

Chappo

"Bonnie And Clyde II"

Visit "[Bonnie And Clyde II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ice Cube] Got me a down ass girl on my team
With an infa-red beam...

[Verse 1: Ice Cube]

There go the niggas I'm supposed to meet
We gon' do this, Yo Yo slide me the heat
Knew they was punks from my very first glance
Shakin' niggas hands, waitin' for a chance
Do you got the yey, what the motherfuckers say
Right this way
In they trunks, super? about six
Lookin' like bricks, do I got the chips?
Hell yaeh, in the back of my Elco
Can we rock wit' you, I said hell no
Yo Yo, see my fo'fo'? grab it
About to let these motherfuckers have it
Walk back with my strap, gas on my chest
Let me get a taste test
Tongue got numb, then I said Fuck That!
This a motherfuckin' jack...

Thinking of a master plan [x3: w/ adlibs]

[Verse 2: Yo Yo]

I saw the homie pull his strap
I knew we dealin' with badge
Up in the hoopdie, pop the trunk
And started to blast... mad
You know fools snatching cabbage and dough
That's how it is, dealin' with loc's
Fuck what you heard, act like you know
Ain't no witness, just tryin' to let you know
Lay the fool, straight up, face down like five-o
Ride wit' six birds, this ain't no joke
The murder scene was a deal gone bad
We popped the fools and took everything they had
Now the only thing to do is get away
Cops are on our ass, dude should I blast?
Snatched the heat from under the seat
Roll down the windows to let 'em have it
Fuckin' with this bad mamma-jam-it

Yeah, I threw this shit in reverse
Grab a nine, by my side
Who ride? Bonnie & Clyde, nigga...

Thinking of a master plan [x3: w/ adlibs]

[Verse 3: Yo Yo & Ice Cube]

[Cube] Run, run, run, from the ghetto pigeon
It's all mathematic, weavin' outa traffic
That's the shit I be hatin', when these fuckin' daton's
Get to Ice-Skating
Yo Yo, back seat driving, shut the fuck up
[Yo Yo] You shut the fuck up, learn how to drive
[Cube] Ninety-ninety-five, Bonnie & Clyde
Wanted dead or alive
Tryin' to jump out the LAPD
Headin' up Century, fuck the Penatentiary
Wanna get my shit, I'ma click it
Knew the job was fucked up when I took it
[Yo Yo] Shit is scandalous
Ninety-five, latest mobster
Shit don't stop, still bustin' out the coppers
Nine in my lap, a fo'fo' when I ride
Still bedin' corners, bout to hit the East side
Straight who-ridin', Bonnie & Clyde 'n
All the way live from the West side
With plan B to perfect, have to do what's next
Hopped out that bitch with the quickness
You know it's all business

Robbin', Stealin', Killin' and Wheelin' [x4: w/ adlibs]

Take, take that Motherfuckers...
(Robbin'...) Take that... (Stealin'...) Take that...
(Robbin', Stealin'...) Take that...

Robbin', Stealin', Killin' and Wheelin'
Always on the go cause this - always?

Visit [Chappo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.