

Frukwan

"Enough"

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[Chorus 2X: Frukwan]

Yo, enough's enough

Yo yo, yo, I'm rough enough

Yo check it, yo, ain't done enough, betta believe dat

Yo, can't help enough, yo what the fuck?

[Frukwan]

Break fool, crack you for robs

Unless your crew's, adding on to the pot, never known
to stop

I flip the vendetta, scores are armageddon

And Armaretta sour, when I possess the power

Spend time with my rhyme like I do with my wiz

While you brothers locked up, I be teachin ya kids

Crippld individuals, with critical errors

Grab a hand for the evil, then vert it to right

And triple darkness, I got to bring fourth the light

Sweat the architecht, and you bound to get crushed

Full contact nigga, this ain't two hand touch

Spot the ball, Frukwan ready to brawl

One for all, brother try to take what I got

Raid my spot, pull with that platinum ball

How you feel when your corn hold label your coat

I sink your boat, lyrically, I slash your throat

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

For sure, bet you wake up, bang up the tunes

For you, the mic is in my twenty one gun salute

Got a Lex in my laranex, custom skins

Melon trims, honey wanna ride my 20 inch rims

It's the pole chain breaker, the dart freight raider

Detonator zero, peep the unsung hero

My torch never dim, true indeed

Still drop degrees, still a threat like a rare disease

Verbal in the black slit, Medina walk it barefoot

Leavin' steps of blood for brothers that I love

Astrogen, see the el capiten, may ask you when

Strip a couple aspirins, track record

Rough slaps thrown your writs

Brothers swim in kiddie pools while I dive off cliffs
The mad ill thinker, the heavy hitter
Back splitter, Medina track ripper
Attackin' the track quicker

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

When impact react, with the chrome of steel
I peels to smoke the fields get ill for real, blaze the
track
Labeled as a full time ready to pump rhyme sudden
I smoke from the oven, rap skill
Desert shield crash the wheel
You be lucky if I'm list, cause I aim to kill *sirens* (Yo,
ahh!)
Fuck a road block, never a full stop
You wanna cock block, this nigga, your chance is slim
From the streets where the heat reach a hundred and
ten
There we since, rise with the blunts and stunts
Fossils drop, are better then the graves of rock
Elements and stock, laid do it
In disguard, fourty five, put my big black Cuban cigar
Shade Allah, mothafuckin' change at the shift
For the few line hits that can fuck with this

[Chorus 4X]

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