

Kirkeindegarden

"Fuck Whatcha Heard"

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Intro: Trigger

Hill Playaz Clique; live and direct; STRICTLY; all about money

Everything's the same, Saratoga Ave. -- representin
Smoothe Da Hustler Clique, Nexx Level; check it

[Smoothe]

Fuck whatcha heard, my word'll be third degree
Manslaughta C felony, class A burglary, ya heard of me
The massaca, movin after ya, the faster ya
RUN!!!

The harder I'ma pull a triggas to Casper ya
Niggas know the style now, Smoothe the wild child,
wild style
Ninety-five I'm down now, they say I'm foul now, FUCK
Y'ALL!!

Cause I been rockin since
pin-striped Lee's, 560 MP's for those that think they
housin shit
I'm stoppin rent, ya title don't concern me
Ya learn in order to burn me
Ya gotta get open cause I close deals like A&R's and
attorneys
Without the delay, no replay
In rap divisions I hold more records than my DJ
No relays, I'm runnin marathons for bein sick
Projectin noise through the clique
Now he sell tapes at a sell-a-thon
Bring me the illest nigga, the realest nigga, to feel this
nigga
I'll send him home to his Bruce Willis
niggaz sayin, "We got to kill this nigga."

Chorus: Trigger

Fuck whatcha heard, here's a Brownsville wild killer,
Projects strangler, blood spiller
(Repeat 4X)

[Smoothe]

I always knew I had Big Willie potential
Drop the raps on tracks, drop the tracks on wax, an
dat's official
I crashed you, who gassed you
Niggas talkin outta turn and out they ass too
Nigga, who asked you, I blast you
High screams'll turn to yodels
Can't You See my Notorious Big gun I pack'll leave ya
Total-ed
The mass destructa, cash conducta, class constructa
You crossed the hustla's path at last muthafucka
I got dat ass, the hostage holder
The ransom note taped, with CB4 explosives
wit my name written across the folder
Smoothe Fa Hustla reppin strictly keep my weapon wit
me
Niggas steppin quickly die quicka when I'm high nigga
Hold up, whoever wanna rumble
fuck da rumors and all that bullshit, when you
see me, bring it, if you ain't, shut da fuck up!!
I stuck up, Lucky Charms met'em at the rainbow
Caught the pot o' gold, and his four leaf clover, fucked
his luck up
My Hill niggaz from da avenue ain't havin you
Slip up, I'm quick to throw the clip up and start crabbin
you

Chorus

[Smoothe]
I bring the drama straight from Saratoga Ave.
Get more letters than dat Abby bitch
Straight outta Brooklyn like Matty Rich (Brownsville!)
It's suicidal, takin my title,
Cuz my freestyle recital is vital
Silly and more slicka den Billy Idol
I'm breakin herbs down better than stick shifts wit
clutches
Stiff dick touches clits like Brownsville lips to dutches
I'm nuttin ta fuck wit, ya couldn't oppose this
Hill niggas be takin ab's while I be splittin seas like I'm
Moses
I lyrically kill shit so grab the red tape
I turn live niggaz to dead weight so get dat head
straight
Gangsta niggaz talk the wrong shit
Fuck rappin and livin, fuck who you down wit
who you know, or did a song wit
I'm out for self, the streets got me hip
So I pack steel, my rap open ears to keep me GQ to the
tip

I flip and break fool, that's word to mutha
Playin niggaz soft, they break North
Cause I come off like a used rubber

Chorus:

[Trigger]

One mo' time for your mind; Trigga nigga;
Rukus Click; Punishaz; D/R Period;
my nigga Digga; my man Bob; Christ, Red Sand
Smoothe Da Hustla, Saratoga Ave. representin'

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