

Ginkgo Garden

"U Rong 4 That"

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* Scratches for intro *

"Give it up"

"We have control of this transmission"

* repeat x3 *

[Mz. Kilo]

Boo yow, time for me to spark up the scenery

So tell me what you need for a bitch like me

to get loco, insane, psycho, no brain

How ya want it? I serve it all the same

More sir like some bomb ass chronic

When it's dipped in a gallon of water, know what I'm sayin?

But I don't touch that shit cos that'll stun ya

But see me, I'm dooper than the whole country of Colombia

So buck buck to all the players in the click
cos the B-L-A-C-K M-A-F-I-A

Already done sewed up, umm half the shit
(Yeah, so motherfuckers deal wit it) Come on

So now I'm screamin to you has-been hoes
who been tryin to get ya stripes back but see ya comin
wack

I need some elbow room, I need some fuckin wall
space

so I can make ya wanna free base, yo (yeah)

And then ya all O.D. on the shit

Cos I be kickin some bomb ass lyrics

So get hip to the G-Funk, pop it in ya trizznuck
and just roll because it helps

I ain't really sayin that I'm all that

But if my lyrics is phat, then label me that

See cos too many motherfuckers they try to label me
like a sucker

But I lace more mics than Nike sells Flights

Cos ain't nobody givin away props

and if ya beggin for em, you need to stop so aah

[Hook - Cold187Um]

Tell me is she wrong

Cos she thinks shit's done with the gangsta tone

Tell me is she wrong
Cos she thinks shit's done with the gangsta tone
Tell me is she wrong
Cos she thinks shit's done with the gangsta tone
Tell me is she wrong
Tell me is she wrong

[Mz. Kilo]

See now fools be suckin that plastic
for that fast hit but they pass quick
And niggas be smokin that home grown
but you should leave it alone and get a hit of the indo
homes
See it's straight elementary loc
I gotta move some weight, so I can't choke
Cos if I choke, I'm goin up in smoke (Ugh)
So I'ma open the fire and go for broke uhh
Because my lingo is like a gang of, the proper yayo
You can flip it and flip it and then it grow, uhh
That's why they call me the K-I-L-O, ain't nuttin mellow
but the flow, and my funky (hello)
So let's take em to the flow zone
while they get their rolls on, get their proper rolls on
Cos I'ma hop it like a Deuce with twelve switches
And clown on you punk bitches
Cos I'm not blowin up niggas' pagers, niggas is blowin
up mine
And I might slip in on you suckers like I said in my
rhyme
It's like I'm turnin on the light and my roach is clear
Guess what? That's how I'm feared
Because the clip is in the motherfuckin Glock
When I'm all on your ass is when I stop so aah

[Hook]

[Mz. Kilo]

I got flavor, better yet about thirty-one of em
and if I choose to give you some then nigga you's a
lucky one
Cos this ain't a game that I'm playin to lose
Cos almost only counts in grenades and horseshoes
So swing to the funk as your ears poppin
and if I was in the pen I'd have a teardrop fool
I ain't comin up in second place
I carry a Glock in my purse, don't expect my fuckin
mace
Cos I don't wanna hello wait
I hello buck buck buck, puttin slugs in your fuckin face
Mz. Kilo goin psycho
at night witta pistol, sippin on cisco

And like I said I got the shit for ya
See I'm half way through and I still owe ya, ugh
Cos I'ma take you back like good friend
(Like mom's fried chicken, greens and cornbread)
See black people need to be proud to be black
And white folks need to quit holdin us back
They say "We Shall Overcome" but we ain't come up yet
I got the ends, the ends and not the respect
So think about what's really goin on
while I'm livin next door in a bigger home so aah

[Hook]

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