

## Hendrix Jimi

### "Sundown"

Visit "[Sundown](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: ShaCronz]

Yo, what's up?  
The fuck is the deal?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
ShaCronz, the high Juan  
With my affiliates, U.K.  
All day, and y'all fucked up now  
What? What? Yo, yo..

[Chorus 2X: ShaCronz]

When the sundown  
Clear the court, I got my guns now  
All y'all tough niggaz run now

[I Born]

Eh yo.. it's the I, mic murder first degree  
No doubt no pressure, where beef? First that's Free  
Had a punk pay the certain seed  
BT's had me on freeze, where they wear sheets  
On concretes, harm fleets, wise generals retreat  
On reach, peace, where the each is own  
It's in eats in homes, thief will fly  
Beast with chrome, top rated, Billy plated  
Shaded, throw it up nigga, run it, give it up nigga  
Trigger anthems, stay jig inhalin, die scramblin  
Cannon of the mobster, that phantom that got ya  
Set up, chop they necks, sword'll keep they head up  
Them vexed where its freedom, in death get yo head  
up

[Freemurder]

Free no rep, snitches get they wig tore back  
Why you tellin me and I already know that?  
Fast frame dude like Kodak  
Showin 'em, where the coke at  
Pump wiz who's nose that blow crack  
Got up and got the dough back  
See no plaques, niggaz see the 16's and hold that  
Flip C.R.E.A.M. and blow that, flip trees and blow that  
Lil' Free squeeze with ease and you know that

[Chorus 2X]

[Jet Black]

I'm on some new shit, click do hits to keep the crew rich  
Fly dude that move bricks, cruisin in new whips  
Chicks watch the juice drip, shines keep you hypnotized  
Illegal enterprise, playin pies, only my click'll rise  
To the top of New York with Cronz poppin the cork  
On the Don, mob got it locked in the fort  
Cops I extort, crew pack nothin less than two gats (ya heard?)

I move crack to Stat', loop my troupe to shoot back  
Chicks say "who dat?", fly Don ya got ya eyes on  
Ty-Jigs, ShaCronz, spray it like dry lawn  
Claracuzo, last long, marry a fuzzo  
Married to the mob, my broad carry a uz-o  
Hoes in Parasuco's, dough long like my new pole  
True cold lows, froze with bloody loopholes  
Blow mackin noodles, pop the mack double uno  
Toss like Hugo, floss numero uno

[ShaCronz]

Yo, what's up now? Niggaz ain't got y'all guns now  
Y'all don't seem so tough now  
Cronz spit, y'all nerds fuck with the wrong click  
Pack long shit, liquor and C.R.E.A.M., check out my team  
Hilfiger jeans, this ice shirt, this bitch in the seam  
Ass show, chickens grab me, jumpin out of Lincoln  
Mabby's  
In front of nail salons, cats hail the Don  
I fuck bitches pale, blonde, frail or long  
My comrades get hailed and showned  
Bailbond, nice Royce, course, hail storms  
Trash dances instead of jungle weed  
In the jungle we, bubble keys  
In the bubble jeep, S3, team all plunky with ease  
We on some snake shit, hungry to squeeze  
You don't need no gun and cheese

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: ShaCronz]

What? All y'all faggot motherfuckers  
Ha, shit is real in the battlefield  
What? U.K., 10th Chamber  
For real, ShaCronz, Billy Box  
Ty-Jigs, the emperor  
Lil' Free, F-R-double E  
The Gods, same thang  
How we movin? (U.K.)

U.K., U.K., U.K.

Visit [Hendrix Jimi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.