

Guerra Ely

"Danjer"

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Intro:

Wake your punk ass up (what time is it?)\

Louieville:

Tired as fuck just woke up what's goin' on?
Gun Clapper 3 yelling sound thee alarm
This ain't no drill move your fuckin' ass cause they here
Pass the mask tear gas is tossed in the air
We're surrounded street is crowed can't wait no more
First break fuck bust through that front door
Poppadidick and if they double up they get splitted
Hit 'em did 'em no damn good Benedic Arnold
Calm yourself there's no need for panicing
Slugs to him chest leavin' himself stiff like manakins
Men it is, the fuckin' worst way to die
But when I die I'm goin' all out with my five

Top Dawg:

But hold on son I got your back you got mine?
First pick flinch or move leave 'em spine
On the table, spit belly from the navel
Unable to talk his trash I stalk kick that mayheim

Louieville:

Let's move along, you know we stand strong
Allah got our backs so we won't go wrong
Cause shit is all hot up in our face
I think we should slide to a place where it's safe
Come on

Top Dawg:

Time's a wastin' no lookin' back or move fakin'
Devils of all kinds cross lines so now I'm thinkin'
Escape route (no doubt) cause odds is far from even
No joke loc I just hope we see this evening

Louieville:

Just be ready for whatever, come dress for action
If we gettin' pass him if not we just blastin'
Him so let it not, have to come down to that
But for now son keep the fuckin' mack where it's at

talking

Top Dawg:

It takes one time and a word to start my niggas to envy
You don't know how it is after dark
So stop figuring that we give a fuck
Cause you know me not give a fuck
In this jungle walk we stalk with the shottie
The pumps, come try and put yourself in our boots
likkle youth
Better face behind this madness you done started in
your root

Louieville:

So who be you copy cat standing over there
Trying to come clear and face to face with my dry tear
I raise hell smells from my inhales
My minds not here and I don't think you want to go
there
So stand clear, or get ripped from the rear
To your head, O.G.C. payed dues to get you red (fed
up)
Whatever, bring your flame you can call it ruckus
We make shit so hot you can call this Waco Texas
(boom)

Starange:

I beez Starange man I gets wicked on the flow

Louieville Sluggah:

It's Louieville you know I pack the bat like so

Top Dawg:

I be the Top Dawg but better known as the O

All:

Motherfucks better act like they know yo

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