

Ganglians

"Scared Of Me"

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Hook (2x):

I, I, I think they scared of me [call the police...]

I, I, I think they scared of me [call the police...]

I think they scared of me [call the police...]

[Call the police and tell them watch your back]

I think they scared of me

[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Shit walkin' through some razor blades, JB help me find
my way

Taylor B done slipped and made a poet wid a babyface
Mastermind wid plenty game, shattered wid no sinners
man

Campin' lyrical out the deal just waitin' on some money
man

Screeler check my afterburn, shit I just had an ooze
Made a quick manoeuvre to enhance the dance I'm
used to do

Split up all your fuckin' word, cut dem from all in your
back

Platinum on my stat and trimmin' joanin' diamonds
Gangsta Blac

K-C-D we're P-A-D, K-C I think it's over wit

Three Six grinnin' tap it up an artifact of rockin' shit
Hate this shit, slap this bitch, dis the bitch just like it is
'Quipped wid gamers think they doin' favours tryna
knock a nig

In this for a meal ticket, ain't no time I gotta kick it
But when this is over and I smile you cannot get about,
Whoopin' lookin' thuggin' muggin' trillin' will,
Blast and blastin', if you scared,
Call the police and tell them watch your back

Hook (2x)

[Verse 2]

I keep my lyrics clocked on safety down to punish
niggas daily

Down to get off in your shit, bumpin' real hard like
dicks

?How been it? can't fuck wit me, playa a capital P

Light that ass man where's the fire, dangerous wid M-I-
C
Technical diffi-culty, bump me out nigga no please
Pass me some ah that green weed, I show you how
buck I be,
I am the bitch made nigga killa,
I can't stop til I make screeler nigga, go fuck around
nigga,
Cut up sideways deal wid my way nigga rock the town
Stand my ground, romp around, nigga get 'em down,
Easily, we'll agree muh'fuckin' what they said
Bloody red from your head, yeh I think they scared
Nigga you scared cause when I blast your whole team
fled
Me and my niggas and glocks gon' leave your body
soakin' wet,
Kick, in, the, door, wit the 4-4,
Terrified when I creep, from, the back hoe

[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]

Kickin' down doors, peelin' wood up out the floor
Doin' shows and fuckin' hoes, Taylor Babies and some
Mo
Father figure for a nigga daddy had to lay them low
Clearly pushin' information like they hatin' on that joan
Mentally I say disturb, troubled brain in this man
I ain't out to please, nah motherfucka in this game
Just a fact and not a act, fuck wit claimin' but do you,
Do the same chain gang, know my name, through and
through
Mr.Blac, on a mission takin' time, droppin' rhyme
Thumpin' bumpin' backroom jumpin' sumthin' sumthin'
for your mind
No Versace straight up thug, no Cristal, drink a bub
Like tonight maybe the mic gon' hype and place 'em
where they were
Dreamin' schemin' life ain't right, every word done
miss a beat
Pen and papers once I got them halloweens and trick or
treats
Nigga uhh, nigga what, give a fuck, on tv,
Gimme one, for some terror motherfucker he wid me

Hook (til fade with different scratches and variations)

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