

Shoot Cha In A Minute

X-Raided

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...

X-Raided and ya don't stop...

Straight going on a war path, taking niggas out like it ain't shit
You can't coup with the X-Loc gone hit
A nigga gotta be, don't even try to be a friend of me
You just want a piece of me
I know what I see thru my eyes:
I see another black brotha living life streetwise
Who's making dollars like a dope man
Making money anyway a nigga can
Taking your shit and selling drugs
Getting drunk, sagging Levi's, looking like a thug
Hanging with my miggas at the spot
The spot's hot so I'm looking for cops
And I spotted one
Told my nigga Trip to slap a clip in a gun
9 double M, the U-Z-I, you ask me why
Cause a nigga ain't gonna die...
Like a sucka, I'm going out spraying
Letting fools know X-Raided ain't playing
Tha Murder, yeah, I got something to do with it
Cause I shoot cha punk ass in a minute...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...

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And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...

Lynch Hung and ya don't stop...

People always ask why I act this way
I say: cause I'm a villain like my homeboy Ray
A straight lunatic, a little skitzo
A male hoe, a mothafucking psycho
Killing punk niggas like flies
You piss me off and everybody dies
X ain't the one to be ludicrous
Any mothafucka I wanna diss I'm gonna diss
It might be you if ya on the shitlist
Instead of an 'uncle' I make ya say 'triple-six'
And make you suck four dicks
In otherwords you can get the duck sick
And ya better do it good, choke this dick
Make me nut real quick
20 seconds like a mothafucka
It feels good like a mothafucka so, bitch: suck
It tastes like chocolate, that's the nickname
Doggy style, I'm known to inflict pain
Making hoes feel real swell
A nigga with a mind like me needs to go to hell
Where else can a nigga go? (Nowhere!)
In heaven the mothafuckas don't allow psycho
Now the book is closed
A fool like me killed all them hoes
Cause I (shoot a mothafucka in a minute)...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
Yo, pump it up, nigga and ya don't stop...

The definition for a skitzo is
Strictly killing any tough son of a bitch
When I say tough I mean he thinks he's tough
I'm kinda fed up, a nigga done had enough...
Of this shit to last me a year or two
What in the fuck a nigga gotta do...
Nowadays to get his point across
I don't know, I guess ya gotta get toasted like a salad
A ballad of a menace, ya can call this a ten percent diss
Ya get pissed but I don't give a fuck
Ya wanna squab, yo, what the fuck is up?
My nigga Trip got a nine for ya ass
Talk shit, mothafucka, and we blast
Three sixes' the code that we use
I'm killing muslims, baptists and jews
And the hovers, fuck the witness
Hitting niggas to the triple-six sickness
At my house windows are tened
Knock on my door: I shoot cha in a minute...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
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And ya don't stop...

The definition for X-Raided
Is ruthless attitude towards every delinquent
Don't forget the 'X' for 'X-tra'
The X-tra as I kicks so nobody steps up
To the villain peeping that bullshit
I grab the nine and unload the clip
Spray every punk nigga on the scene
Cause I'm a lunatic, know what I mean?
Don't forget that Triple-Six got the backfade
Step up, try to steal, ya get sprayed
Cause I'm not giving up an inch
And neither is the mothafucking Lynch...Hung
But you ain't dumb, you know what's up
The whole Mafia is crazier than a mothafuck
We don't give a fuck about the nextman
Unless he's down with our clan
And if ya ain't then ya got nothing incommment
Do like a nigga from Compton
And start running a hundred miles to the city I'm from
S-A-C, punk bitch, you can't get none
I'm from South Sac, we all packed
Even that nigga Homicide is kicking raps
A title to be wealthy and we taking it
And if not we'll shoot cha in a minute...

And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
And ya don't stop (and ya don't stop)...
Can I kick it? (And ya don't stop)...
Can I kick it? (And ya don't stop)...
Can I kick it? (And ya don't stop)...
And ya don't stop and ya don't stop...

And I'm out...