

The Crawl

Johnny Winter

I saw these fools tryin' to get around, tryin to let me down
And all dat, ha, but I got an easier way to let dem drown
Wit these Guns of Navarrone, I shall shoot dem like Al Capone
Take dem to the zones of bones, like dat, well

Yo dunn, they tried to knock me down, bury me under
Big pipes soundin' like thunder
Skated by the skin of my teeth
I had to put a man in his place last week

Now why you wanna come at me?
I'm the wrong nigga to approach like that, homes
Wrong nigga for threats
Lone nigga wit long chrome

And we can dance till one of us drop
You score points fallin' wit good formation
I'm the wrong nigga for patience, wrong one at dunn
The very last nigga you should ever blast your gun

To the floor, actin' like you goin' to war
Now you fucked up, here come a real rocket launcher
Flame thrower, rule wit a iron rod
That be the Ruger, ya'll niggas keep tryin' hard

But who the loser when you can't walk your hood at night
And you can't come outside without fear
Am I in your thoughts often? While you be walkin'?

Foot soldier catch you at the store's corner
Keep me on your mind and don't slumber
Man the minute you slip wit those, that's your ass

M O B B dunn, let's get it on dunn
Wit Bounty Killer, yo, it's like this dunn
Aiiyo cock that shit, pop that shit
Squeeze off, let em know how real this is

M O B B, D double E P wit Bounty Killer
No other gun runners keep a round like this
From Q U double E N S, my bomb borough, till the day of my death
Whether in shit I been in, runnin' down the block

Sprayin' shots wit the Lindon, listen
We all been through action, you know the last me blastin'
The last man standin, pack shit long than bare wake
Neither the Jake nor the snakes gon' stop it

You know the Mobb lettin' off rockets
Gun burners spit like lungies, dummies
Still nuttin' pop but the shells
These ain't words from hell these are slugs, something you feel
A gun runner nigga for real nigga

Yo hear my gat blow, make you spit out crack the axle
Of that brand new Six that you couldn't seem to whip
Empty the clip, make sure no friendly get hit

While you layin bloodied up in the Six

Flee the frontline, dismantle gat then bounce
Then watch the twelve o'clock news and hear them shout you out
Plug leak, slip rug right from under your feet
You runnin' the streets, you don't want no problems wit us
Everyday is like Fourth of July to us

Henny in my cup beside the gat you'll find in my clutch
Interfere wit the plan and you will get touched
Let the liquor talk for you and you will get touched
Full fledge, like Ra let 'em know The Ledge

While you slippin' off edge, your shorty's givin' me head
Cockin' 'em legs like guns when I'm cockin to spray
Poppin' your way, sendin' shit that's hot your way