

# Transplants

## "D. R. E. a. M."

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Drugs rule everything around me,  
fiend  
get the powder,  
drink another beer ya'll  
[x4]

I keep it underground, like showbiz and a.g  
like Necro, cut you like Kid Capri  
they call me Diablo let the gun smoke  
like Rakim say, kid I ain't no joke  
I think when I'm not city scapin this  
If it's a law kid, we be breakin' it  
2001 we making hits  
so one for the treble  
two for the bass  
three for the nights that puts a lump in your face  
the streets might said I could never do  
catching motherfucking bullets for the crew  
I ride for my niggas  
die for my niggas  
Catch, abide, and get high on my niggas  
the bitch back breaker rapping decapitant  
diablo, eagles, MC, eliminate  
what up playa? MC, Slayer  
kill you in your dreams, muffle your screams  
put you in the earth, make you shake like a fiend  
reppin three letter which are D.M.S  
spit fire and burn the hairs off your chest

It's Mr. hard to get along with  
you wanna write a song with  
any given time you can catch me with a bomb bitch  
think you catch me slipping?  
I think you better stop bitch  
I'll slip like Sugar Shane and leave your motherfucking  
wig split  
step back before you get smacked, no running from it  
you too, I'll take you to school, you ain't above it  
I stay raw, hardcore, have you screaming "no more"?  
bust you in the face, point and laugh while your blood  
pours

Mr. Bigshot, latino Gambino, rest in peace to my  
brother King Gino  
you can catch me on the West Coast, with a fly-ass  
stripper tied to my bed-post  
looking like Alicia Keys on her knees, licking the bag,  
just for a freeze  
ya know it's me baby caught you scrapping like it's  
nessesar  
Drinking, grab the coke, at the end of the bar  
we thug-killers, Ice Grill-as, who already out like a pack  
of gorillas  
you and your man get the fam, must be joking  
must be the dust you be smoking  
Call you straight up Cho Cha I gon ta heavy metal  
smoke-ya  
stomp your ass like a roach-a  
playing like ya moms, hit ya with the chancleta, Repa!  
Leading your man down to the coffin  
trapped in a dazzel like Christopher Walken  
now look who's talking, set me off  
They're dumb like a fuck with a cool-aid smile danny  
diablo 'k, the devil's child

LA (rockin')  
The Queens (keep rockin')  
Transplants (rockin')  
Diablo (keep rockin')  
[x4]

Drugs rule everything around me,  
fiend  
get the powder,  
drink another beer ya'll  
[x8]

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