

## House Gang Animalz f/ Loose Linx

### "Scared 2 Death"

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[Intro: Why]

Hahahaha, hahahahaha! You think you can defeat us?  
Speak to all gangsta, gangsta, gangsta

[Why]

If you ain't ready to die, then let your man know  
Cuz I ain't responsible for where my hand go  
Gun is full of bullets nigga, just like Rambo  
So I ain't got worry 'bout reloadin' no ammo  
I'm 'bout my business nigga, don't get it twisted nigga  
And wit' a gun, I ain't that long distance nigga  
I get close enough to speak in whispers  
And send six shots up in you, what the cops is worth  
They pull up on you, fuck you up  
Won't hesitate to put them cuffs on you  
Thats why I'm, squeezin' the biscuit the minute they try  
me  
I refuse to get treated like Rodney and take forty one  
inside me  
They say I'm Loose with it, but I'm just like they Jesus  
On the crusifix, come on homey I'm used to this  
Nah I ain't new to this, so play me close and I throw  
bullets  
Like Bulls and all that there is ludicrous

[Chorus 3X: Donnie Cash]

How could I be scared to death  
When I'm not scared of death  
Bitch I'm prepared to rep

[Donnie Cash]

Somethin' that I sleep, I don't believe in dreams  
I'm that, off in New York so I believe in fiends  
Addition stacks regulation first, I'mma be blazin' verse  
If not, what the fuck I'm supposed to leave my seeds  
Have you closee, and cross the ferry boat to feed my  
fiends  
Study the overcode of notes so I could lead my team  
Park militant, deputy colonel, the Park Hillians  
Civilians get stuck on my island, we call 'em Gilligan  
It's back pa', don, for sure, Seaan John valor

Regular-regular, glock palm arm for war  
Osama drama, keep the llama in the line of my cloth  
The bottom line, that I'mma probable cause  
All the times that problems be caused  
The way my gun, proudly applaud, standing ovations  
Plus I clap at your mans in rotation, the man of  
donation  
Been known to hand on hand on occasions, I ain't goin',  
no where  
It's like I'm stamped to the pavement  
For my Loose Linx candle vacation

[Chorus 3X]

[Sun God]

I seen it all since the faint changed my style  
Bank wild, juvenile, hesitatin' to smile  
Refusin' me loud, I lay with the clouds  
Four shots have you dead on the ground, whole squad  
grippin' the pound  
We spittin' a round, to make moves on the cows  
The farm house got me shook, I stop you crook  
I said ma, watch me look, fulfill dreams and clock  
these rooks  
The cops re-up, the'll watch the stuff  
And lock you up for hand glocks  
Now you sellin' rocks for your man pops  
We tryin' to start a team like The Sandlot

[Chorus 3X]

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