

I'm down in this muthafuckin dope game,
Cause the law can't fuck with me

[Shoestring]

I got the hand that rocks the cradle, and makin em fatal, while keepin my
shit real tight
Fuck it, no doubt, for fuckin around, witches stick a Dolomite
I'm quick for jackin yo cheese outta yo keys, and spendin yo G's
I'm gon smoke a ?Z? gat and pull the trigga
On the front ass page nigga
Pickin a reputation, mo bullets in that snitch's ass
Get froze of O's, put em in my pocket, and dash, crash
On the curve with ?nerve? work, I whip it and dip it around
Just like switches, bitches, I'm jumpin and breakin it down
Yo niggas packin 44s, pop it and robbin hoes
Smoke in my nose, I'm a leave bullets than 6 Os
And yo muthafuckin chest, bitch, I done killed your protection
Bloody mess on yo chest, shoulda took yo yea and kept steppin
Out the muthafuckin house, nigga bitch, and jumped in yo shit
But since you didn't, 13 hollow point bitch was pumped in yo shit
Betta watch yo ass, betta count yo cash, betta watch yo head from these slugs
Get em up, and hit em up, I done lit em up, shaked and jacked em for drugs
Shoestring's a killa on the for reala, I'll front you a O and a half
Turn around and set yo body up and leave you stiff on that Ave.
Don't try to cope, can't get with the dope, we get you for your riches
I'm puttin stiches in bitches, ass leaped in ditches
You want this click then suck this dick because this nigga scandal
I got the hand that rocks the cradle and'll light the candle
So if you ever wanna buck, nigga put it up
You got that toothpaste in yo safe and I'm a hit it up
I got my finger on the trigga and it makes me fatal
Shoestring's a pimp, get off my dick, bitch, I got the hand that rock the
cradle

Chorus (2X): I'm down in this muthafuckin dope game
(It's the diddy diddy dope deala, it's the diddy diddy dope nigga)
And the law can't fuck with me
(It's the diddy diddy dope deala, it's the diddy dope nigga)

[Bootleg]

I got the hand that rocks the cradle my blows are fatal just like internal
bleedin
Run into the law from the cocaine keeps anigga speedin
Always on the bind on the grind for the 9-6
Gotta get my hustle on, came to nigga stiff
Bitch I'm to swift, stalkin with my big black boots
High on oop, with a MAC-11 ready to jack you for loot
Ain't you so cute, standin in the presence and essence of killas
A local bred tryin to fuck with thoroughbred niggas
No disrespect, betta grab yo tech before you swing my way
I put the comma in drama, pack heat like sunny days
Six million ways to die, let's try every one
She was raped and brutally beaten, murdered my job done
Now who got the flame, that comes a dime a dozen
I cock this 44 back, blow out yo shit, couldn't catch yo cousin
Cause if you owe me money, ain't shit funny when I catch you up
When I bust this tech, you'll think a supersoaker wet you up
The flames of hell is in my eyes, killin niggas by surprise
If you cross my path, bloodbath you bitches gotta die
Go ahead ??? with that moss, finally get tossed in the fuckin river
Sometimes they shiver, from the pain and pressure I deliver
Hold the hand of a gangsta as we fly through the bluest skies
Swim through the bluest seas, family of killa G's
Don't fuck with me nigga, I be yo local assassinator
A cop got mo digits than you can hold in a calculator
My finger's on the trigga, and that makes me fatal
Bootleg's a pimp, get off my dick, bitch, I got the hand that rocks the cradle

Chorus (2X)

It's the diddy diddy what, the diddy diddy who
The diddy diddy's back for 96, I thought you knew
With some dope ass shit from the mind of a ganka
Straight up beat ya down and watch my niggas out think ya
It's the diddy diddy what, the diddy diddy who
The diddy diddy's back for 96, I thought you knew
With some dope ass shit from the mind of a ganka
Straight up beat ya down and watch my niggas out think ya

Chorus (2X)

