

Krumb Snatcha, W.O.L.V.E.S.

Uh-huh

We wolves baby, we wolves

(KrumbSnatcha)

A full moon make my blood curl

Got me stuck in opposition in the underworld

Savage beasts, like wolves when we roamin these streets

And work for least, fuck peace, go to war with police

Some call the priest, there's a demon in ya hood schemin

Catch me out the six leanin, with the nine steamin

Ain't that 'cha BM

The sound of the glock sound like rocks in Watts

I point a Ruben at'cha crew and give you somethin to watch

D.T.'s, Feds, and NARCS, exchanging shots

In broad day 'til the first one lay when he pop

And if I pull and you pull,

the one to get to get it worst be the last to burst

ICU status, wih the phattest nurse

Gat holders chuckin them burners, with the fat pollers concealed

But quickly leave a veal through your widow's sheild

Reckless, connected like a Nexus, for your necklace is on

Formin like Photron and bomb

Chorus:

(Children) Y'all police best be ready!

(Snatcha) If your tired of seein niggas gettin beat in the street

(Children) Y'all police best be ready!

(Snatcha) For all my hungry ass thugs that be tryin to eat

(Children) Y'all police best be ready!

(Snatcha) For my people in the ghetto, get up off of your feet

And let the wolves out! (Unh)

And let the wolves out! (What!)

And let the wolves out! (Unh)

Let the wolves out!

(Billy Danze)

Yo I been labelled a bad guy since birth (why's that)

I was put on a part of the earth with a turf,

its rugged never smooth

(What have you got to loose!)

Not a damn thing

That's why I holler "Ante Up" when you holler "Bling Bling";

How do I survive? I strap up all my heat

I get out on the beat, I find a way to eat

See William never sleep, you think it's somethin sweet

And I will kindly li-li-li-li-lift yo' ass up off your feet

Shackle me in chains, tamper with my brain

Spit a ten digit number when you call me by my name

Their system has been aimed

For every 211 and every 187, my niggas is to blame

What happened to Diallo is a motherfuckin shame

How 'bout if I spit .41 that you were in the game

ALL disrespect intended, to any lieutenant,

who feel offended, by the way I represented, BITCH!

(Chorus)

(Lil' Fame)

I put it down, M.O.P. spit FIIYAAH!

Show 'em what we stand for, YES SIYYAAH!

All I need is my niggas, my guns and, my CD's

And I'ma ride, fuck N.Y.P.D.

The STREET cops, patrollin them HEAT

Goons be holdin 'em but fuck 'em

We lay 'em down like linolieum
GHETTO WARFARE! brroom, buck! We grip eight on
The pop'll pop off, that's how we do in Brooknam
Let the wolves out! Huh, all day
For my niggas gettin money that hustle in hallways
Get'cha money mister (mister) it's a (it's a) new day
Don't mistreat the literate, cuz you could get it two ways
Behind bars, or six feet deep
So be careful who you fuckin wit
Motherfuckin you fuckin with the UH, OH, UH, That's the truth
It's the beatdown, derranged, gun poppers, salute!

(Chorus) 2x to fade