

Anya Marina

"Tools"

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(featuring Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

I wanna know where the fuck are my down ass
underground killas
Straight cap peelas
Walking the earth, been mean since birth
Taking every damn thing in sight that's worth
Somebody stabbing you in the back, for a pebble of
crack
Eastside bitches like that
Sometimes I feel that I can't eat, can't sleep
Put me in a hole baby 6 feet deep
Better yet, just leave me alone
I've survived this long with a microphone
Roaming the streets, mean mugging police
Left hand on my nuts right gripping a piece
So now I feel that I owe it to ya'll
You're the reason that I'm here instead of dead and
gone
And don't think that I'm here to stress you out
I just wanna let you know what I'm about
(Chorus x2) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains
These are all the things that a G brings
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral
Streets is crucial, competition zero
Face facts, do the math
You can try to relax but this killa ain't like that
Wait a minute let me tell the truth
I'm relaxed like a mothafucka tomahawking a fool
Walk away just keeping my cool
Like I'm sneaking in line at a big venue
No traits, no motive, nobody, no clue
Yo Blaze am I right? (WOOP WOOP)
That's what the fuck I've been trying to say
Me and my whole damn family acting murderous ways
That's why we only gather once a year
Because the world really can't afford to disappear
So now we all break bread never misled
And the drama that I bring you will never forget
And the ones that's down no matter where you're at

I'm just here to let you know that I got your back
(Chorus x2) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains
These are all the things that a G brings
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral
Streets is crucial, competition zero
(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)
I'm bored as the come, homie don't be slipping acting
dumb
Shove the pistol in your mouth slightly quicker than
some
The streets are talking I be listening, hearing
Repping for my thugs who got nothing to be fearing
Ask me if I ever been jacked, I've been screwed and
taxed, don't ask
Some suckas with two little stripes to attack
Mothafuckas ain't shit, I'm a soldier
Drag bodies into coffins by they bitch ass shoulders
Middle name Murda, Colton Grundy the rest
You see me packing a gun in the vest
Now do your best to stay alive, I ain't never gonna die
Eternal like the galaxy, who wanna try?
Me, I tell you one more time right I foze for mine
Ain't no way ain't anybody gonna stop my shine
Do the drivebys bitch smacking hoes and robbery
I do it for the streets and the money, show respect
(Chorus x4) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains
These are all the things that a G brings
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral
Streets is crucial, competition zero

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