

## Luca

### "When Ya Least Expect It"

Visit "[When Ya Least Expect It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

Motherfucker, cha-pow here I am let's get started off  
right

With a gun or a fight, think you hard

You a dog that don't bite, see I'm trained to kill

Give a fuck about you hoes, spill ya blood for thrills

Grip ya body, naked shakin' we neck breakin'

Niggas in my hood be runnin' while them niggas salt  
shakin'

Bone crush em' and rush em' and get out and then  
touch em'

Doin' better than the Feds when they jackin' my box

Watch out, surrounded by niggas that's plottin' and  
creepin'

Lot of caps slippin' and jack me for my chips

Nah, get the twelve gauge and load a gob

Blowin' something in these niggas if they actin' calm

Niggas'll blast, yellin' out "Fuck y'all"

While they mashin' steady blastin'

Ain't just here for nothin' doin' right for right

Cause it's right, shit niggas gotta do to earn they  
stripes

[Hook]

Can't run, ya can't hide

Gon' get cha' when ya least expect it

Ya gon' diiiiiie, yeah, yeah

Can't run, ya can't hide

Gon' get cha' when ya least expect it

Ya gon' diiiiiie

[Verse 2]

Took about the same looty to perform my duty

Survey this thing to a nigga that knew me

Little did I know he was settin' me up

Wettin' me up and catch me up

Barely escapin' heart beatin' fast mile racin'

A shotty in hell, I thought I was dead

But I'm alive and payback is a mother you fucker

I'll be back carvin' Ruckers when the gauge start bustin'

Penitentiary rap but we here and ain't shit

Nigga dyin' quick and get ya throat split  
Comin' out do worse, I love to do work  
Retaliation, revenge make it hard to live  
Shoot-outs cop, when ya jackin' and robbin' and  
mobbin'  
Stabbin' on through the town, layin' em' down  
I'm a war street veteran, never say I better than  
anybody  
That nigga Daz and Young Gotti  
Blast em' with the shot after fleein' the scene  
Cause money, power, and dreams make a hell of a  
scheme  
Grippin' nine to ya brain, put the set on shade  
Writin' big, bold letter that'll weigh ya sign

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

My dreams and nightmares hard before I went to sleep  
So I stay awake and cocked with four five loaded  
Cautious on my toes at all times, on the grind  
Mindin' my own, dropped and smoke in the zone  
It's a shame how we do it, how we represent the game  
Blast and maintain for the money and the fame  
You know the steelo, nigga we know  
We get down and dirty because we do low  
Keep it strong for so long, I couldn't go wrong  
But fuckin' with some niggas knew some shit would go  
wrong  
Niggas comin' up short chop em' down with the  
chopper  
Givin' em' all tones and one hand sole  
Nigga stop it, show me how you do it, how ya drop it  
Give my dogs a fat just to get it poppin'  
Got the dope and the scale and it ain't hard to tell  
Hard bound but come around where the dogs dwell  
When ya least expect it, you can die any second  
Nigga stop check it and dwell on it and respect it

[Hook]

[Daz talkin]

Yeah ain't no where to run and ain't no where to hide  
Ha ha (Don't die) so you might as well just go on and  
kill yourself  
(When ya least expect it, ya gon' die) ha ha ya know  
why (Die, die)  
Nigga ha, ha (Ya can't run) yeah

