

# Peepin' Tom

## KNOC-TURN'AL

Yeah, it's how we do  
This a little story about uh  
A nigga you know well, Knoc-Turn'al

I can see you watching waitin' in my garden  
In my bushes plottin'  
Peepin' Tom's in my home lookin' in my window

Once upon a time in the projects, yo  
There lived a nigga named Knoc-Turn'al  
America's most wanted, for sho'  
In a black Lo-Lo, with tinted windows

I'm just cruisin' down the street in my 6-4  
Checking all my traps and all my hoes  
Life is, too short, I stay on my toes  
G'd up, spill gin and juice on brand new clothes

Pulled up, hit a switch and dropped the back  
On the prowl in a black hat lookin' for cats  
I got a chrome plaque that reads, "Who's the Mac?"  
Black pussy, always talk about it 'cause I love it

This California love got a nigga drunk in public  
Express yo' self, keep doin' it good  
Got white on the block, keep the heat in the bush  
Keep risin' to the top, keep smokin' the kush

The boys in the hood are always hard  
Come talkin' that trash, we'll pull your guard  
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit  
Can't trust my homies, can't trust no bitch

Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't say shit  
It's hotter on the block than it is in the kitchen  
And I'm hard in the paint, listen, I'm steady dippin'  
I get down, while your bullshittin'

And these are the tales, the freaky tales  
Of a nigga on the grind that you know so well  
Got a system in your trunk then I'm jacking for beats  
Black Superman, I put it down for L.A.C

Just as grip the pump in my lap at all times  
Fools be jackin' other fools but they don't be jackin' mine  
Summer time in the L.B.C. fuck the police  
Fuck being bound by law and the peace treaty

We be clubbin', everybody likes when the girls shake somethin'  
System overload, stay bumpin'  
It's thug life, y'all know the rules  
Gotta do what ya gotta do, and stay true

Propose a toast to the West Coast  
Easily I approach the microphone because I ain't no joke  
Tell your mama to get off of my dip  
I have no time to give her my dick

I'm gonna hold it and walk around the stage  
And if you fuck up, I'm gonna get my gauge and shrivel you up  
Like California raisins, unload the barrel and laugh  
'Cause I'm puttin lead in your motherfuckin' ass

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I'm on the radio, and ain't a damn thing funny  
It's just like Compton, bitch better have my money  
I messed up and I don't know why  
Tryin' to get a piece of that American Pie

Do my thing, blow off the roof on 187-Proof  
It's gettin' funky, it's gettin' funky  
It's the formula, murder was the case that they gave me  
Dear God, I wonder can You save me?

Dear Mama, Brenda had a baby  
Hard times got a nigga goin' crazy  
The hood can't take me under, it's a G-thang  
We backyard bullyin' in the land where we bang

Gangsta's make the world go 'round  
What's my motherfuckin' name?  
Knoc-Turn'al, and I didn't even have to use my AK  
Today was a good day