

MC Hawking

"All My Shootings Be Drivebys"

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[Trash Talk]

Ah yeah, that's right motherfuckers!
I'm back riding a funky track.
I got a story to tell you all,
So listen up!
Yo! Trip on this!

[Verse 1]

I'm rolling through the hood on a Saturday night,
got a 40 in my left hand, my dick in my right,
some chronic in my lap, a pager in my cap,
and a 9 millimeter in the small of my back.
I'm just chilling no place to be,
I take another pull off my 40 z.
I'm thinking 'bout spinning a fat ass tree,
a B to the L to the U-N-T.

Then I get a call on my dope cell phone,
check the caller ID, what up homes?
Yo, it's the Doom and his news ain't good:
"little Pookie got capped last night in the hood."
I feel like the world is fading away,
I saw Little Pookie just the other day.
Pookie was my boy we shared Kool-aid in the park,
now some punks took his life in the dark.

I ask Doomsday who the motherfuckers be,
"some punk ass bitches from MIT."
The fucking Institute, man I should've known,
I say meet me at my crib and hang up the phone.
Playtimes over I got a job to do,
and the world will be less crowded by the time I'm
through,
and I'll keep rolling while bullets fly,
cause all my shootings be drivebys.

[Verse 2]

One minute to midnight we hit the street,
cold as a cadaver, hard as concrete.
Doomsday's packing a baby Mac,
got my AK-47 and the nine in my back.

The Alpine's glowing, P-E's flowing,
got my swerve on tight and my game face showing.
Them damn punks are gonna pay,
the Hawks on the case a bird of prey.

Then up ahead cold chilling in the street,
six motherfuckers from MIT.
I flick off the safety, check my grip,
and load a dum-dum clip.
I glance at the Doom to make sure he's packed,
his fingers on the trigger of his baby Mac.
Time to give a Newtonian demonstration,
of a bullet its mass and its acceleration.

Nine on my lap AK in my hand,
I roll up slow like a snake in the sand.
I wait till I'm sure they can see my face,
then I bust out slugs to the beat of the bass.
The streets sketched out in the full moon light,
MIT punks dying left and right.
There's nowhere to run don't even try,
cause all my shootings be drivebys.

[Verse 3]

Then silence hits the street like a bomb,
an eerie calm like the eye of storm.
Beneath the glow of an old street light,
dead MIT punks be the only sight.
6 motherfuckers no longer alive,
and Pookie's been avenged 1 for 1 plus 5,
and we'll be long gone 'fore the cops arrive,
'cause all my shootin's be, Drivebys.

[Trash Talk]

Ah yeah! I'm busting more shit than an incontinent man
at a chili cook-off!
The moral of the story is:
Don't fuck with the Hawkman, 'cause the Hawkman ain't
down with that eye for an eye bullshit.
Fuck that! You take an eye and I'll take your
motherfucking head!

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