

Blossom

"Wreckgonize"

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[Black Rob]

Yo all I do is drop lethal, yall know my peo-ple
Verbally it's a massacre
I'm sharper then shanks up in Attica
Choke them lethally till he suffocate
Lifeless but step into this shit that's priceless
I cut the life force, now I'm on the right course
I stifle, those that pop shit but carry rifle, triflin
Yet I'm wise, every murder's organized
It's premeditated so brothers recognize
No escapin the hell-a-coust, pay your toll, come across
And watch me test my burner on a horse
Hom-i-ci-dal, I used the vital when I step to suck-a-cidal
It all balls down to my recital
No time to waste, fill the bass I got ya head in the
suitcase
Smilin while I'm look at ya dead face
The cause of death still remains a mystery it's a pity
They caught me cause the source had to flicker me
Not at all tops the shame, no external no blood stains
Sharp objects to pierce the brain
I got enough dope for your veins and restrain
Hand cuffs and chains nuthin but pain

[Chorus Yogi]

Nigga, you better Wreckgonize
You bett-er, Wreck-gon-nize
Nigga, you better Wreckgonize
Nigga, you better Wreckgonize, nigga

[Yogi]

Car-los, the base head, is lurkin (lurkin)
Askin for change nigga constantly urkin
Ms. Elizabeth callin out the win-dow to her husband Joe
Nigga died a year ago
And every day's the 4th of July with the sparks in the
sky
Aimin at the Gods as we get high, what's your
pleasure?
Sippin on the booze and the Cru's smoke the blunts
The whole blunt, nuthin but the blunt

But the O heads in the pro-jects, hit the he-ron
Dozin off in front of liquor stores through a p-long
Don't know how to act, Sister Eve go to church
But she still smoke the cracks, praise to the lord, doin
bad
Spanish kids across the bridge popin on that nes tabs
Go to the bar drop the "yay-yo"
Sniffin with the lows, all red lookin feyo
And the ledge round the way, Yogi still smokes dust
Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice-Be, Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice)
I guess that lesson wasn't delivered
When Chip and Elah took that long walk in the river
Fuck a 95, we got the 9 2-5's, 3 8-10, 2 4-4's
Make a nigga hesitate
That's if you don't know the date

[Chrous]

[Chadio]

In actuality violence is my reality
Some tend to talk me but to them it's just a fallacy
True lies, you kick your stories on the street
Now it's true, listened twisted up and say it was you
But me, I'm representin while my peeps puff herb,
superb
Dropin bombs like a Boznian, Serb's my word
It gets no deeper, I bet the Grim Reaper
While layin on my chest wish-in I had worn a vest
Now don't ask why just Wreckgonize my demise
Runnin from 4-5's spark the drive-by's
Long hot days in July, the blood dries
And the kid that didn't run is the kid who dies
The body states of America filled with lies
Shorties runin and gunin in front of God's eye
It ain't no surprise that the brain just fries
Due to excessive use of the get highs
And I'm that same nigga drinkin Mi-tie
And we can't kick out habits no matter how man-y tries
Living amongst the new world, doin despise
Guys that don't give a fuck the just chastise
But I rise, see my mind's too wise
Catchin bodies with chip-a-bodies I have no ties
Hittin home runs while you hit pop flies
Don't mind the size nigga just Wreckgonize

[Chorus 2X]

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