

Grave Plott "Snap"

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[Tech N9ne]

And I'm back to the drama, yes that karma
Double back and slap me without armour
Troubled cats ...
And a loveable act extractin at y'all
Give me a reason why this season is ceasin a sin
season of grievin
I grim greed and the speeds of our fans feelin us
Everybody around me downs me and it astounds me
profoundly
Whether they hound me or clown me tryna keep my
mind calm
I keep six soundly around me all through my town and
your county
But i hit that ground cause i found i'm a walkin time
bomb
I feel like a fuckin maniac, in public when a flip the
zaniac
They love it nigga this ain't actin
When i'm full of money nigga this ain't happenin
When your dream boat sails away you just sob did a
regular job and start to rob
Went crazy when losin your lady your heart harden so,
I'ma keep it insane with my 30 thousand dollar chain
And use it as bait for niggas who hate and wanna
resurrect samhein
Out of a sick nigga, with a short end of a stick i'ma stick
niggas
Cap peela, you don't want me to be that when I snap,
nigga

[Chorus]

One, two, GP's comin for you
Three, four, Tecca's at your door
Five, six, got guns and clips
Seven, eight, they seld your faith
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Three, four, Tecca's at your door
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[Liquid Assassin]

Fuck you i hate you, you fake think you way cool
Mistakes you gon make you gon pay with your face too
In case spray you lay you on pavement and shake you
From bullets that break you and take you to angels
You know i'm gon get cash, i know that you spit trash
Collide with you quick crash, i box with you fist fast
I'm not what you think that, i won't get the clips back
I don't hesitate to grab the gun and pow
Like Tecca Nina my guns go (chyo)

GP comin through, nigga what you gon do
When i come into the room, gun aimin at you
Click boom, you don't wanna see right to the tomb
When i come in with a crew, let's play with them too
Liquid Assassin, i'ma ride for mine
Bitch ass nigga, i'ma die for mine
I'ma grab the heat and i'ma pack the iron
One two to your chest and one to your mind
Ain't nobody get best of me
I put you through more pain than pregnancy
I don't really give a damn, what sexy beast
Can't catch you (???)
You don't want me to even cut the clip bro
(???) drop the shit load
Slide to your pad and i'm creepin tip-toe
(???) let the clip go!

[Chorus]

[Killa C]

These boys are sick, these boys are foul
On a lay face down, just ask me how
If you piss me off homie, then it's straight fuckin over
Cause my trigger finger switchin and i'm far from
sober
I ain't gon stop, it just ain't in me
Even if the prison is right where they'll send me
I'll slide right in, hollow tips in my clip
I'm let them ride out, unless you give me my shit
Stressin with my Wesson, i'm gon teach you a lesson
When I come through and ride, you consider it a
blessing
Suck my dick, bitch, cause I hate you like a
motherfucker
At your front door, 'bout to make your mother suffer
(?) and ropes, pistols and gauges
The world wants us dead like the (?) in them cages
We came in, we cock em, we got what we wanted
Years from now they'll say that your house is haunted

[Chorus]

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