

Lewis Gary**"PDK"**

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{*top pops off, can being shook, spray paint applied*}

[Threat]

I'm here to let you know that no ho plays me
I don't do crack cause I'm already crazy
And we don't need no mo', psycho people
Guns don't kill people, people kill people
Haven't you heard, there's a new sheriff in to-own
But one black chief can't calm us do-own
We floss 'em out wide, the nigga ain't from our tribe
Not +Tribe Called Quest+, the tribe called West
Too legit to quit so tell the cops they can kiss my
young black ass cause I'm out to get mine (you're
gonna get yours)
Let it be known, to all, men, that roam the planet earth
that Allah come first
Livin in the L.A. Zoo you gotta be a warrior
Make sure you got a good lawyer
Get caught with a spear that's fifteen years
I hit the fence with my khakis and still they shootin at
me
Tryin to kill us off like buffalo
Po-po can't have my life, or my soul, so..

"I don't give a FUCK you motherfuckin cops" (3X)
"BUCK and another BUCK and another BUCK, I don't
give a fuck"

[Threat]

I keep my brownies im my pocket, I can pick it if you
lock it
I'm servin place your order got them fat fat quarters
Slangin ain't my style, never was Mr. Fuzz
I don't drink suds, I pour 'em out for my loved ones
Every day is like, every day I gotta go through this
So, you can get the boot, and the motherfuckin fist
I ain't bailin no hay so be all on your way
witcho' whip cause that shit don't work on pimps and
hustlers and players and dragon-slayers
I got the bomb in my palm, how much
Can't stay in one spot, the heat get too hot

I gotta get another G, cause this one's on E..
Peep game, peep game, I let loose, I let loose
Now from the window from the roof, shoot nigga shoot
That's for yo' eye and yo' sparrow, crack and roll my
barrel
Just one click away from, blowin me a nig away
Serve him and it's (?) lights out

"I don't give a FUCK, BUCK and another - I don't give a
fuck"

[Threat]

Jumped on the beach cruiser with the pea shooter
With my homies on the handlebars, goin to handle ours
The homies had me all fucked up off that yack
Bust a U-turn to go back, I dropped my golf hat
Stopped and copped two forties, two paroles
Some niggaz started starin like they know me, damn
I only got two shells with me, but then
deuce-five get busy, where is he?
Hopped on the bandwagon got his pants saggin
New kid on the block fuck around and get mopped
Now that's the story, the fame and the glory
And tell that to them niggaz if they lookin for me
where to find me

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