

# Cry

Guru

Cry, what up? What up? What up?  
I got them 5 dolla Baldhead Slick CD's  
What up? What up? Come and get 'em  
Yo come here, come here man, yo  
Didn't, didn't I say, didn't I tell you  
Not to come around here with that shit  
Huh, get down

Yo I keep my enemies close, now I'm ready to squeeze  
Watch 'em all cry and make 'em get on they knees  
Cry, cry, I want you to cry  
Yes, I want you to get on your knees and cry

Get on your knees and cry, you know the reason why  
You ungrateful motherfucker, can't believe you lied  
You tried to fake me snake me 'cuz my heart is good  
I knew you would, you played the role as hard as you could

Revenge is my ammo, black whip, tinted windows  
Relentless is my wrath, we in the mix like chemicals  
Why I'm actin' that way? 'Cuz this ain't back in the days  
Still hold a grudge, old man thug about to blast you away

I'll straggle ya plot, effortlessly with one thought  
This is way past gun talk, so many blocks I done rocked  
You didn't know that I was thorough, didn't you?  
5 Boroughs of crews, I'm 'bout to bury you dudes

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Yo, look me in the eye and explain to me why  
That I should let things slide, we used to be on the same side  
Now it's all twisted and we no longer kick it  
You had your chance to advance with me, bitch, you missed it

It's too late to beg or plead, too late for apologies  
Stop leavin' messages, word, stop calling me  
See, I got a nice little treat for you  
I'ma make it crazy tough in these streets for you  
I don't wanna hear nothin' 'cuz I called your bluff  
You call yourself buck, my click'll flip and fuck you up

Punks that don't know me, think I'm mellow and calm  
But my peeps they know, I'm wild, gully and slightly gone  
Yo, stupid, you 'bout to catch the whole can of this  
Whoop ass, you shook fast, you shit your pants on this  
I'm never losin' mine, I don't feel like doin' time  
But I still ain't gonna have nobody foolin' with mine

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Anger management, yeah, I probably need that  
You feelin' my feedback, just stay down on your knees, cat  
You quiet, that's 'cuz you afraid of dying  
Afraid of losin' yo' head when my lead start flying

You can't be serious, try to fuck with my career in this  
A 100 soldiers every city, you suckers can't come near da click  
I don't even got the time for the likes of you  
So what I'd like to do is finish weirdos like you

Just for schemin', boy, you coulda made it but you hated  
So now, you gon' find out that the pain is excruciating  
So fuck what you be sayin' 'cuz nobody heard  
This is a dirty game, I'm takin' all your chips, that's my word

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