

## The Bunny The Bear "Wolf Pack"

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(DJ Paul) Talking  
AUUUUUU!! Wolfpack, GET DOWN BITCH!  
GET ON THE MUTHA FUCKIN GROUND HOE!  
HYPNOTIZE GOT DAMN POSSE IN YO HOUSE BITCH!  
Gangsta Boo, Crunchy Blac, Lord Infamous, DJ Paul, Juicy  
J, La Chat  
And my new nigga Frayser Boy!

(Gangsta Boo)  
Hypnotize Camp bitch, step into this mask  
Get yo ass fucked up bitch, 44 blast  
And u lemons lookin at me hard  
Gangsta B. assasin gonna catch a fuckin murder  
charge  
Fuckin wit you niggas  
Mutha fuckas wit that hoe shit  
Circulatin gossip bout the lady, what's the bizness bitch  
If u really got a problem then let my niggas know  
How you gonna handle that? the wrath of a killer hoe

(Crunchy Blac)  
Make the wrong move and body's get bruised  
Talk to much fool, and I duct tape you  
Act a damn fool and get treated like a fool  
What did I do to get stuck in these shoes  
Ooooh the fuck? oooh!!! when ya see me come thru  
Lock and fuckin load, when I pop at you  
Do the damn thing, nigga do what you do  
Aint no attitude I'm just being like you

(Frayser Boy)  
I'm knockin down you niggas doors  
Fuckin all you niggas hoes  
Get out the way Im throwin bows  
A nigga hurt, don't stop no show  
Straight out the Bay a nigga real  
Don't try to fake the fuckin deal  
All my dogs I know is trill  
I'm out here tryna get a meal  
Fuckin wit that Hypnotize  
I can see it in yo eyes

Frayser Boy it aint no lie  
You can kiss yo ass goodbye  
I been branded as HCP  
Niggas don't u fuck wit me  
Just like the Sun bringin heat run up nigga u gone see  
bitch

(Lord Infamous)  
Lords the horrid  
Very morbid  
Chainsaw roaring  
Niggas blood is pouring  
Arts of war  
I invented the torment  
44 gat, all the slugs are swarming  
Your the target, hope u can absorb it  
My mortuary's got plenty of storage  
I got some shit that launch yo ass into orbit  
Close the casket  
Orbituary poetry

(DJ Paul)  
Now Ima break it down for ya since you bitches don't  
know  
Just because u signed wit select-o, you aint a CEO  
Ya gotta sell some records first, that's part of the plan  
Lets try to see if you can get more than 20,000 on  
sound scan  
You wack ass bitches what ya playin wit this cheese  
Ya need to get up on 80 G's and hollar at me  
That's the discounted price for a Hypnotize beat  
On my wall I got some Golds and I got some PTs  
I bet u knew dat Bitch

(Juicy J)  
I'm from the hood  
I aint no good  
Wit 20 niggas deep  
We rollin lac wood  
You can't faze me  
You do amaze me  
You say u on top  
So why u hate me  
You muggin u starin  
But I aint carin  
Or is it my watch  
The platinum the carats  
But why u wanna do  
What grown folks do  
Like go to house of dubbs  
And purchase 22's

(La Chat)  
I'm puttin the city on lock  
I'm finna load up them glocks  
I'm gonna blow up ya spot  
When ya run ya get popped  
Loaded strapped up wit gats  
But you can't kill of a mack  
You done fucked up ya know dat  
I hope you watchin yo back  
I gave you props a great bitch  
Them killers give me yo shit  
La Chat gone blow off yo wig  
Why you keep crossin yo nig  
I hope ya ready for war  
Aint got no time for ya boys  
Mayn I got somethin in store  
Ya need to play wit ya whore  
I get together the tone  
Pull up in front of ya home  
Ya betta know that it's on  
That woman shoot up ya dome  
Since ya wanna be a killer  
Heres ya chance ya nigga  
Lets see do u got the liver  
To pull ya gun and the trigga  
Alot of bitches hate Chat  
But I aint fucked up bout dat  
Ya wanna get off some anna  
Shit!!! ya know where I'm at  
But then ya know how I roll  
Ya bitches know what I'm bout  
Aint no discussions wit me  
I put my foot in yo mouth

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