

Knives Out!

"Peepin' Tom"

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[Knoc talking]

Yeah, This how we do. This a lil story about a...
Nigga *uh* you know well; Knoc-Turn'Al

[Chorus]

I can see you watchin'
Waitin' in my garden
In My bush is plottin'
Peepin' Toms at my home
Lookin'in my window

[verse 1]

Once upon a time in the projects, yo
There lived a nigga named Knoc-Turn'Al
America's most wanted fa sho
In a black lo-lo with tinted windows
Im just cruisin' down the street in my 6-Fo
Checkin' all my tramps and all my ho's
Life is Too short I stay on my toe's
G'd up spill "Gin & juice" on brand new clothes
Pull up, hit a switch and drop the back
On the prowl in the black hat lookin' for cat
I got a chrome plaque that reads "Who's The Mac"
Black pussy, always talkin' about it 'cause I love it
This California Love got a nigga drunk and but
Express yo' self keep doin' it good
Got white on the block keep the heat in the bush
Keep rising to the top, keep smoking the cush
The Boyz N The hood are always hard
Come talkin that trash we'll pull your gaurd
Knowin' nothing in life but to be legit
Can't trust my homies can't trust no bitch
Don't quote me boy 'cause I aint sell shit
It's hotter on the block than it is in the kitchen
And Ima hardened the paintless and Im steady dippin'
I get down while your bullshittin'
And these are the tales the freaky tales of a nigga on
the grind that you know so well
Got system in your trunk then Im jackin' for beats, black
superman
I put it down for LAC, Pistol grip pump at my lap at all

times
Fools be jackin' other fools but they don't be jackin'
mines
Summer time in the LBC, Fuck the police
Fuck being bound by the law and and the peace treaty
We be clubbin', everybody like it when the girls shake
somethin'
System overload stay bumpin it's Thug Life ya'll know
the rules
Gotta do what you gotta do and stay true
Post a tost to the Westcoast,
Easily I approach, the micraphone because I aint no
joke
Tell your momma to get off my tip
I have no time to give her my dick
Ima hold it *ha* and walk around the stage-in
And if your fucked up, Im gonna get my gauge and
Shribble you up like california raisins
Unload the barrel and laugh
'cause Im puttin' lead in your motherfuckin' ass.

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

I'm on the radio and aint a damn thing funny
It's just like com bitch better have my money
Snoop voice I messed up and I don't know why
Trying to get a piece of that American Pie
Do my thing blow off the roff Im 1-8-7 proof
It's gettin Funky, Gettin' Funky*
It's the formula Murder was the case that they gave me
Dear god I wonder can you save me
Dear Mamma Brenda had a baby
Hard times got a nigga goin' crazy
The Hood can't take me under it's a G thang
We back yard boggie in the land that we bang
Gangsta's make the world go round
What's my muthafuckin name? (Knoc-Turn'Al)
And I didn't have to use my AK
Today was a good day

Beat fades

