

Grimm f/ Rasheed, Troublemaker

"Execution"

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[Verse 1: Grimm] Uh hun See It ain't like you don't know how it's done Left for some, fifty hun, gone as quick as they come First the money, then the power, heh Then you get the guts This time, like a great big pussy, just Waiting to get fucked Wasn't luck, cause the cut kept Comin' up with cash, one Gunnin', fuck it fast, some Dumb enough to blast (Blast) Any pimp And he gon' tell you the same Fendin' flame's all his game, boy, I swellin' ya reign And I'm willin' the range But them bitches ain't bustin' Hatin' ass kick tricks like snitches, can't trust 'em Switch and straight rushed 'em Touched in the end Sent some kin from the pen like Dust in the wind I bust when I can, never think of lookin' back Got scratched, got slack Brought straps, look at that Crooked cat, took his macks, and went to flashin' it around Now the bastard can't be found, and some blacks, they gone around Chorus: [Grimm] Because I pulled out my weapon, and I quickly start smashin' A coco loco, man, I'm ready for some action I look at my partner, simply say [Rasheed] DON'T FUCK WITH HOUSTON WHY, WHY, WHY [Grimm] It's just another execution It's just another execution [Verse 2: Rasheed] Houstone City of drank, what up Home of getting it crunk We be crankin' it up Tops drop Trunks pop On the cizzurve Me and my locos be Sippin' on some scissurp Spinners on the cizzurb, swishas full of hizzerb We don't give a damn Hold up Man Screwston, average county, with my killers all around me Cheap in jail, jump to bail, meet the hunter with the bounty Texas Known as the Lone Star State Home of the President, but We be controllin' the weight Makin' dollars, holler, holler, put the ten on the Impala When the pistol pop, your collar drop more bigger than Kamala Repeat Chorus [Verse 3: Troublemaker] Man, fuck this, fool, you better back that, rat-a-tat With a big gat, how the fuck you gonna have Pistol pack with the fuckin' thugs, sellin' joint, what's up, cous' (???) enjoy ya buzz, you haven't hear who the fuck I was Nobody does it like me with G, doin' that shit since '93 Only thugs forgot about me, fantasies to a reality Casualties, what a tragedy, cause all that shit don't matter to me Cause all that

hatin' around my hood, treat like it was flattery Assault
and fuckin' battery, for all these fools that wanna plex
Shinin' and grindin' with the cash and checks, I don't
give a fuck who we think is next A Mexicano calls it
wrecks, what the fuck you wanna do I'm aggravated til
the day I die, certain about it, I'm jammin' Screw That's
what Dope House players do, well, I don't know about
your crew With everybody on my side, man, we comin'
so true, comin' so real With the style they claim, sing in
the rain, double in slang, prove we gon' bang Old
sayin', ain't stop sayin', and I ain't playin' (I ain't playin')
Repeat Chorus

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