

Blackrob

"Drama"

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[Wild Son talking]

Yea yea

Wild Son, Wilson Ave

Shades of Brooklyn motherfuckers

Beatminerz, check this shit out here

Check it..

[Wild Son]

Columbus thought the earth was flat

I copped the map, to navigate on track

Reproussions don't buy Black - false allegations

I rush through nations like some Haitians

Since my incubation I been destined for this paper

Timbs scraper, fly shape up, got my weight up

Laugh at haters, smack 'em now, kill 'em later

Small Soldiers, action figures in motion pictures

You read off scripts, and for the feds gave tips

Icebergs sank ships, Shades load up clips

Cock back the four-fifths then continue to spit {*two
gunshots*}

Blow ya neck off, ya specs lost, respect black to the
boss

Get those hands chopped off, for thinkin I'm soft

I'm quite well of course - many feet with this rhyme
technique

Beat off the heat with an ear to the streets nigga

Word life motherfucker

Wilson Ave, handcock, Wild Son motherfuckers

[Wilson Ave]

Now you know what type of shit I'm on

I feed on the broke, the poor, and the weak-n-sore

I defeated all these tribes and the gangs

I'm that number one killa, DRAMA!

[Wild Son]

Y'all niggas can't fuck with this

Black mongol slave, Pastor Gray,

low c's and no feds, it's time to get paid

Hold the hand grenade with the pin in my mouth -
issued army

So when you come to get me kill off everybody
Escaped from a trapped room, my hood is Beirut
The buds recruit, while all the guards, crackers was
true
Good health and wealth, for cheddar cheese as green
as dough melt
Some cried some died from the pain that's felt
Why fight? Why fuss? That's what they want from us
But if it's love that's lost, then there's no more trust
With that fake love, that cause to get your brain
straight plugged
Gun held snubbed, seen your fams and gave 'em a
hug
Did I see you? Nah, I wouldn't wanna be 'em
Sort as wounds treat 'em - deep in foundation
Best believe that's how I leave 'em

[Wilson Ave]

Ain't no cure for this - what I suffer from is mentally
I got drama with one, drama with these hoes
Shit I even got drama with this finger
And I'ma damn sure die with it, forever havin drama
Since birth I've seen it everywhere
New York, Houston, St. Louis, even Kansas City
What cha'll know about that

[Wild Son]

Competition, there is none, fuck with Black and get
done
Pack guns, gat-lers, rockin all the latest fashions
You gotta love me, for being young, black, and hungry
Considered ugly, but since this money wanted to plug
me
I keep it humble, speak to myself so call me Mumbles
Move some Buddu's, until the deez rush through
Or maybe touch you, cats wanted two from the crew
This shit is tense, you out the fence, you even lost one
shoe
Ran a marathon even though the cops ass won
Shit was on, rapper we get it be gone
Meet you at the stash crib, twelve blocks from where
you live
Don't say shit, even turn your wife and your kids
Daddy's on the run now, all alone with low reprise
No cries now, the way a real nigga gets down
Facin death, stealin somebody's life's called theft
Black know's best, this even go's for the opposite sex
No regrets, I did what I did, ah from the whip
Kids think sick, pack big shit, extended clips
Motherfuckers, yea yea
Get it all, bring it on what

[Wilson Ave]

There's three types of drama
One that gives drama, one that recieves drama
And one that watches drama
Sometimes the outcome you wouldn't believe
Don't sit there and front like you never felt it
Maybe just that the wrong nigga sent it
So when you find yourself afraid, frightened
Fearin for your life, pray I'm not after you
DRAMA!

[Wild Son]

Motherfucker, Shades of Brooklyn
Ya get caught, get'cha motherfuckin life taken
Bitch ass niggas, Wild Son, Wilson Ave
You handcock homo, we hand water and rocks nigga
Sharper Side on the beats, ya heard
Serious up in here..

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