

## Xero

# "Drive By Shooting - Ft Dchesron & Others"

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[Jabbar] (Talking)

And you challenge me to rap motherfucker? (Yo Yo I say this all the motherfucking time)  
I don't know who the fuck you think you are  
I got a whole army comin to bring you down baby (They all bullshit, come on)  
I got Limn, I got Kapone, I got Xero and I got chesron and me  
We fuck you motherfuckers up,  
Don't step up to the play because you can't handle this motherfucking heat (They can't handle)  
BRING IT (We gonna bring .. bring this motherfucker, I wanna hear some)

[Xero] (Talking)

Yo, Thugz Generation doing it again  
Smugglin Beat up in this motherfucker.. yow take it punks

[DChesron]

Gotta get on it makin this track they never come back  
When it comes to rap, let it be a fact  
Man I'll be a cat bitin on this track tryn the be a fagg  
Lookin at fools and makin them fooled  
By breakin and fakin and takin the rules by the fooles  
Get them booied laughin at the mothafuckaz wanna be cool  
Gotta do this song,ow shit what the fuck u want to do  
Killin and takin the way and get a bad day  
Nobody will say and pray get away, and fet off of what yall say  
Cmon lay down don't fuck around  
Rockin the beat and make a mc a wanna be livin like a ridah gonna be,  
A G see me and flee bitch u don't wanna be me,u felany,  
Gotta flee from the problems u will see  
Man for real what the fuck shakin the song  
Gotta kill u and ur brothaz in a drive-by mothafucking punk

(Chorus)

[Xero] (DChesron)

We say the truth only the truth  
If it hurts then tell me what to do  
A drive by oh man that's fake  
Please tell me there is other way  
We didn't start we only finish  
And there is no way we can diminish  
Our words and our lines  
Cause that's the way it goes with our rhymes  
We say the truth only the truth  
If it hurts then tell me what to do  
A drive by oh man that's fake  
Please tell me there is other way  
(DChesron meanwhile Xero sings)  
Nobody will hear the punks  
They only show off  
They will fall off

[Xero]

Lost souls your shit is gettin old  
Im rollin in dollars yo  
Rollin with dough, improvin my flow  
You hoes never sayin no  
But i know you get way too high  
Tryin to fuck with my crew  
The maker of the ridedie die  
Motherfucker what's that drive by  
All you make me is laugh at  
Your stupid comments you sayin to us  
We got way too much guts  
Answer your shit u aint comin back  
We packed our gats kill ya wit a mak  
Got all this rap, not your crap  
Hack, slash your words with my attack  
Makin a rhyme, makin a line  
I fight you punks back in time  
And still doin it now, it's all about respect  
Motherfuckers get on ur knees and start to beg  
Yeah that's what u heard

[Kapone]

Gotta get up get my thoughtz free  
Here i go  
Fake muthafukkaz now tryin to flee  
Cuz we be  
A whole muthafukkin army  
Heard this story kid almost shot in a drive-by  
I guess he was high  
Couldn'T tell the diferents for some water  
And then he lie lie lie  
Waterpistols aimed at his head

Lil bitch ducked on the ground  
Cuz he thought he was dead  
Many tears he shed  
(What u talkin bout bitch?)  
Punk muthafukka  
Tell me do eat a fuckin dick?  
Fuckin lost soul  
Klick klick klick  
Boom  
U got back on the ground?  
Where i found u like a bitch  
After hearin that sound?  
I laugh at lil kiddys like u  
Actin all coo  
Only able to fool  
The same muthafukkin toys like u!

Bitch

[Limn]

Time 4 the Funeral, and gather the paul bearers  
2Gether  
Im laughin cuz U dead, walk around talkin like U better  
Talkin bout somebody rode by on scooters and popped  
shots  
Who the fuck does a drive-by on scooters U dumb  
fuck?  
U better watch ur mouth, talkin bout Im bitin Pac's style  
How the fuck do I do that, cuz in the studio I get wild?  
Maybe I bite him cuz Im always sippin Hennessy  
Or maybe I bite him because I RIDE ON MY ENEMIES!!!

U better watch ur back 4 another drive-by  
But this one aint gunna miss I'll hit U right between ur  
fuckin eyes

Ima kill both u faggits with one bullet  
You was butt-rapin eachother, and I came too quick for  
you to pull it  
Out, layin dead w/ a dick in ur mouth  
Ur girl loves my dick, she's never spittin it out  
Constantly callin 4 cock, sayin my sex is so hot  
U faggots breathed ur last breathe, time 2 make ur  
Body Rott, Body Rott...

[Jabbar]

I rip ya spine choke u with a grape vine  
Load the glock get it cocked, and blast ten times  
Hear ur scream, and i dream of bullets in ya spleen,

Exit through ur back makin sure u never leave ur teens  
When I spit rhymes it's just like a crime  
See I rob ya blind leavin ya with just a dime  
And this is a sign time for me to take over  
Imma call ya next time im fuckin ya bitch in ya rover  
Its ova you shoulda stopped rappin last October  
Imma buzz killa leavin u bitches dead and sober/  
And please tell me u gotta back up plan  
U dissin jabbar will just piss off my fans  
I didn't wanna spit heat on this track  
Its just cuz this beat's hot, time for the next cat to  
attack

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