Michael Peterson F/ Travis Tritt "Evolution 3000"

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[The Madd Rapper Intro]
Roll another blunt man, Cuz shit I gotta get high
That's the key to my shit, I get high
Ya mean

[Tracey Lee Intro]

Yo I don't know what they thought, I don't know what the fuck they thought
I don't know who told them this shit was over
It's never over man
This Tray Lee muthafucka
I represent Philly, I brings the heat, 3000 shit
For my dogs who grow hard in Bogard
That be in the muthafuckin' streets

[The Madd Rapper]

If you wasn't on my dick from day one, then screw ya'll My rhymes are lyrically designed to blow through ya'll Chest piece, Through your Lex piece, I knew ya'll Fold when the full court pressure step to ya'll, do ya'll Do what I gotta do to get a dollar, I ride on the train snatch

A chain off your collar, Ask wife, for 600 I can borrow Cause * Someone's Name * gonna throw me out tommorow

Yep I'm still broke, I still choke

And even though I ain't puttin' in no doe, I still smoke Still tote, Spittin' out these bars I wrote I'm not tryin' to get???, Wit gats in the bizack Bags of the Crizack, Dimes and Nicks On the streets bitin' leather, Keep 'em high till six Got pies to flip, and wise guys to clip And in a minute or??sixenit??, you might see me flip

[Tracey Lee]

A-yo, The Tray Lee, Is you thirsty
Let's guzzle these mc's, Put the muzzle on dem niggaz
mouths

And breeze, They all talk to much shit Walk the walk like dicks, Fuck strictly Bum chicks That's why I no them niggaz crabbed out Inchin' En on all these niggaz assed out
And when we get 'em, We let the rhythym hit 'em
Black oozy slipt 'em, Kinda fucked up how we did 'em
Big dog bit 'em, If would have been on P he would have
seen it comin'

Instead he had his eyes on me, and I'm gunnin' For all niggaz who bite the bullet, If you bite the first one you might

Bite the worst one, It'll hurt some
Straightened Aim, this nigga straight frontin'
BK brawlin' in the street nigga who want it
What, We storm through blocks wit kicks, Violate 'em
We stomp niggaz and then we stomp jakes (cops)

[Black Rob]

What the fuck is the haps, Here we go again, Bussin' caps

Get down, for sweet thugs, and my niggaz who push crack

Who be in the back, Loadin' they macks, Hit the surface It's on now, when I attack it's with a purpose My soldiers, Trained by dreams, the street seems My niggaz that know, how to be handlin' these fiends Come in between, me and this green, I doubt that Sixteen through your jeans, now fagat how about that Ya'll ain't ready for war, Ya'll just playin' a part I rip apart with guns that be state if the art Play it smart, and you'll get a bitch, like 99 I never hide, If you cowards can't find me fine I been rolin' with these punishers since niggaz been schemin'

On free lunches, Now I push up and do crunches Won't stop squeezin' this trigger, Till ya'll arrest Damn right, you fuckin' wit black, It's more or less

[Tracey Lee]

I crack jaws, lyricly slap ya'll, in figure fours
The over Lord, I'm nice, Name your price
Wit mics, Break niggaz like dice, Tray da Great One
One of these half-ass niggaz, son this ain't one
But, How they gon act, My style they study it
MC's be like Shaq and 'em, Still not ready yet
Many have tried, But fuckin' wit Tray
It all can cause niggaz decay
Spit it for them street niggaz, Dice rollin' dogs
Who mix liquor
Niggaz who feel no pain, This rap shit

Tray got covered like rogaine, Can't wait to get one of ya'll on stage

That's my domain

Went from no name, to Cats knowing my whole name

Controllin' the whole game
The whole aim, Spittin' shit ill, It's like cocaine
R and F, Better run for cover, Cuz you dealin' with a real
Killadelph Muthafucka like that

[Buckshot]

???? MC's, No the time like Seiko Spittin' dialect, dirtier, than a freak ho I Buck, role wit my nigga Lito And we snatch goods like the repo Clips in my skully, 44s in the Peko Pull it out, make you deep throat, Then we let the heat go So what, never in your life try to play me Play my seven six niggaz, Or play Tray Lee My ice-real monsters, Intimidate ya'll Niggaz ain't playaz so I guess I'll just hate ya'll Better recognize my clique, and where my name is Got your wife, on my dick like my chain is Take her to the Tele, Then I, Fuck her brainless Cats say that, They can talk to the stainless Spit the razor, Leave a smile where your beard at Viva R, and F, Ya'll niggaz better fear that

[Kurupt]

Hoes eat dicks and that's all they do I'm jus a gangsta ass nigga in grey and blue When the flow bounces, Nigga we blaze ounces Whoa nigga,

My woman makes more money than most of ya'll niggaz

High post, high class, high to the sky Kurupt and Daz

Two hits and pass, Two steps and blast Is that right, on the Rooftop at night Wit a scole, Bout to blast everything in sight Fuck whatcha Thought, Fuck whatcha like Despite whatcha thought, And whatcha thinkin' like Show me whatcha got and I'ma take the shit I'ma shoot a muthafucka and I'ma slap a bitch You must have lost your Mutherfuckin' mind Sucker punched a nigga in his muthafuckin'???, Dip made the dash for the muthafuckin' doe Fuck everything I see and everything I saw Guzzlin' gallons of Henesy on the rocks In the clubs wit my dogs, Thugs, 38 slugs, Persian Rugs Pistols launch off like missles Sherms, curls and perms, Bitches ain't shit, Fuck them hoes and tricks

I take the money out of her hand and backslap the bitch

And some of these niggaz is bitches too

And the same motherfuckin' thing will happen to you But Bitch nigga, Whatchu thought this was a mutherfuckin' game
You must not have heard about my motherfuckin' name Kurupt(echoed), Young Gotti(Echoed)
DPG Fuckin' up the party

[Tracey Lee Outro]
Yeah In 9-9 That's how we get down
Dead ass this time around
Tray Lee, Fever, Black Rob, Kurupt, What the fuck
You ain't shit, Your crew ain't shit
R&F to def, Philly in here, You know how it is

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