

(Intro: Chain Gang Platune)

Yeah dog man, youknowhat!msayin'?

Fuck all you motherfuckers that wanna call the police on us

and shit, when we tryin' to get our motherfuckin' loot youknow!msayin'?

(What, what?) Fuck y'all (What?) youknow!msayin'?

(Treach)

You can rap, you can sing, see it ain't no thing

Cause every nigga in my click is first nigga to swing

Place the call, make you fall, we can break them all

Cause every nigga we control, first nigga to roll

(Chorus: Treach)

So fuck the shivers, the Chain Gang delivers

KABOOM!! The whole room the platune don't give a nigga what?

Your whole style got too much cut, nigga what?

Pick up your guns now WHAT THE FUCK!?!

(Chain Gang Platune)

I get the fuck up, your truant lifestyle, let's rough

I'm even gon' be rich or poor, dead or handcuffed

Niggas bust (BACK) but miss, and now the war is on

and we gon' celebrate when you get murdered, deceased and gone

Retaliation is a must when you fuck with us

Tell me what was on your mind when you loaded your pistol up?

Was it some gangsta shit, that couldn't been it (nah, that ain't it)

Cause you bust four shots and still missed, now dig this

Don't know your name, but know your face

You made a mistake now you must be erased

Really though, I'm loc'ed, go, deranged, sick and insane

Drop rights, to start more fights than Mills Lane

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(Chain Gang Platune)

Voluptuous vixen, wear my dime pair, watch it like Nixon

Niggas mad cause they can't put restrictions

they know we fixin', to put the Chain team in the main stream

Cut the bad blood like gang green, lyrical vaccine
Injected by this mind specimen, my Oestrogen
make the best of men guess again, I'm fresh in wind
Consumed by the date stamp, tramps get amped
cause they can't cramp the camp, we leave 'em damp
Got them scared stiff like mannequins
Keep 'em panicin', then we vanishin' into the world at large
The Chain Gang Platune be the head niggas in charge

(Chain Gang Platune)

I serve to protect, self ??? on police premises
Break bones as rug-be-snug, slugs being sold and printless
Stay spittin' at your divisions, hit your visions
Chain but automatic interest got taste for higher proof liquors
If it gets adventures, affective niggas, arrest resistance
Timper screamin' that deaf vast words splintered without the whispers
Connects got prices for product, but Tune fathers vanish
Rock the cuts now I control sonic voices like ???
A thugs' mug shots' worth dollars
Holla, we strange drama killers, can't stop the
for pain is absolute vodka, tre, confrontation watch man
for the progress of nation, yo I'm eatin' through your concentrations...

(Treach)

I'm comin' out combat and com-bows
Competition is a combination of combustion
Too valuable for commandin' nothin'
I continue cuttin' destruction's smokin' or choke eruptions
from California to Connecticut, I can hear the functions
Continue the Lexus, (Spanish) tell them (Spanish)
Category code of the street let's see the next day
The Cruddy Click clicks and classics k-kloaw
Cause it's beef on the streets then kick, kick the cow
Catapult and critters kick 'em, quickers clap
Cookin' trio's like Crio, I'll split that ass that go show your crack
The killer cultural when I'm gun away to ???
Since you got murdered they left you, the bitches who said you deserved it

(Treach)

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(Chain Gang Platune)

Guess who speak the truth? I see the noose when the tongue get loose

Neck choke, for the wrong shit you spoke

took the wrong approach invincible

With the writin' utensil, convincin' you

on instrumentals my moody mental, sets the tempo

Abdul of the mic, but your flow

Slice and dice a extra nice, a writer from the deathest cypher

Jersey believes 'em right, but Chain Gang with the sane slang

Crazy, deranged, strange, with a sharp aim

and shootin' range as deep as Danny maintain gets forfeited

When we show up to play the sport

niggas show the military support and fight for what you brought up

Play to a good battle, battle and got grazed

in the heart of New Jersey - straight land of the crazed

Bad blood boils and picky goals will destroy you

Fans, straight hand me the jams to unemploy you

Yo, so you better keep it real right and tight

Or that spotlight might only last for one night, aight!

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