

Tragedy Khadafi

"Ryder Musik"

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2-5!!!!!!!!!!!! GQ Beats!!!! Yeah Christ Castro 2-5 foreva,
the Army, yeah Hood father shit, bow down niggas
Bitch ass niggas [Tragedy Khadafi] Yo, yo, yo I got
bitches and live niggas that's willing to hustle Master
the pressure game putting down my muscle Write that
inadvertent crime shit my .9 spit Reach for my neck and
my wrist and swim wit the fish Serve niggas shells wit a
helluva disc Specialist wit the briefcase cuffed to my
wrist Like Collateral knocking cowards off my list Got
guns to splatter you and just shatter your ribs Bloody
your crib, ice pick your wife and kids Can't live like a
snitch wit a lifeless bid Follow me I'll show you where
life isn't a Bridge I'm the Reaper wit the heater and
your soul is mine Meaning it's his allow me to define
what that is That means no mo' rhyming, no mo'
grinding No mo' hundred thou chain laced wit
diamonds 2-5 we back nigga reemerge the block Have
me write my rhymes all over your back wit an ox
(Chorus) Tragedy 2x This is Ryder Musik everybody get
touched Pop their top, split their back open like a dutch
That means no mo' rhyming, no mo' grinding No mo'
hundred thou chain laced wit diamonds [Tragedy
Khadafi] Yo, yo You ain't neva lived this life you just
playing the part This is an art; I don't write I recite from
the heart 3 to 9 locked in the box which sets in the dark
Under the dirt them dumb-dumbs tore 'em apart For
my niggas on paper reporting once a month PO's ova
their shoulder while they pissing in the cup Double-
nickel AMG that AR Mag Bloody money hundred thou
nigga brown paper bag You stunting like you gangsta
but laced in thong And this is when I'm at my best when
the pressure is on Consecutive life sentences what I do
to the song It's like what the Government did to Bobby
Seale Like what the FEDs did to Preme and Murder Inc
it's real 2-5 Black Militia bandana in arms Spit it like the
Rise N Fall of Nicholas Barnes Run wit ridiculous killaz
conspicuous cons Mahdi is the bomb I'ma lickerish don
Spit lines that illustrate the realest crimes My mind is
designed to write two rhymes at a time Twin Teks on
the set, two nickel plated .9's Two hooks you on the
sidewalk wit both in your spine The illest alive, 2-5

putting that work When I die be the illest nigga put on
the Earth (Chorus) Tragedy 2x [Tragedy Khadafi] Yo,
yo, fuck the law Pedal to the floor, high speed chases
Till I die or locked in the box wit steel bracelets Open
cases I'm the opposite what amazes Satellites in orbit,
me and my G's is lawless Watching us from outta
space moving that raw shit Rose color gold canary
diamond is flawless Stunt till I put the .9 nickel gleam in
your back Or the Mac in a green lines on that machine
go flat Like the plate of backwooders assortment of
cognac Niggas bow down to my feet call me Don Black
In fact black hands, black gloves and black mask React
fast 'fore I dump a clip in your black ass (Chorus)
Tragedy 2x

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