

Lipium

"Get Da Anna Off"

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[Princess Loko]

These bitches be killin' me,
They constantly talkin' bout what they gon' do to me
But I'm takin' no chance of gettin' caught slippin'
I'm clickin' on hoes that hate me
The Devil's inside ah me, controllin' my thoughts
He's tellin' me what to do, He's tellin' me make a move
He tell me to test some hoes to see what they gon' do
I be packin' that pistol grip, I be packin' that full clip
And I'm full ah that weed, I'm ready to go to war
Retaliation on you haters you niggas gon' bleed
On that strength I'm makin' me a stang
Pumpin' a hole to a motherfucka brain
Showin' no love to you niggas you bitches
Be killers, for realer ain't nothin' gon' change
So fuck what you haters be sayin'
I'm packin' artillery that I be ready to blast
Niggas be runnin' and duckin' and dodgin'
I'm blastin' these bullets all up in they ass
What the fuck, are you talkin' bout slugs pumpin' get in
ya shit
I'm tellin' you nigga I'm pullin the trigger and forever
on up out it bitch
P. Loko bout my fire, we ready to take a ride, and do a
hoe in
We jackin' these bitches we takin' they riches
We layin' em down for they dividends
I grip on the glock and I aim at ya dome
Ya better be prayin' that you not gon' die
Then shift out this motherfuckin' hoe, die motherfucka
die

[Ms. Vicious]

Approachin' a fake, standin' alone,
Look like he's known, for packin' a tone
Artillery loaded for bitches who clickin'
I'm sendin' em straight to the funeral home
Niggas and haters thought I wouldn't make it
Don't fake it I'm keepin' it real in yo face
Eliminate bitches who turn into snitches
And keepin' these figures forever in place

It's such a disgrace, how we can be turned into
enemies
due to these rumours and lies
When I was your age, you chieffin' and smilin'
But jealousy's lookin' me straight in the eyes
Four type niggas do the same thang too
Lovin' hoes when ya check they ain't gettin' no better
Waitin' til the first born tell a few kids
Nigga P's wearin' hoes like a brand new sweater

[Hook: repeat 4X]

Dedicated to all ah you hoes I know this bitch you better
not test
Bring yo pistol to the floor and get that anna off your
chest

[Ms. Vicious]

Mask on and buck them bitches down,
Fuck 'em up, stuck 'em up when we shootin' rounds
Let it rip when you slip, don't you try to run
Remember this, I'm the bitch with the fuckin' gun
Cause I'ma set it off, nigga are you ready for this?
Who runnin' this shit?, the motherfuckin' top notch bitch
You niggas wanna play wid me I'ma play wit you too
The infra-red at ya head, now, what you gon' do
Who told you, you could run up on a bitch that's real?
Who told you, you could get away wid out gettin' killed?
Who told you, I ain't quick enough to get in ya shit?
Who told you, I ain't quick enough to split yo wig?
Murder murder, murder, what, bitch get 'em
What ya say, what ya say huh?, run go get 'em
Are you ready to go to war wid my niggas?
Bitch we killers wid triggers and we don't bar niggas,
whoa

[Hook]

[Princess Loko]

Now I'm back on another mission, fill a few killings and
rotate
Smith N Wesson strap you niggas be makin' my tension
more valuableless
Got you hot to the point where ya wanna do dirt
Automatic when the cannon unload
How you gon' title and poet ya shit?
How you gon' fuck wid a devious bitch?
Kill or be killed, makin' a deal
And I know you bitches wanna see me bleed
Bringin' some stress wid my style and so now I want
you
to just stay on a sack ah this weed

B-H-Z, Black Haven Zone is where I roam as you can
see
Ain't no Kool-Aid in my blood, cause I'm a
motherfuckin' M-A-C
I'ma leave you a knot and come let's get it started
I hope you want none ah this shit
And bitch my nigga got somethin' to say to you hoes,
For those that don't know, can eat on his dick
Niggas don't know how to be trusted and niggas
And niggas and haters be trustin' my fame
But it's so easy when dealin' wid fame
You really don't have to be trustin' my name
Wicked spirits, demons I find'll be havin' a way of
controllin' my thoughts
Hoe it's said the shit you do, but it's yo life the shit gon'
cost
Out at six, fancy clothes, desperation '99
Princess Loko never had love for you bitches and
haters so stay outta mine

[Hook]
(repeat til fade)

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