

Kuniva "Hurry Up And Buy"

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I'm in the corner store high with a couple of guys
Japanese bitch yelling "hurry up and buy!"
Got the kind of guns that make you wanna touch the
sky
Holla'd at my homie Nims he said fuck a ya life
The real shit I spin it to the fullest
The glock fresh outta the box furnished with the bullets
Homie I'm an Eastside nigga with a chip on his
shoulder
Throw a clip in ya shoulder, have ya flippin ya Rover
It's over, hollows blowin through the kitchen, the foyer
Through the stove top stuffing, through the chicken,
my lawyer
Stay losin sleep, Been there, funerals, eulogy
Pass the preacher real good, still it ain't moving me
All type of shits poppin off
That's why I toss slick Molotov's at ya jaw
I'm the cause and effect, the alpha, the omega
Beginnin of the end, calculatin with barrettes
Articulate and clever body parts I will sever
Shotty sparks through your sweater, my squad is
forever
And we can beef like Superman and doomsday
I'm stayin with the toast, wanna meet my roommate
You don't wanna see me ride up, rowdy all riled up
Fired up, eat a nigga food, turn his brain sunny side up
Just another episode, let the tech explode
I done seen weapons blow all over decimals
Professional, pistol packer, lick a smasher cruise and
crash a 22 hammer cock
Hooligan on ya block
You can be a lot but you ain't this
A hard pill to swallow when you know you can't spit
I will jab niggas up, and uppercut 'em down
Even kings need to rest, head heavy from the crown
I ain't tryin to hear how you shut em down
You was at blockbuster watchin Will Smith the last time
you seen Seven Pound
A set of clowns minus the big shoes
Pigeon from the mound, who I'm tossin this fifth to
That flow you tryin to master, I pass that and laugh at
Due to science young'n you ain't nothin but a lab rat

I'm at your front door like Ransom
Blast one, hand over your heart like the national
anthem
Close line your sis, put your moms in the headlock
Grab ya granny put her in a figure-four leg lock
She opened her eyes when the pain in her leg stopped
Just in time to see me comin down with the leg drop
I'm so tired like Z-ro, I should have went emo, a gym
class hero
Coulda been a bum, body smellin like Fritos
With a cardboard sign saying that I freeload
Don't be mad, no bitchassness in the back
I burry the hatchet, swinging like Kelly Patrick
I'm very active, hold ya family captive
Pockets standing out as if they went under for
Bariatrics
Your bitch a freak I dig her out like a grapefruit
Sick with the bat and balls so I call her Babe Ruth
Block like Beirut, vodka and Grey Goose
I'ma let the apes loose, guns like the stay troops
Flyer than some space boots, homie you can take two
Stairway to heaven, send a nigga straight to Jesus
Monster with the chopper, hanging out let the K shoot
Boys in the Hood had to cut that nigga Tre loose
Fuck you, we bout to make moves
And tell ya pops rubbin balls together ain't cool

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