

Blümchen Feat. Yta Farrow**"2 Bogus"**

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[Hook:] X 4

We bogus bogus and mafia!
Say what?

[Never]

Stand tall when this shit jump off
Better back back down
Got a wild wolf pack attack
We'll body snatch em, crack em
Detach and smack em
Run from the gun finna have you some
Spin em around ready to drown em
Missin arm leg leg arm head they found em stankin
Cuz he wasn't ready for the wild gankin
Blindfold execution style
Certified straight lunatic bucked
Cook County bounty rowdy better be audi
Bangers fulla anger, step into my chamber
Oh I'm finna hang ya, rodeo ranglers
Ride, east coast west coast
In the middle, down south, 2 bogus
Hypnotized Minds with the Conflict bumpin
Your trunk and we steady dumpin

[Crunchy Black?]

It's a motherfuckin stick up
Giddy your shit up
Three 6 finna tear the motherfuckin club up
Crucial Conflict, click I roll with
Better get a bitch, war and straight gun up
Gimme that money, ain't shit funny
Fuckin with a motherfuckin nigga from down south
Nigga think I'm ?tray? hoe I ain't ?tray?
Find this gun in your motherfuckin mouth, test me baby
If you think I'm playin, proof test me baby
If you know what I'm sayin
Got a couple motherfuckin niggas over here prayin
Got a couple motherfuckin niggas over here layin
Face down in the ground hopin dead they live
You ain't Mafia, you don't know the deal
Representin Memphis to the fullest and I got my gat

But it ain't where you from it's where you at
I'm in the golden, nigga

[Hook] X 4

[Coldhard]

Well if your city's hardest
Man have you seen the lives I feel that I have lived
before
Paid to do my same life
Hopin I don't get dropped bogus for nothin I do
Smoke Hay like them playas back in the 50's, it's a new
We in the cell too
We could get clink claks and thousand suits
Lizard boots, a ring or two
How you move to the blue, how you call us crew
Fool, be cool what's cool, you snooze you lose
Me and my down south niggas rule
Fuck the other nigga, we pay dues too

[Juicy J]

This goes out to all my niggas
Flippin cheese and countin figures
Put your boy up in the picture
Knowin I wanna be down with ya
Memphis niggas, Chi-Town niggas
Clicked up like notorious killas
Never focused, always bogus
Blunts and guns is all we totin
Constantly rollin, constantly rollin
Tight on white but weed I'm smokin
Every corner playas postin
Eyes are red from dope we chokin
All your hoes they blowin kisses
Pay attention to our pimpin
Flict, Nino, and the Juice
We tear the club up thugs and bitches

[Kilo]

Bone solid! Cuz papa was a rolling stone
Gotta get em on and it's on but in the terror zone
Havin visions of glistens my posse ridin
Dippin in my stridin
Never slippin, just slidin, canivin
Bogus bogus nigga hopeful
Got that mossberg
Send the word, Kilo
Not because the mac spittin potent dope
And this overdose, comatose
We gon rush and drain your mind
It's a Conflict in the ghetto

And we livin in crucial times

[Hook] X 4

[Lord Infamous]

Scarecrow is frozen, not frozen and cold
We the cold terrorists, we have entered this city
Chicago
Crucial the Conflict the Memphis streets is
Now you niggas know you can't break (..?..)
I'ma let this mob take off
Won't stop until I knock it off
The left fill it up till it wet and erupt
Erupt like muggin my type busta
Come get up in the middle of an inner city riddle
Wanna fill a figure up, and not just a little
Feel my force, of course you're hoarse
From the rusty point of Scarecrow's sickle
Stabbin up through the ?vouches?
Lord Infamous shock absorbin
I'm squishin like project roaches
Cuz we be the niggas 2 bogus 2 bogus

[Wildstyle]

Smile for the bullhorn the alarm to run
Gun got me so gone hit em son
We the number one young gun
Hold em up or fold em up son no love for none
Run up and get done punk
Hit em up jump straight bucked
When it dump it come bullet'll thump ya junk
It's on fool pull the wrong move
And soon lose ya like Lucifer
In the middle make a fool of ya
Ruin ya nigga choose and get abused ya crushed
Huh? Where ya nuts son?
I got Chicago straight Chicago
98 shit figured up on John Doe
In the roll no flow peepin at all
Close to coast close to crawl
Bump em all, put em in shock
Cuz ya can't walk or walk
If ya know who the boss, pack it up
Ya lost, say what?

[Hook] (till fade)

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