

## **Bläck Föös**

### **"Wreckgonize"**

Visit "[Wreckgonize](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Black Rob]

Yo all I do is drop lethal, yall know my peo-ple  
Verbally it's a massacre  
I'm sharper then shanks up in Attica  
Choke them lethally till he suffocate  
Lifeless but step into this shit that's priceless  
I cut the life force, now I'm on the right course  
I stifle, those that pop shit but carry rifle, triflin  
Yet I'm wise, every murder's organized  
It's premeditated so brothers recognize  
No escapin the hell-a-coust, pay your toll, come across  
And watch me test my burner on a horse  
Hom-i-ci-dal, I used the vital when I step to suck-a-cidal  
It all balls down to my recital  
No time to waste, fill the bass I got ya head in the  
suitcase  
Smilin while I'm look at ya dead face  
The cause of death still remains a mystery it's a pity  
They caught me cause the source had to flicker me  
Not at all tops the shame, no external no blood stains  
Sharp objects to pierce the brain  
I got enough dope for your veins and restrain  
Hand cuffs and chains nuthin but pain

[Chorus Yogi]

Nigga, you better Wreckgonize  
You bett-er, Wreck-gon-nize  
Nigga, you better Wreckgonize  
Nigga, you better Wreckgonize, nigga

[Yogi]

Car-los, the base head, is lurkin (lurkin)  
Askin for change nigga constantly urkin  
Ms. Elizabeth callin out the win-dow to her husband Joe  
Nigga died a year ago  
And every day's the 4th of July with the sparks in the  
sky  
Aimin at the Gods as we get high, what's your  
pleasure?  
Sippin on the booze and the Cru's smoke the blunts  
The whole blunt, nuthin but the blunt

But the O heads in the pro-jects, hit the he-ron  
Dozin off in front of liquor stores through a p-long  
Don't know how to act, Sister Eve go to church  
But she still smoke the cracks, praise to the lord, doin  
bad  
Spanish kids across the bridge popin on that nes tabs  
Go to the bar drop the "yay-yo"  
Sniffin with the lows, all red lookin feyo  
And the ledge round the way, Yogi still smokes dust  
Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice-Be, Beetlejuice, Beetlejuice)  
I guess that lesson wasn't delivered  
When Chip and Elah took that long walk in the river  
Fuck a 95, we got the 9 2-5's, 3 8-10, 2 4-4's  
Make a nigga hesitate  
That's if you don't know the date

[Chrous]

[Chadio]

In actuality violence is my reality  
Some tend to talk me but to them it's just a fallacy  
True lies, you kick your stories on the street  
Now it's true, listened twisted up and say it was you  
But me, I'm representin while my peeps puff herb,  
superb  
Dropin bombs like a Boznian, Serb's my word  
It gets no deeper, I bet the Grim Reaper  
While layin on my chest wish-in I had worn a vest  
Now don't ask why just Wreckgonize my demise  
Runnin from 4-5's spark the drive-by's  
Long hot days in July, the blood dries  
And the kid that didn't run is the kid who dies  
The body states of America filled with lies  
Shorties runin and gunin in front of God's eye  
It ain't no surprise that the brain just fries  
Due to excessive use of the get highs  
And I'm that same nigga drinkin Mi-tie  
And we can't kick out habits no matter how man-y tries  
Living amongst the new world, doin despise  
Guys that don't give a fuck the just chastise  
But I rise, see my mind's too wise  
Catchin bodies with chip-a-bodies I have no ties  
Hittin home runs while you hit pop flies  
Don't mind the size nigga just Wreckgonize

[Chorus 2X]

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

