

# Bone Crusher, Lock & Load

Ready?  
A'ight.

Look here Niggas,  
Been a long time comin',  
No more talk.  
Fuck this intro shit!  
Start the music!

This right here, yeah  
Where the fuck, Nigga  
Ain't never fuck niggas  
Tell em  
That don't wanna play this south shit  
OK

ATL, South Carolina, Mississippi, North Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama

My pistol's blarin' (What?)  
an' I'm not carin' (Tell 'em!)  
Because I'm ready for action!

These niggas think I'm playin'  
My Tec-9 be sprayin' (What?)  
So partner tell me what's happenin'

These streets is real  
These niggas can't steal (What?)  
For the jump out boys when they drive by

So if you're ready for it  
Smoke dro for it (Tell 'em)  
An' if you're hatin', fuck nigga what's happenin'

Adamsville, Watts, WestSide, Decatur

What's up?  
Fuck them niggas if they don't wanna claim this ATL (Blahw)  
Catch a hot shell

My niggas know (What?)  
Y'all some hoes  
If I see ya on the block nigga I'll let you know

What's it gonna be (Tell 'im!)  
Tell me what you choose (Tell 'im!)  
I claim this dirty muthafucka nigga win or lose

Chorus:  
Don't know my enemies Yo!  
And lock and load my Calico  
And buck on dem niggas  
So what the fuck!

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Shawty ya knows about me (Tell 'em!)  
The streets is talkin' (What?)  
Da hostile takeover is comin' shortly

They call me Crusher  
Tha Mutliator  
Mr. Smack-a-bitchboy, I hate the fakers

I got these hoods locked and load  
Just for killin'  
The South is takin' over, I see you tremblin'

We keep 'em bouncin' (What?)  
Ain't nuthin' changed nigga (What?)  
This for my soldiers, hustlas, killas, gorillas

Yes!  
On da fuck, nigga!(Blam)  
Surely it don't get no reala

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Ain't mad is ya? (What?)  
Then bring the pain (C'mon!)  
'Cause muthafucker ain't a damn thing changed

I'ma still ride low-lows on Rios man (Tell 'em!)  
I'm still takin'  
An' stealin'

An' scared to walk down your own block, man (What?)  
An niggas in your hood is say you soft, man

It's time the new regiment to start man  
TI (Tell 'em!)  
Killa Mike, Pastor Troy (What?)

David Banner (Tell 'em!)  
What's up boy (OK)  
It's time for us to show the really real

This down south nigga is so trill  
I put my fist in the fuck nigga's grill

An be talkin' bad 'bout where the fuck I live  
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