch
get addicted clips to your clips
and if you playing the captain
then you falling with ship
let it be known
I send a squad of killaz up inside your home
strapped with fully's and chromes
leaving your body exposed to bones
while I'm posted at the tele
hit me on my celly phone
no love your orders is carried out
that problem you had is gone
so bitch niggaz break bread
and cough up my dividends
before they stay to view the body
while I'm contacting your next of kin
we packing straps for caps
pulling jacks for scratch
infest your hood with bombs
like we did them japs
making you fumble up your bundle
when I hit your ass with one of them slugs
based up on the fact that there ain't no motherfucking
love nigga

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