

## Garber Josh

### "Lifted"

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[Mr. Lucci]

See recongize my niggaz we pullin triggas & knockin  
em off  
when a nigga talkin the south  
44's steady droppin em off  
we makin sho that we aint takin no loss  
and for them niggaz who keep on comin across  
they cant fade wit a nigga I pause  
the ass and leg arm and head  
I rush a nigga like a swarm of fed pencil whoopin til my  
palms is red  
place bombs in beds the bitch niggaz who gone be  
scared  
fuck the dumb shit I'm gone numb shit  
in some red rum shit  
wit my crook niggaz  
all these niggaz talkin nonsense while my drum click is  
unconciuous  
for now own many functions  
when I get the punchin stopmin wigsplit slug hittin  
in a rythum I aint spittin and I aint quittin betta get the  
gettin  
cuz I aint kiddin  
im heatin like a mitten in every thing I'm dealin  
im sendin a message to hoes everytime the hoes come  
you get it crooked  
you fuckin with a crook who be off the hook  
and I dont believe you dont wanna watch me cook  
now gone take a look and freeze  
yeah I'm the nigga that cheese  
all up on the streets  
where you be I be in a matter of three lookin for beef  
blazin a b while I'm holdin my peeps  
you betta call the priest  
that I done siezed the lease  
99 percent of each head nigga I reach  
when I sweep my d deep  
knockin out teeth  
for releasing the beat  
now gone keep me off the leash  
i make everybody say please including the police

I dropped my hinniee you find it up on the beach  
been gone for four weeks dont wake him up he sleep  
another mystery performed by lucci

Chorus 2x:

Nigga we stay lifted  
all yal niggaz in the bitch betta run from us  
nigga we stay twisted  
all yal niggaz in the bitch wit them guns that bust  
you nigga cant hold us  
all yal niggaz in the bitch betta duck and hide  
crook niggaz throw bouldas  
all yal niggaz in the bitch who love to ride

[Mr. Pookie]

this goes out to all my hoes knockin down doors  
nigga tried to fade a crook came up short  
playa let that be a lesson to you and a blessin to you  
don't you ever try that shit no mo  
and restrain your ho because I refused the bitch  
you betta come again and I'm gone smooth the tip  
guess you nigga gotta get used to this  
comin around finna smother you niggaz  
like a fat bam boos ya bitch you all new to this  
now tell me what the hell was the front for  
matta fact I dont give a got damn fuck you  
and the punk ass label that you out for  
you nigga never get a rap quote  
less known tryin test your minds with a crook playa  
right here  
test to find we the greatest out here  
close your mind we buckin niggaz in the ear  
playa we stay lifted leavin you nigga this  
and tryin to match a sound with us  
crook playas stay twisted laughin at niggaz  
while blazin pounds of that purple stuff  
they cant perb enuff ????? and we bout to bust  
and let loose like a angry nut  
so what you claim what I be the nigga  
with the banging touch see yall nigga  
cant hang with us in such a waitin  
I make a nigga lay it down with a bolda spray  
got em duckin and dodgin tryin to find their way  
and the rest of you niggaz be duckin the kay  
aint no up in my face yal know I take offense to talk  
yal know you really pissin me off  
you think youre big and all  
but ur mind full of ?????

Chorus 2x

Yal betta leave em alone  
before I get up in your dome and leave a motha fucka  
dead  
hit em with the touch of death  
and make a motha fucka loose their breath  
now im gone in the wind work a damn 635  
with my hand on the 45 pistol wood bumpin in the back  
smoke another sack  
as I'm ready to attack with a hand grenade and try to  
blow out your back  
yall niggaz cant fuck with us we the ones  
who is dangerous we the ones with the platinum touch  
we the niggaz who aint scared to bust  
so when the stones get set label us victorious  
when I run up on your block yal niggaz betta run  
death and destruction bustin with the gun  
play stone crook till the world blew up dont give a fuck  
if you want some come get some  
I'm gone shoot til I kill ride til I die smoke another blunt  
cuz  
I gotta get high beat a nigga down in the parkin lot  
we too pass th glock before they call the cops  
from the ones that will make you hot  
from the bottom to the top put your body in a phase  
from a crooked ass nigga who aint scared to bust  
and put a bullet in your got damn face  
I'm gone burn the place u gone get the gasoline  
burn everything into smitherines  
cuz I gotta get away with the pistol play and your hoes  
better hope I dont come you way I'm gone bash the  
place  
retalliated with a mind disgrace  
step if you dont wanna die take another look  
because you might get shook if you aint ready to bust

Chorus 2x

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