

Donald-D

"I'm Gonna Smoke Him"

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[Donald D]

In the street, blood is spilled

My sniper skills make me lethal and ill

{*buck buck buck* the fat lady sang

From the ceiling I watch your body hang

This is the payback, my trigger I pull back

Your cap is peeled back, for givin me feedback

I want the loot, you got the loot, gimme the loot

I won't hesitate to fuckin shoot

Night stalker, I talk street slang

Fuck that shit, I don't play no games

No remorse, my mind's on psycho

Watch me flow on, the angry tempo

Load the clip, let's take a trip

You tried to flip - my blade terminated his lips

Sucka; that's why you're tossed up

for tryin to double-cross the boss up

I move in silence

in a world that contains, much much violence

Sex and drugs, hoods and thugs

F.B.I. got my damn phone bugged

Chorus: Donald D

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)

I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh..)

[Donald D]

Twelve o'clock, me and my posse hangs out

Niggaz act a fool now bullets rang out

I duck for cover cause with bullets you cannot reason
to catch a body, it's the season

Niggaz still bustin, cops cold rush in

I'm fussin but my cussin don't mean jack nothin

No arrest was made, there was no homicide

So the pigs in blue start to drive

Inner city blues is nothin new

We go to the store to buy some brew

On the pavement I pour some ale

for my homies who died, my homies in jail

Skins, skins with sex to lend

stood out y'all like a shark's fin

Uhh, a cutie with a weave to her booty

shakes her rump to the funk that car system pumps

She wants to sex me up, sex me down

I smack it and I flip it and I dick her down

Check it, now she wanna play footsy

But I want the loot, and she's just pussy

From the window, I see the police

They want me to rot, in the belly of the beast

You wanna cuff me, come and get me

My glock is cocked, it has a temper, shit G

Chorus: Donald D

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{*instrumental interlude*

[Donald D]

Shotgun blast he died real fast

In the ghetto back alley he lays in trash

He didn't know so I had to buck him

(I thought he was your man) Yo nigga, FUCK HIM

Police sirens, let's make a move

Criminal smooth, pimp daddy cool

Eyes on my jewels I pull out my toolie

Meet your maker you no-good stoolie

Damn! I smell police creepin

Damn! Even when Donald D sleepin

Say hello to my little friend

The Desert Eagle, adios amigo

Gangsta chronicle you read the articles

Raise it to the neck, I'm wet from the sweat

Vigilante, servin em death blows

A sinister call rips away the jaw

Decapitated by the guillotine

The aftermath a bloodbath scene

Beware, of the looter

The syndicate sniper, I'm the sharpshooter

Chorus: Donald D

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I'm gonna smoke him! (Yeahhhhhh.. let's buck em down)

[Donald D]

C'mon.. huh!

C'mon.. yeah..

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