

# It's A Wrap

U-God

Roll up, (pop them motherfuckers)  
(It's a wrap), yeah, (it's a wrap)  
Short story, (actual actual)  
For y'all faggots, (homo niggaz)  
Get in line, (stand up)  
Throw your hands up (fire in your ear)  
Yeah, knowhatimsayin, (true indeed)  
God, you the first, (sing it baby), spit!

The hot fly shit, do or die forces  
Motion detectors, alarmed in the fortress  
(More of this, blow the door frame off the hinges  
Columbian drug lord) Part time business  
Ties with the civic, build a house out in Venice  
Six A.M., will have the heart to playin' tennis  
(His name was with jealous, they finance the figures  
Attended your figure) Close the book on the sinners

When the hammer snap, heat claps (it's a wrap)  
Niggaz want the streets back (it's a wrap)  
Son, we off the meat rack (it's a wrap)  
Slick slang, speak that (it's a wrap)

When the smoke clears, the hell fire flares  
Twenty gorilla killas, runnin' down spiral stairs  
To the bible I sware to complete the contract  
(Slugs in slow motion, pierce and contact  
Fierce in combat, killin' flow level  
Runnin' up your threshold) Gunnin' down rebels  
Plottin' down revenue, a score to settle  
Post it up by the door with the gorgeous metal

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Now you're paranoid, sniffin' the yae (clippin' the SK)  
Clip a cigar hash (in a marble ashtray)  
Grip these chains and kiss the cross on his necklace  
Pop the rocket launcher, blew a new engine  
(If it's all respected, how we deaded the suplier  
He's wired up, bullets don't phase, and we fired up)  
Return fire, blew over toothpaste, scalped 'em  
Off the balcony {he face down in the fountain}

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With his last breath, this die hard villain  
(Let off a hundred shots, took a chunk out the ceiling)  
Revealing the coke stash, with snow in the mansion  
(Reflections of the fire base, glowed on his hand gun)  
Shots flyin' random, let the lead spray  
(Sun, he shot me) But I aimed for his head

(Flame off lead, point the sword into his ribs)  
Spoke his final words (He held a picture of his kids)  
In the mixture of the biz (the shotgun impact)  
{Blew his brains back, then cancel the contract}

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Fool, you can't beat that (it's wrap)

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Motherfucker, it's a wrap