

Little Harris

"Wish You Would"

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[Verse 1: La Chat]

Fuck you hoes bitches I'm La Chat I'm crunk and I really
don't give a fuck
Got a motherfuckin' list goin' down the fuckin' line
Gotta see which punk bitch I buck
Hoes ain't talkin' bout shit just keep up shit
And I'm quick to click on a bitch
Dump 'em in a fuckin' ditch, burn 'em to the fuckin'
ground
I have no remorse for the coward ass snitch
Niggas bucked out to you boys I have no love man fuck
you hoes
Never ever fall wid weak game
Trust no bitch that's how this pimpin' shit go
Robbin' mobbin' shoot to kill for real that shit so played
out y'all
Motherfucka wanna bump style shoot a nigga down
Take a nigga life I keep a tone
Bitch can't disrespect me cause I damage her eternal
soul
Fill a hi-zoe body up wid a nine millimeter bullet hole
Blastin' a motherfucka vampin the scene committin' a
serious crime
Catch me if you can I'm dodgin' these bitches never
gon' do no time
Bastards wanna buck I ain't givin' a fuck I'm pluggin'
you bitches dead
Fuck a motherfuckin' bitch shoot that motherfuckin' shit
Blast you in your fuckin' head

[Tommy III talking]

Know what I'm sayin'?, y'all heard that?
Blast, cause that's how we do it, Sinistaz nigga

Chorus: 2 Faced & [Tommy III] *both sing
simultaneously

Man I wish a motherfucka would bring, they ass off in
the hood
Be down til this life is took,
We don't play man I wish a motherfucka would, Crunk!

[This click right here we be... BUCK!]
[This click right here we be... crunk!]
[This click right here we be, we be, killaz]
[This click right here we be, we be, bout that screela]

[Verse 2: 2 Faced]

Stayin' higher than a locust, my bitch callin' me
hopeless
But although I can't focus, livin' life bogus, violators
gettin' roasted
And a nigga better know this, (Say what!)
I know the game from the oldest
Listen up close while I quote this bonafied mack shit
Got my brother Romeo, wid a loaded Calico
in the back ah the black Cadillac bitch
Breakin' haters like a stick, keep it greased keep it lit
Droppin' hits on ya muhfuckin' head nigga
Stick steel in ya back and in ya leg nigga
And I ain't stoppin' til ya sissy ass dead nigga
Singin' music and scared nigga,
Shoulda taught about the consequences and the
outcome
hog tied bleedin' in the back ah the ride wid a chest
fulla dum dums
Y'all niggas don't want none, I'm comin' through like
teflons
Tryna teach my lil son, about education, economical
and political
and social development and then some, did I mention,
My psychiatrist kinda confused she seein' and don't
understand me
She can't explain, the thoughts I be thinkin'
Said I come from a disfunctional family
2 Faced the bandit my brain is more lethal than those
who can click and kill hundreds of people
The knowledge I'm kickin' is sharp as a needle
Closin' down shop wid a nine millimeter
Hit him in the back wid a bitch nigga eater
Leave him on the ground havin' a, concussion
Down wid the dirty, Street Smart nigga
Get ready for Southern destruction

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 2 Faced]

I'm stuck in a state of confusion, but can't nobody tell
me the bidness
I have witnessed, witnessed shit for 23 years tryna cure
this sickness
Mob wid the realest alotta these niggas be softer than
titties

So I'm anti-social, stand on my tippy toe watchin' for
foes
That's watchin' for me like a mack is supposed to
Stay full ah that doja cause see I can't focus
wid out that intoxicate up in my system
A twisted mentality sets me outside from the rest of the
world
when I blast I won't miss 'em, seek knowledge and
wisdom
And stay sixty feet, away from these haters and traitors
and phonies
I learn in the game these niggas shoot slugs
Just because you show love don't mean you my homie
I feel I'm the only one keepin' it real
So I mob wid the steel paranoid under pressure
Home all aone and they back in that zone
Wid two loaded Rugers on top ah my dresser
But I'm willin' to betcha there's some Goddamn fool
Gon' try to step up and get twisted like dreads
Nobody trustworthy no mercy is shown,
They blastin' wid tones that'll take off your head
I beat you like lead, so don't play no games
You recognize the real better known as 2 Faced
I mob wid ah legion ah heathens that buck for no
reason
And shakin' shit like an earthquake

[Tommy III talking]
Enough said, 2 Faced, really
That's killa backwards, what that mean?
Take a wild guess, bitch

[Hook]

[Tommy Wright talks til end of song is screwed]

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