

## Keith Sweat F/ Tas

### "Peepin' Tom"

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[Knoc-Turn'al talking]

Yeah

It's how we do

This a little story about uh..

A nigga you know well, Knoc-Turn'al

[Hook]

I can see you watching

Waitin in my garden

In my bushes plottin

Peepin' Tom's in my home

Lookin in my window

[Verse 1]

Once upon a time in the projects, yo

There lived a nigga named Knoc-Turn'al

America's most wanted, for sho'

In a black Lo-Lo, with tinted windows

Just cruisin' down the street in my 6-4

Checking all my traps and all my hoes

Life is, too short, I stay on my toes

G'd up, I spill gin and juice on brand new clothes

I pulled up, hit a switch and dropped the back

On the prowl in a black hat lookin for cats

I got a chrome plaque that reads, "Who's the Mac?!"

Black pussy, always talk about it 'cause I love it

This California love got a nigga drunk in public

Express yo' self, keep doin' it good

Got white on the block, keep the heat in the bush

Keep risin' to the top, keep smokin' the kush

The boys in the hood are always hard

Come talkin that trash, we'll pull your guard

Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit

Can't trust my homies, can't trust no bitch

Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't say shit

It's hotter on the block than it is in the kitchen

And I'm hard in the paint, listen, I'm steady dippin

I get down, while your bullshittin'

And these are the tales, the freaky tales

Of a nigga on the grind that you know so well

Got a system in your trunk then I'm jacking for beats

Black superman, I put it down for L.A.C  
I grip the pump in my lap at all times  
Fools be jackin' other fools but they don't be jackin'  
mine  
Summer time in the L.B.C. (Fuck the police)  
Fuck being bound by law and the peace treaty  
We be clubbin, everybody likes when the girls shake  
somethin  
System overload, stay bumpin  
It's thug life, y'all know the rules, gotta do what ya  
gotta do, and stay true  
Propose a toast to the West Coast  
Easily I approach the microphone because I ain't no  
joke  
Tell your mama to get off of my dip  
I have no time to give her my dick, I'm gonna hold it  
And walk around the stage  
And if you fuck up, I'm gonna get my gauge and shrivel  
you up  
Like California raisins, then unload the barrell and  
laugh  
'Cause I'm puttin lead in your motherfuckin' ass

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I'm on the radio, and ain't a damn thing funny  
It's just like Compton, bitch better have my money  
I messed up and I don't know why  
Tryin' to get a piece of that American Pie  
Do my thing, blow off the roof on 187-Proof  
It's gettin funk-ay, it's gettin funk-ay  
It's the formula, murder was the case that they gave  
me  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me?  
Dear Mama, Brenda had a baby  
Hard times got a nigga goin' crazy  
The hood can't take me under, it's a G-thang  
We backyard bullyin' in the land where we bang  
Gangsta's make the world go 'round  
What's my motherfuckin' name?  
Knoc-Turn'al, didn't even have to use my AK  
Today was a good day

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