

Lewis Gary**"4-Deep"**

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Let it rain, let it drip, damn them niggaz tripped
on the turf, they gotta get us work
We know where you stay, the homies don't play
You knew the consequences now your ass is hoppin
fences
Tryin to get away from the AK spray in the broad day
Now they cross us out and put a K
I'm still PDKiller, cause if you ain't my friend
youse a foe, and I'ma let you know that I'm from
that big bad mad-ass Westside numero uno
South Central, is ill mental
Uhh, and all these new tribes tryin to hoo-ride
We can't be eighty-six, cause we from sixty-nine
It's just a fifteen minus ten with the S on the end
for life, so do what you like
But you better bomb first with the sleeper, uhh
Cause I'ma blow you out your Converse sneakers-ah,
so surprise!
Punk is the ride, punk
You thought your homey next to you made it to his
trunk, uhh
Light 'em up like a candle, that's right
The scandal, vandal handle mines like a man doe
Creep by the police, rollin fo' deep
Playin low, cause I know they gon' stretch us if they
catch us
Up to Chiffaro(?) and away we go
And I bet nobody bet' not get no less than the next
Fo' niggaz, three straps, where these hoes at?
Lookin for some trouble just bust a nigga bubble
They wanna unite, but the system's too tight, so
let these niggaz know what that South Central like
Don't flag no flag cause all that's drag
Stay close to my holster had enough of these busters
Teach 'em not to fuck with the young buck
with the dum dum tips, that's right, they hurt like a
bitch
Suspects headin West, L.A. Zoo next exit
Damn right baby, I sex it like I flex it
Up jump the boogie got busy with them enemies
Laugh when we serve 'em, hit the corner swervin

Headin down the backstreets, bumpin Black Sheep
Stop and get a quart went home and took my ass to
sleep

{*clip loads*, *test shots fired*} can't sleep
cause niggaz don't know how to act like they momma's
on crack

Shit they got so bad {*car peels*} much worse than all
these hearses

Death toll went up crazy since 1980

Hip-Hop, you don't stop, close up shop

or get the rope with the slipknot

Hear the tick-tock wake your ass up knock knock who is
it?

The Big Bad Wolf come to pay your ass a visit

Count to fifteen, I'm hearin si-rens

Count to fifteen again more si-rens

When will it cease they say everyday

Not 'til the mission is complete, rescued by the fleet

From this Desert Storm, I can see his horns of

usin heavy metal like the rest of these devils

All these white sheets need they ass be tied

to the bumper, and drug down the street fo' deep

{*scratched: "one spot on to the next spot"}

Fo' deep.. fo' deep..

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