

DJ Sakin & Friends**"Wolf Pack"**

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(DJ Paul) Talking

AUUUUUU!! Wolfpack, GET DOWN BITCH!
GET ON THE MUTHA FUCKIN GROUND HOE!
HYPNOTIZE GOT DAMN POSSE IN YO HOUSE BITCH!
Gangsta Boo, Crunchy Blac, Lord Infamous, DJ Paul, Juicy
J, La Chat
and my new nigga Frayser Boy!

(Gangsta Boo)

Hypnotize Camp bitch, step into this mask
Get yo ass fucked up bitch, 44 blast
And u lemons lookin at me hard
Gangsta B. assasin gonna catch a fuckin murder
charge
Fuckin wit you niggas
Mutha fuckas wit that hoe shit
Circulatin gossip bout the lady, whats the bizness bitch
If u really got a problem then let my niggas know
How you gonna handle that? the wrath of a killer hoe

(Crunchy Blac)

Make the wrong move and body's get bruised
Talk to much fool, and I duct tape you
Act a damn fool and get treated like a fool
What did I do to get stuck in these shoes
Ooooh the fuck? oooh!!! when ya see me come thru
Lock and fuckin load, when I pop at you
Do the damn thing, nigga do what you do
Aint no attitude I'm just being like you

(Frayser Boy)

I'm knockin down you niggas doors
Fuckin all you niggas hoes
Get out the way Im throwin bows
A nigga hurt, dont stop no show
Straight out the Bay a nigga real
Dont try to fake the fuckin deal
All my dogs I know is trill
I'm out here tryna get a meal
Fuckin wit that Hypnotize
I can see it in yo eyes

Frayser Boy it aint no lie
You can kiss yo ass goodbye
I been branded as HCP
Niggas dont u fuck wit me
Just like the Sun bringin heat run up nigga u gone see
bitch

(Lord Infamous)
Lords the horrid
Very morbid
Chainsaw roaring
Niggas blood is pouring
Arts of war
I invented the torment
44 gat, all the slugs are swarming
Your the target, hope u can absorb it
My mortuary's got plenty of storage
I got some shit that launch yo ass into orbit
Close the casket
Orbituary poetry

(DJ Paul)
Now Ima break it down for ya since you bitches dont
know
Just because u signed wit select-o, you aint a CEO
Ya gotta sell some records first, thats part of the plan
Lets try to see if you can get more than 20,000 on
sound scan
You wack ass bitches what ya playin wit this cheese
Ya need to get up on 80 G's and hollar at me
Thats the discounted price for a Hypnotize beat
On my wall I got some Golds and I got some PTs
I bet u knew dat Bitch

(Juicy J)
I'm from the hood
I aint no good
Wit 20 niggas deep
We rollin lac wood
You cant faze me
You do amaze me
You say u on top
So why u hate me
You muggin u starin
But I aint carin
Or is it my watch
The platinum the carats
But why u wanna do
What grown folks do
Like go to house of dubbs
And purchase 22's

(La Chat)
I'm puttin the city on lock
I'm finna load up them glocks
I'm gonna blow up ya spot
When ya run ya get popped
Loaded strapped up wit gats
But you cant kill of a mack
You done fucked up ya know dat
I hope you watchin yo back
I gave you props a great bitch
Them killers give me yo shit
La Chat gone blow off yo wig
Why you keep crossin yo nig
I hope ya ready for war
Aint got no time for ya boys
Mayn I got somethin in store
Ya need to play wit ya whore
I get together the tone
Pull up in front of ya home
Ya betta know that its on
That woman shoot up ya dome
Since ya wanna be a killer
Heres ya chance ya nigga
Lets see do u got the liver
To pull ya gun and the trigga
Alot of bitches hate Chat
But I aint fucked up bout dat
Ya wanna get off some anna
Shit!!! ya know where I'm at
But then ya know how I roll
Ya bitches know what I'm bout
Aint no discussions wit me
I put my foot in yo mouth

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