

Fes Taylor f/ Lot-a-Nerv, Mr. Prezident, T-Bird

"Howl at the Wolves"

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[Chorus 2X: Lot-a-Nerv] As I gaze up at the stars, And
howl up at the moon I've been all around the World I
told em that I'll be back soon [Fes Taylor] Game got my
brain in a choke hold I'm still tryna figure out which way
I should go Just say no, But I say yes to the streets Just
bought some new hammers, That's investing in beef I
can't rest when I sleep, Unless my gun under my pillow
Like the tooth fairy left with some teeth In my jeans plus
my swagger is mean Plus my fitted hat lean like an
outfielder played in a league Couple G's in my pockets
to blow, Corner pocket your hoe Like fast food yeah I
got it to go So I rep that Killa Hill fly shit across the
globe Serve places only bosses go Still climbed to the
top, Took losses though On the edge I was cautious
though It's smooth back to the day that I die Til the
clouds turn grey in the sky motherfuckers [T-Bird] Yo I
got big guns, Big hammers, And little triggers But
them little things turn big men to little bitches Niggas
say I'm nice, But now I'm getting a little vicious Cause
them fake thugs with Milkbone jaws acting like bitches
Niggas act gangsta til them slugs get up in em Then
they real colors show, Snakes start spitting venom Got
the hood flooded, Indictment came by abundance Drug
money's good but don't no good come from it The root
of all people, Bruise all people, Believe in you Life aint
no movie, When you die aint no sequel Sheet over your
face the last time your kid see you Niggas act like they
hard in reality dudes is see through My vision's way
beyond what the eyes can see My niggas is sharing this
vision so they seeing with me See the cars, See the
cribs, And you seeing the dough I John Cena your ass,
You aint seeing this flow nigga [Chorus] [Mr. Prezident]
When yall was tryna learn life I was tryna turn white I
done earned stripes up and down the turnpike Hitting
turns like I'm on the mound pitching It started with the
vision, Just a pistol and the pitch'n Straight from the
body to the South side of Richmond Ducking from the
coppers, Kept cryills in the kitchen I'm in the kitchen,
I'm like listen Patient over the pot like Grandpa fishing
No time for bitching, I be where the cake at Hit you with
assignment, Please have my cake A.S.A.P. I said

A.S.A.P. before I let the K clap Hit em close range so I
can see his face crack Then it's straight back stunt'n on
these old frauds Bring the O.G. boy you more like an
old brawd Ohh Lord, When the heat cock Close range
shot make it sound like the beat box [Lot-a-Nerv] In the
last couple months I heard Lot-a your great My dude
you bout to be a sign you know what you just wait Wait,
You see this chicken getting smaller on my plate See I
lost a little weight and you can see it in my face I'm
hungry, Stress got me depressed and now I'm feeling
upset Cause cash never reset, It ejects As money gets
me hard, I'ma erect You see this, A man understand
that I need sex Like Chinese they need death I'm a wolf
I prey over the weak If it's beef, Cock, Shoot, Blow the
flesh off of his meat It's me, I got a lot of N-E-R-V Play
the U.S. troops, I'll blow a hole through your fleet Yeah,
Yeah nigga come try to Saddam me Youn aint got
enough Contra guns to harm me It's H.R., Top Guns,
And W.P. I said enough subliminals yall aint fucking
with me, Nah [Chorus]

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