

Allman Brothers Band

"Bay Area Massacre"

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It's the Bayside (Massacre)
The Bayside (Massacre) On and on and on (Repeat 2x)

[Mr. III]
I was missing from my christening
Chewing on my writing pen persuing the enlightenment
To tighten nitwit game and lighten dim lit brains
The Rebirth, shit, I'm off the hook now
You see dirt through these terse, you will get shook pal
But look how children, be on some other shit
When the brother split, he coming back double grip
Bubble fit (Now) Bola (How?) Up off that cola
(Wow) Yo I done told ya (Blow) His life is over
Treachery is out to get with me, mental telepathy is
saving me
I wear it like a badge of bravery, for safe haven see
Cause the grave in me calling me, but I ain't falling, G
They come in walls of three, I let 'em all have heat
I'm a let you know, check your testicles
Bet you're skeptical, with the letting go and wet you
slow
And your ho, she gets some too, see your crew get run
through
For you to undo, is like a llama learning kung fu
Drama's what I run you, mama's what you'll run to
I'm a go on and dump you and make you something to
slum to
Chump you forgot to ask him, I got that platinum
Jump you, I bag and burn him, and bad ones learn from
Desert tongues get stripped out, if you gonna jump
ship shout
You flipped out, then get clout, but that's not what this
shit's bout
You salting my name, halting my fame, faulting my
game
Niggas know I bring assault like the same

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[Rappin' Ron]

Fuck you bitch, I fish to fuck you quick
And what you get, is no props, I'm blowing up your
whole block
It don't stop, I'm on top of this going down
Nigga peep Ron flow, the lawn mower's mowing now
And nigga I'm about to cut your grass
Smash the gas, hit the block, adjust the mask and bust
your ass
Fuck the past, focus on the present tense
With president and no paraphenalia or evidence
I'm heaven-sent but never repent so I won't make it
back
But if I go tell, fuck it, I might as well take a strap
As I bail through hell's deepest dungeon
I plunge in the fire pit, to see if I die quick
Or if I get ressurected and reincarnated
And when motherfuckers look to check, double R made
it
Rappin' Ron, sending busters to trapping john
Blowing up so much shit niggas swore that I just got
back from Nam
Bombs drop when Ron cocks nine glocks
And when the time's hot my nine pops non-stop
So nigga why not bust a shot and leave fools dead
Cause fool I got chops and glocks in my toolshed
Who said that you fled and Ron never stomped ya?
Nigga, I'm a monster, you know Ron can conquer
I'm the rawest flawless, Diddley Dog is the tallest
And I'm the shortest, but notice that I flow this
You're bogus, you can't get me, hit me or fuck with me
The shit be bumping, it's just me and Ant Diddley
Dumping, pumping, swelling fools' heads like a
pumpkin
And my assumption is that you'll be shorter than a
munchkin
The rhyme carrier, breaking the barrier and blasting ya
And dogging you like a terrier on the Bay Area
Massacre

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[Gangsta P]
Meet this gangsta nigga worser than Charles Manson
AK in my motherfucking hand, I'm demanding
Niggas who grab the mic and perpetrate this rap
game, time to dust ya
SNV soldier firm like they should've told ya, now it's
slaughter
Triple-6 thoughts got me caught up like Anita in the
rapture

When I capture, ain't no escaping you bastards
Bow down to the devil taker, bodybag zipper creep
Made can't another nigga fade a
Flow like I flow, eastside O
Homicidal face-to-face, do you like 'em detrimental?
Flipping the script on my own shit
Disrespecting, you going to feel 50 from this fucking
clip, bitch
Pray for holy water cause I gotcha
On this Bay Area massacre

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[Ant Banks]
I get around like a carousel
So ain't no motherfucker similar, equal, or either
parallel
It's no equivalent, so nigga don't be ignorant
But different, cause what the nigga meant was
insignificant
A ligament is what I'm finna breaking then I wake is
what I hit em with
I make the nigga shake then penetrate
And yeah I did the shit, for all you suckers and cluckers
And motherfuckers causing ruckus, and bustas who
think they hustlers
What's this world coming to? Crews is what I'm running
through
You're tumbling, wondering, what the fuck I done to
you
Cause one or two, I'm coming through, three or four,
we can throw
But five six seven and eight, you gonna go to hell and
wait
Until I get there, shit yeah, then it's gonna be on
Catch the homies come then he gone, if he would have
only known
I ain't to be fucked with, nigga I'm willing to buck shit
Them niggas be rushing and bucking
I still be ducking and fucking 'em up quick

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[Jock]
Big fat dick out to you side busting, ho trusting ass
motherfuckers out there, you know what I'm saying?
Us East Bay niggas ain't trusting no hoes
Before we trust a bitch we suck 1000 clapping dicks
and swim through liquid shit

A bitch ain't nothing but a sympathetic wreck
All she fall to the toilet and break her motherfucking
neck
Bitch, back on up and recognize young Jock for the 95
or 96
Coming dope for my nigga Ant Banks, you know what
I'm saying?
He ain't bullshitting with you motherfuckers out here
115 Subrandy Park til I die, bitch

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