La The Darkman, Wu-Blood Kin

Chorus: Ghostface

Young Gods when you killed them guns you kill sons Can't get into the pen for murder one I rather be rich, lay back and spark that shit Killed now son of being hit by a bullet

Verse 1: LA

The garden of redemption Half of my clan is fenced in For being lynchmen, never listening Like Sonny Listen On Riker's pisten 25 was no surprise He shot 3 niggas left one paralysed With bloody palms, Them niggas tried and raped his moms Start shooting at his chest Shells went to his charms on Saint Nicks Call that branch the weed spot kid 2 niggas dead, history, like a pyramid He mailed the cleves to an island off the Florida Keys Bent out, dunn had a 3 story penthouse 450 C on SouthPeak Young fakes made the move on the New York street Extraordinary he flipped his man to see the nigga bury Check the sub though, heat key Joe Colombo Got a kid welled out in Florida on the low Pushin' a Benz-O, sips O-O and mo' He selled his smoke out the store Boe kicked in the door Bran was in the back gamblin' with 2 pounds of green on the table My dunn escaped out with guns stable Of course, he f**ked up sniffing white whores The German's in his laboratory with the task force Bring it too hot we self cock the full five First sneaky hit the back caught a shell through his eye He screamed, The rest of his police team Got ripped to death like a 88 jeans

Chorus (starts at end of 2nd last line of verse1)

Verse 2: 12 O'Clock

Nigga shut the f**k up and drown the keys in the pool Keep your cool feds be knocking on the door soon Said they heard about that cat you murdered the boom boom You shoulda swooped on 'em stayed Wake Water do 'em on him Jet skiied on 'em then flew around corner on 'em 4 o'clock in the morning I threw the ski mask on 'em My little man's on the corner when I plant it on 'em 357 slug nosing on 'em Some bitches that was bugging for him you know 'em Some bitches problem still be holding 20, 25 years on 'em they growing Now back with the shit with the twelve burner to be on it 12 O'Clock is on it Darkman on it And niggas don't want it

Chorus (till fade)