

Now this here is that bomb diggy (diggy)  
Diggy dang, the dons with me  
Killa, willlll kill a nigga you thinkin' bout harming me  
Capo's corrupted (yup), he's the wrong vato to fuck wit (yup)  
Labeled and known as a young Pac to the public  
And me, Human Crack in the flesh  
I'm the last of the best  
One word to describe me (what), spectacular, YES!  
So stay calm shorty, when you see that palmed .40  
I'll pop it slow, you'll rock and roll, like Bon Jovi  
So don't fool with the click (Ey)  
Don't fool with the Dips (Ey)  
You will die, you will lie in a pool full of shit (Ey!)  
When that gun with the clip in (what)  
Start dumpin' and rippin', (yup)  
At ya'll head, ya'll some dead summamabitches (Ey!)  
You give a chick hard dick and bubblegum (Ey)  
I give a chick a hard brick and bubble-yum (Ey!)  
Like here, take that, shake that, break that (Ey!)  
In half and please bring me cake back

You kow what the movements like  
You know how movin', right  
Move, cause we in the mood to fight  
This is that get crunk move bitch  
Get drunk stupid  
High like space, .45 on waist  
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This is that bang, bang, bang  
To my hooligan, gang  
While you movin' them thangs  
And ya toolies go blast (silence)  
Call me Richochet Rabbit  
Cause I click and spray magets  
And my niggaz straight savage (Goonies!)  
Penelope pump let off six whole rounds (boom!)  
'Fore one shell hit the ground  
In the hood he known as a Capo  
To the goons and the heights its all tato  
Aint gotta know me some vato  
In the heights to move on some pato (demelo)  
Ok muchacho, they told me that you got it tato (mida)  
I know im movin' someone know we usually gone pop you (te matan)  
This that 9 double 1, wit a 9 double m  
If its crime lets have fun, lets have fun, lets have fun  
This that o trizzy 1, triple o, whoa, whoa  
If you scared get ya gun (get ya gun, get ya gun)  
This that uptop crunk  
When the truck stop, dump  
This where the bucks stop chump

You know what the movemets like  
You know how me movin', right  
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This is that get crunk move bitch  
Get drunk stupid  
High like space, .45 on waist

That rooti, tooti, fruity, Louie, what I usually do (what's this?)  
This that jump, stop, breathe, whoody-who  
Gats in the truck  
Platt, platt, pass to a d-d-d-uck  
I'm the mince, owe me money, tat, tat, tat, what the fuck  
Ya'll reppin' that 5 still  
I'm reppin' that 5 mill  
Neverland, thriller, Killa Cam, Jackson 5 bill  
Lets style a bit, Italian shit, \$5000 spent  
Show you how to get that powder shit  
Filed the fifth, jet out of it  
My proud of what is yo' turn, Jim so burned  
Live bitch, why kiss, on my wrist a glowworm  
And I keep heat, cause in these streets (what you hear?)  
Just hear woop, woop, whant, whant, beep, beep (that's the cops)  
And you rumble, never, me, hit a humble diva  
And I stay with the white, I got Jungle Fever  
So tell Lucceey (what)  
That her boobi's, loco, cookie monster,  
I'm the 1 the rep the set  
Left to left, death to death  
You be yellow-taped, outlined, etch-a-sketch  
Killa

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