

Les Sultans

"Bomb Threat"

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This is a warning...This is a warning...
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You're surrounded by bombs planned by The Terrorists
And take notes: we never miss
Let my people go, god damn it, let them go
Before I have to knock one of you hoes to the flo'
Retaliate, get the record straight and state the facts...
About crack and how it supresses blacks and all of that
Police try to scope me
But the countdown started, bitch, give me what you
owe me
Now, who you try to teach a lesson about supressing?
My black floks knowing damn well we equal
Opportunities is what you preach on
When everything the blackman invent you leach on
And you's a dirty playing mothafucka
But we've been working undercover
And now we fiend to smother your game plan, your
blueprint bullshit
The whole goverment, rebuplic politics
See, Dope-E know the game and I play it well
Avoid the jailcells, goverment go to hell
Cause politics is just another word for crime [Gunshot]
Oh, what was that? That's another word for my fucking
9-millimeter
It's only a centimeter away from your eyeball
Now, turn around ya'll
Unless you wanna see some brainmeat...
Looking like bloody chitlins, oh, what a sight to see
But that's the easy way out (See you!)
Me and Egypt take a long way out
It's a bomb threat..

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No need for negotiating and all that army
I'm pulling out my 9-deuce-M and I'm targeting
I don't wanna hear so shit, damn it, it's too late
You bullshit, dog, now, open the fucking gate
You tried molding me, you tried holding me...back
But the Coalition stack and we pack...bombs
The Terrorists is getting them later
Under every politician's bed lays a detonator
I'm from the streets of South Park, you ain't seen
nothing
I ain't bluffing, I push the fucking button
I miss my freedom and my freedom misses me
32 teeth in your mouth, you be missing 33
Go ahead, take it to the limit, turn psycho trip
Egypt E, call Ganksta mothafucking Nip
And let's start this threat off right
Squeeze your knuckles tight and cag your mouth with a
Bud Light
Peace to all the blacks going thru hard times
Peace to the Rap-A-Lot family for writing them hard
rhymes
Trying to teach the world's sneaky system
And letting you niggas know that blacks are the victims
The Terrorists kicking political rough shit
And we won't stop till the other man's throat slit...
From one ear to another
Remember wayback when that was how you did us,
mothafucka
Just hanging us niggas from tree branches
Burning our naked bodies and teasing our african
dances
Now your ass want guns in my pocket
You blink one more time, I knock your eyes out the
socket
This is a bomb threat...

The Terrorists will never be stopped cause we too
mothafucking strong...
Housing the nationwide bomb threat and letting you
niggas know that
Houston is on the map...
With the Geto Boys housing shit...
O.G. Style, Convicts and DJ Silk...
Psycho Ganksta mothafucking Nip and DJ Triple-6
housing shit...
TMT, Too Much mothafucking Trouble...
Choice, Big Mello, The Bone Hard Niggaz, macking and
housing shit...
Rahiem The Vigilante, Johnny C...

Grim, the hard ass mexican...
What's your name, nigga? Point Blank...
Founder of the S.P.C. K-Rino with first offense...
DJ Domination, Bido 1, Lil J, Big Chief, Cliff Blodget and
B-Dub...
Steve Fournier...Freddy Rodriguez, Egypt's little
brotha...
Oh, in Oakland we got C-Rock and my niggas Tru Black
and Seag from the
sect 69th curves...
Back to Houston with the Hard Black Untouchables...
H.B.U. snipers definitely got my back...
And the South Park Coalition...
Peace.....My 9 that is...

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