

X-Raided

"Liquor, Niggaz And Triggaz"

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[X-Raided]

Nigga recognize, I'm that muthafuckin loc
Ol' E drinkin got me high, Givin head to my .44
They can't blame me for the actions I'll take
In the sick state of mind, I premeditizzate
51-50 as my brain liquefies
Every swig a nigga take, Crazy thoughts intensify
I'm ready to ride
I'm Mr. Hyde but murderin Dr. Jekyll
You aint fuckin with a psycho no more
X-Loc is goin Kleptomaniac
Stealin your life cause I gives a fuck sbout ya
That why I'm using that .44
To blow them brains up out your dome
Slick green shit hittin the concrete
Fool, you's a victim if you saw a nightmare street
I'll shoot in the head and let that ass decay
You been layin in the street so long
Your brains is turnin grey
You niggaz can't deal with a fool
That's full of that Ol' E liquor shit
I'm runnin around town with a badass attitude and two
extra clips
But a .44 automatic, Nigga you know you gotta duck
Either that or be another victim of a muthafuckin
slaughter
Pest better hold his chest
The .44 Magnum got me stressed
My mind was tellin me no but the 40 oz. kept tellin me
yes
He had on a vest but I still managed to leave that ass
for dead
Cause there aint one muthafucka in the whole wide
world
With a bulletproof forehead
So when you see me swiggin that Ol' E liquor
Hold your breath, I'm slammin the bottle upside your
dome
Where there aint nothin left, cuzz

[Hook: Brotha Lynch, (Sicx)]

Cause I don't love you hoes, I don't love you niggaz

All I'm givin a fuck is about my liquor and my triggaz
[2X]

(Yeah, When I'm off that Ol' E)
(When I'm off-When I'm off that Ol' E)
(Loc, Better watch yo back on nervous mode)
(For really though-Really though, Yeah) [2X]

[X-Raided]

I'm chewin on slugs, Eatin 'em up
Drinkin your blood like liquor
It's all because I'm given a fuck
And I got no love for you niggaz
I'm leavin it up in the house
When it's time to ride and create some death
Only thing I got with me is a 40 of E
And the dank and a vest
For me to be pourin it out for the next muthafucka
restin in peace
I love my Homies and G's
But it's EBK when they trigga with me
For those who don't know, It's Every Body Killa
Step on back, Aint no time to try to be cute G
When the funk jumps, I'm peelin that cap
Any reason to murder
Is enough for me to put some of these hot ones on ya
Nigga run on up, go ahead
You could be a victim if you wanna
Aint no thang to me
We can do it anyway you wanna do it
It'll hurt you more than it'll me
When I put these bullets to it
Blow them brains up out yo dome
With a .44 Caliber Magnum Chrome
Only thing at the scene is 40 oz. bottle but all of the
liquor's gone
They lookin for a muthafucka
But fool, They'll never find a loc
You get in the shower
I'm asshole naked and right behind your door
Sick like Norman Bates, I'm murderin like a muthafuck
With a gun in one hand, A 40 in the other
I'm tore up and hella drunk
Like Jimmy Jones and David Koresh
I'm havin them fools stressed
Drinkin Cyanide, burnin they selves up
Tryin to get the fuck away from the X
But aint nowhere to hide
Let me play that Jack Kevorkian
I'm Dr. Death, Assistin to suicide
When I put in my clip, It's click

I cock it back, It goes clack-clack
That's one in the chamber
One for your nuts and one for your bitch's kat
I'll swig my 40 to that
But fool, I aint pourin out not one drop
Straight sick in the dome
I thought you knew, my nigga
That's on the Blocc

[Hook: Brotha Lynch, (Sicx)]
Cause I don't love you hoes, I don't love you niggaz
All I'm givin a fuck is about my liquor and my triggaz
[2X]

(Yeah, When I'm off that Ol' E)
(When I'm off-When I'm off that Ol' E)
(Loc, Better watch yo back on nervous mode)
(For really though-Really though, Yeah) [2X]

[X-Raided]
When I die and it's time for autopsy
Let my homies do it
They could pump me up with Ol' E gold
Instead of Embalmin Fluid
And when you bury me
Put a 40 and a gun in the casket with me
So I could be buzzin
When my cousins come to hell to get me
I'm givin up nothin
Steadily bustin caps all over the place
I got the devil so high
He told me to get the fuck out his face
So now I'm back and ready to motivate this old shit
Spit G'sterism loc
I could cut off the dick like a circumcision
I pick up the 4-0
More goes down my throat and hits my tonsils
I look up and throw up the Blocc
I'm tore up and can't be held responsible
Three strikes is givin out life for traffic tickets and petty
shit
So I'm goin out
Makin everybody go and look like that spaghetti shit
Stay out my, Unless you wishin to get your life took
Muthafuck your little hit list, I got a big ass hit book
For that serial murderin .44 Magnum
That'll take him off his feet
And put him in the grave with a hole in the head
And slay for the reefer he took in the meetin
And I'm that one drunk muthafucka that's at your
funeral home

Dick whipped out, Takin a 8-Ball piss all over your grave
stone
So when you see me swiggin that Ol' E liquor
Hold your breath, I'm slammin the bottle upside your
dome
Where there aint nothin left, cuzz

[Hook: Brotha Lynch, (Sicx)]
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(Yeah, When I'm off that Ol' E)
(When I'm off-When I'm off that Ol' E)
(Loc, Better watch yo back on nervous mode)
(For really though-Really though, Yeah)
(When I'm off that Ol' E)
(When I'm off-When I'm off that Ol' E)
(Loc, Better watch yo back-Better watch yo back on
nervous mode)
(For real though)

Cause I don't love you hoes, I don't love you niggaz
All I'm givin a fuck is about my liquor and my triggaz
[4X]

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