

Isidro

"Red Rum"

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(Billy Bavgate)

I never been a motherfucking caped crusader
Motherfuckers gonna hate me when I hit'em with this
heater
M-O-B, parkadas, fuck milly niggas
You never know when I might roll you up, and smoke
you like a philly
Round Philly I do it till its done
Then I pass on down to my son, red rum
Now this kids get done
Cause livin' in the ghetto, niggas die over a hum bum
My lil' homie lost his life over drugs
Smokin' and Drinkin' with the thugs
And only niggas on the block, show them love
So he don't give a fuck
Hooked wit da colonel til I die
'Till a nigga stick a revolver in my eye
Catchin Bavgate gettin' wet in a drive by
I don't know (buck buck) ask the man in the sky
Red rum when I ride
When I call up the colonel to come and get me
Before them white folks lock me up for a century

Chorus

[Crooked Eye/(Billy Bavgate)]

If you wan't some then come and get some
(Don't make me empty out the 100 round drum nigga)
Red rum x4

(Crooked Eye)

Where we at, (where we at)
Sausa pull his strap if he dump first
But the amature killers didn't know I'm puttin to work
Gave me the reason, committed treason, I wan't his
head
Give me his family's bitch, his dogg, or I'm dead
He's marked my cousin
Came through on a sneak with a hit he bust'em
And Lord knows I loved him

Promise his son, I trust him
Heard his last breath, he said rise from my death
Then he shook and died, punched the cluck before my
very eyes
Tramatized, thats why my head is all fucked up
I can not sleep, until these niggas are locked up
Red rum (red rum), runnin' wit dis 100 round drum
Huntin the niggas, who pulled the trigger on my closest
nigga
Getcha figure, that in this game of pushin coke
It's kill or be killed, its like walking a tight rope
Got it tatted on my arm, nigga, written in blood
I won't rest til I put these niggas head in the mud
Red Rum

(Chorus x4)

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