

Kuniva

"MySpace"

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Yo, I know that I was born to be a soldier
A prophet and a king,
Smooth as eye lee as I hear
When boxing in the ring
Of course, I'm barely stable
When I'm popping with the thing
It's never concealed, I keep it out
I'm rocking with the bling
I'm cold hearted, I calculate,
I profit with the scheme
Leave the barrel smoking robin son
My heat wave supreme
My philoso, ghetto vision, the mind of Picasso
Hostile, copping them big thangs like Casco
I don't speak out of term but mean what I say
Look down the barrel of a 44 and gleamed in my face
It was my fault for slipping and for thinking it was safe
I was in my teens, learned so many lessons in the day
Now I get to drop like the clumsy nigga with the vase
Hit the spot like grannies cooking, creeping with the k
Drunk driving with the flow, I guess I'll make my own
lane
The ones you grind with are the ones that you don't
blame
My feelings going numb, niggas burp me again
Barely associates, I don't really care to be friends
I don't feel niggas, fiend real ones turn into bitches
Better yet, I've seen bitch niggas fake like they real
ones
Betrayal is the lesson if you lucky learn from it
Either you in... or you crash and burn from it
In the meanwhile get money and prosper
Liquor, hip hop, drugs and hundred round choppers

My son got health problems and it fucked with my brain
The shit I go through would drive the average parent
insane
Some of my best friends snake me, but I still maintain
The shit they did and said about me, dog
They oughta be ashamed
I don't hide behind lies, you and your crollies can die

And I ain't with the thumb shit, you know the homies
arrive
Now back to the bars, I'm a different type of breed
Lyrically I'm on a different level, kick it with the G's
I drink the backpackers and the dread heads with ease
Or hit the... on the homies cedar with the cheese
I'm cooler than the breeze, the flow is hotter than belize
I achieve as far as the human mind can conceive
My verse is parallel to a spike steering wheel
Can't really put a grasp on it, but you know it's real
A million dollar baby tryina get like uncle Phil
I am legend handcock over the... I will

My mouth is too foul, but I'm gutter, that's the east in
me
Just a beast in me, spazz I leave the peace envy
More money, more problems, with increased envy
Simple, y'all pull it out, give you all at least 50
I get the goons or let them out the van case smoking
Pops said who in the hell left the gate open
Blow your face open, stay scoping, they hoping
That I slip but I'm hard to play like bake touring
Rappers claim to be the bomb and y'all can blow us a
gun
Red bottoms on my feet after I slip in your blood
You think it's a game my nigga it's beyond that
This ain't known no hip hop shit, this is beyond rap
Nigga you don't... you a fraud, but I'm maraud
That you a man but acting like a bitch make you a
broad
I applaud you for the times that you appear to be real
Things people do, they sell they soul to get them a deal
But I'ma throw a bread, niggas saw me packing for real
And I ain't never showed it off to state the facts that I'm
real
Before that gun lights... you was home nurturing your
fycuses
Heat is tear your flesh like syroyosis
Humble niggas quick now we talking on some
righteousness
Fuck you and the battle in and the ciphering
Cause niggas with the motor mouth be running out of
nitrogen
Show me where the crisis is, I'll turn all that liveliness
Into a non easy type of quietness
Right where that violence is
Duck when the blood spill
If I want the thugs will
Bullets fly and bring you high down
Now that's a buzz kill.

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