

K-Rino**"Call Um Out"**

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(K-Rino talking) Yeeeah! We gon send this one out, to all these scared to death negros in the streets, in the suites, at yo job, under their own roof hiding under covers, grown men wearing panties in their own house! Listen, listen... Â (K-Rino) What's your purpose in the game? fool let's get things straight All you ever brought to the table was a fork and a plate How we gon elevate? throat cutting never decrease You steady tryna start war I'm tryna delegate peace We tryna mash up in these streets you road blocking the grind I'm tryna stop boys from doing dope you steady supplying Trusting dead hopeless wounded bad and fake inside Love is on life support and happiness got murdered for smiling We loving G that's why you give em words that don't benefit them We tryna stay away from the police you chopping game with em (snitch!) Making money and live good is the general consistence We the hater's terminators if you ain't with us you against us Â Hook When the haters in the game start mentioning yo name Throwing dirt telling lies tryna knock you out the frame Call um out! Don't be playing around with em' Call um out! Don't be staying down with em' Â (K-Rino) What the hell is you a sensitive thug? I would give you a hug but I prefer a 38 slug To the side of yo skull and open up a circular plug And let the contents of yo mug spill all over the rug You talk a lot of gangsta talk but weak as your athiest I can detect hating and fakeness from a 90 mile radius They used to say the devil made them do it no shame But boys is coming up with things now that the devil won't claim I'm from the hood where murders get ignored and folks get framed When the streets talk better hope that they don't mention yo name And if you doing dirt then do it by yourself no crew So if you get caught can't nobody tell on you but YOU.. Â Hook Â (K-Rino) Call um out when they killing the mood When you tryna feed the family but they hogging the food If somebody disrespect you or play with your cash Do they ass like a sound system and put em' on blast All that fronting that they do is affecting you And if your PREACHER is a hypocrite then check him too Don't let these vipers throw you off track and

twist upÂ the facts Talking behind your back about
business you tryna transact And rule #1 in the Real
Player Handbook If you don't stand up for your's then
you deserved to get it took And it'sÂ an eye for an eye,
a lick for a lick And a life for a life, and haters they die
quick You punked out when it wasÂ time to face up to
the powers And got physically devoured cuz even God
hates a coward There your tongue cuz you ain't know
what being real is about You gon die anyway you might
as well call um out... Â Hook

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