

Glen Miller

"Klickow Klickow"

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Intro:

118, Cruddy Click, Naughty By Nature, the Rottin'
Razkals, the Road Dawgs

1-2-3 I'm up to bat so pitch me an MC so I can get ill
And knock his ass into left field
I'm still a body bruisin' master
Dat some ole' evil little bastard get fast and I'll outcast
ya
Like port huh we on some ole' new shit my click is hip
hop it
5-6 we hit cha from the bricks back the fuck up like
Onyx said
Don't make me act the fuck up I'm known to have a hot
head
Hey call me the mud city mangler the nigger neck yolk
tangler
A star spangler boogie banger

Rottin' Razklas

118 on the scene I'm representin'
And if I ain't punchin' and thumpin' I'm stompin'
And kickin' in nigga take a step back
It ain't even all that nigga catch a cap
If ya don't wanna brawl jack
Guzzle down a 40 till I'm all full
Take another hit of the dirl with a long pull
I gets blitzed outta proper state of mind
When me and my click searchin' for trouble to find

No he didn't but I'll you

Hook:

I tell you what good with deez some and the how
Cause that's why I stays with my klickow klickow (x2)

Right out the alleys of Cali
Not eh balley straight out the hood is the notorious one
Hitter quitter skull splitter triggers from Inglewood

Watch us bring wreck quick

Road Dawgs the next kick
Pluggin' you jugular vein it pour like rain when ya neck
whip

235 thick
Ingelwood Illtown click

Low hot off the bricks trot off or get shot off in the mix

Boobie and Luvchild staying trues paying dues

Madmen with ten millimeter heaters sprayin' fools
And slaying crews

Who wanna tangle get caught up and dangled yoked
and strangle

In a fight straight soldiers swingin' pipes from every
angle

Keep my hand on the nitty glock fifty
Swift with my tool to lift any fool that wanna fuck with
me

Don't sleep on Jersey nor California shit is grimmy trim
ya limb
Blood and phlegm is all on him after we warn ya
It's curtains kids certain things we won't allow
Cause that how we stand with ours klickow klickow

Treach:
Word to the mother my mother was the only checkin'
mines
So motherfuck your mother's father if he step like
mines
Swift kicking cocks I hit spots and blocks
So listen pops then I'll miss you like I miss measles
Mumps plus fuckin' chicken pox
Givin' props to all the Old school that paved the way
Plus zero I fear no hero you think will up and save the
day hey
Three letters describing that ass here's a clue
S-C-K the only thing missing is you
Excuse up's excuse um you've yet to lose one two ton
Crews son doing more then leaving bruised gums
Try it riot I'll roll quiet you'll never catch the trap
Cause I ain't the the the that to flap the yap
A black alley cats can catch my back
And to that and these scrap
Back to back wreck to wreck and wreck necks
Of macks fake macks break their necks to say I take

that back

You see it used to be a time you rolled with shanks and friends

But nowadays we roll in fuckin' tanks with rims

That's how it go that's how we roll pow!

Cause that's how I stand with mine klickow klickow

Hook

Gutta Nigga and I Face Finsta the two man cruddy collision

Illtown's villian that's wanted for some niggas killin'

Keep my material similar to a serial killer

Peeling cats check my stats ain't no nigga iller

Now here I go with the klick klacks the Tatter rat ta ta
tat tats patter

pat

Pats to better brat packs

I'm airing shit out like DAT

Jack it's judgement day and I'm seenin' is human beings

Got cha fleein' word to me Mook Daddy and Little Steven

Comin' straight form the top notch of hip hop

Niggas gather round to the sound that nigga from the gutta not

Kick that slang talk explain why ya can't walk

It ain't my fault ya hit a flip and couldn't sommersault

I'm on a route with my nigga on some new shit

Flowin' with that music nigga WON'T YOU USE IT

To your advantage if you could manage the damage

I'm handing when ya get the fuckin' mic it leave ya hands branded

Ya backwards ass assborn assbackwards

Coming out feet first and getting drugged into this next verse

On the contrary I'm not ya ordinatry adversary

That's secondary I leave ya floatin' like a fuckin' ferry

Advancing my chances and ya retreatin'

From the beatin' ya seekin'

Fuckin' with me and feel your fluids leakin'

On time for too much tough talk

Nigga walk and keep walking

Fore I take ya tongue and make you stop talking

I'll meet ya at death's gate when a nigga took a step late

Jacked 'em for his place he set up shot in the next state

Yo zapping all the zip zags not that all the zig zag
Shot 'em in the stomach now he's living out a shit bag

Ha ha ha fag couldn't fuck with a nigga with nine
rounds
A rugged Cruddy Click from the guttas of Illtown

This ain't a rap along clap along song son my shit is on
With more thong then Janet with her panties on
Ya best to get it out the way boy
The two slickest to ever kick it now klickow klickow

Hook

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