

Die Lika Pig

Infectious Grooves

Every puto has a day and yours is coming!
Ain't no feelin' sorry 'bout the things I'm gonna do to you!
I get prepare, then I roll off to battle
Behind the wheel of a six deuce I saddle
Round you up like a cowboy does cattle
Pull the triger and the Uzi just rattle
Throw on the dickies, winos, rag and I'm ready
There's always time to get some lovin' from a betty
I sight you out and then I hold my hand steady
3 hollow points in your chest and damn you're bloody!
No mess'n with the shape I'm in!
Die lika pig, you pig!
No mess'n with the shape I'm in!
Die lika pig, you pig!
No time to waste on elegant conversation
Lock in a plan, procede without hesitation
Start a new chapter in a violent presentation
Cover my tracks so there won't be no complications
This ain't no "whouf." I'm gonna raise the stake up
Pressures on, thought starts to break up
I'm like a nightmare from which you can't wake up
I'll treat you like a ho and with a ho I don't make up
No mess'n with the shape I'm in!
Die lika pig, you pig!
No mess'n with the shape I'm in!
Die lika pig, you pig!