

Paris, Spilt Milk

Yeah...still ridin'...we still ridin'...P-Dog
Nigga we without flaws you comin' without balls
Still down for the cause...P-Dog...now who really raw?...Bitch

Boom Boom in the night - so now we fight
Caps peel, piggies squeal - who wrong or right?
Street soldier kill em slow - homicidal
We dogs in a sea of bitches - ain't crack a smile
Soundin' off the battle cry - we draw the line
Fuck around and crack his spine - for all his crimes
Bitch devil still ain't learned - just like his pops
Wanna make these bullets burn - with twenty shots
Propogators of the peace - we never ceased
But never listened to our pleas - so now he bleeds
Like Oaklahoma city Timmy - It won't be pretty
Catch him in a subcommittee - and have no pity
Look at all the people we got - with Sonic Jihad
Last Cell never see us - now what you thouht?
Swervin to these dj mixes - we ridin' sixes
AMG with chrome centers - twenty inches
East coast west coast - we stay composed
Love us everywhere we goes - the people know
Holdin' down the shit we buildin' - Guerrilla Funk
Even though the milk is spillin' - I'm in your trunk holla

(Chorus) w/ Capelton

Ridin' dirty through they downtown feelin no love around town
Now some be tryin' to clown but how many can hold they ground now
Labels be abusive confusin with what they choosin'
And these stations mistakenly contemplatin' us losin'
We bruisin' all these faulty ass critics - and these emcees
That coward ass rap shitted - they wannabes
Labels never made the culture - you got it twisted
So recognize these fuckin' vultures - and where they fit in

(Chorus) w/ Capelton

Now tell me how many devils prone - to do me wrong
Try to fit they mittens on - my provalone
The radio'll never play it - we never heard
They only love us killin niggas, and slangin birds
Guerrillafunk.com - we keep it bomb
Give the people what they want - with every song
With raw shit we keep it mannish - don't get it twisted
And motherfuck these cowards plans - we keep upliftin'

(Chorus) w/ Capelton