In control and effect
So what the heck, rock the discoteque

Bring all the hammers and the buchanans My click ran in and acted as blazin' as though we still standin' Spot raid of Rich Gannon, I play the bench standin' Front of them snitch cameras, blow up your bitch Hannon Give her a quick chance to kiss glance In the mix, I saw the bitch sniffin', just dance Slept on a peel, then broke her wrist, and burnt her quick And stopped her wish, one of my wig pushed in Ghostface is local, slick murder shit with a new rhyme hustle Still bust you, fuck you, head bust you, respect my muscle Like a mean hooker, I'm not gonna tussle, I'll cut you And that goes for any nigga who think that they better than me Punch in his face, fuck him up mentally Real robe and pop my throne Pop a cop if he show signs of any kinda stop my flow This is real life lyricist, never a witness See me clappin' the tools, improve my wrist The dude is, the ruger is super steel Fall back, take a look at my face, for real My attempts to kill, sent a gate to chills When his brain hit the windshields, brake ills

[Chorus: sample]
Burn it it, aw, burn it
And you know, got to have them set it
Burn it, aw, burn it
What a life, not a life, ha, ha, ha, hahahaha

## [Trife]

Yo, get hooked like syringe with dope in it And you a dummy like crack bags with soap in it See, well I'mma got a scope with it, drama don't approach with it Blow you off the coast, now your momma got a coat with it Young nigga, smokin' marijuana with the coke in it Sellin' CD's, VCR's and the remote with it Easy, duke, man I need this loot Look at my face, all hairy like some kiwi fruit Dead serious, showin' no teeth, holdin' my heat Put his eyes in the back of his head, he goin' to sleep For fuckin' with a top boss, niggaz get knocked off I always drop shit for the streets like a cop's horse Nigga you cock soft, scared to pop off And I spit fire, my tongue's dipped in hot sauce It'll burn you, toss and turn you Have you bleed internal, get popped like kernels

[Chorus]