Back at You

Algorythms

[Havoc]
Ashes to ashes dust to dust
stainless steel gats
never rust big till bust you could touch
blessed wit the real side of life
just enough
you couldn't fight me wit your strongest mic
layed down niggas eyes visualize bad reception
maced your interference souped your upperbody section
I travel like a 2 2 bullet
throughout your body repped to the fullest
Queensbridge representin
representin the hollow tip crew
blue slips, seen ships, you talk shit I follow through
once the kite is sent
I might get bent, but still planted
no second thoughts, 'cause my conscience is demandin
for the bloodshed(bloodshed) I leave that mug red(mug red)
I'm like cancer cant catch me 'cause I done spread(done spread)
door knob dead, enough said from the scene I fled
wit the paranoid thoughts runnin round my head
It's like that war, project niggas strike back it's on
what the fuck you sick I'll be right back
wit the gat and temper end your motherfuckin era
your shortie set you up you betta dead-her
hunger for the cheddar big ends and better
Armeretto sours alcohol consumption
why you runnin we thumpin
do to the fact the infamous is bumpin
ice real son you frontin
Chorus
It's like that war, project niggas strike back it's on
what the fuck you sick, I'll be right back
Prodigy
right back to the fact that
here take that, right back at you
were goin at to
already ran through
wasn't hard to capture, what is it that your goin after

the fourty-fifth will make your clothes damper
put in the hamper
the fabulous Infamous is movin stainless
crime-tainin, to all my niggas hold your bangin
live in action, if you weere dapped then relax then
what the fuck you said? I be right back real maxin
blastin, terrin up your Fila fashion
give him what he askin feelin aint know what happened
back at the cabin, be at the round table plannin
spread team across plannin, expansion
slap a nigga opened handly style something foul
for tryin to slow down, my cash pile a hundred mile
I can recall the days, juvenile crime pays
14 years old, shorty from round way
brick ass cold, still puffin night to day
but why did my life have to be this way
I rock Velour suits, flavors like mixed fruits
my loot give recoup razors in my suit
incase you try to troop me to the island
I known for start whylin
back in New York, my shortie's got the cash pilin
peep this on some knowns and teef shit
so much drama, who the fuck knows who we got beef wit
lift you up off your feet like ski lift
for packin big fifth
niggas who riff but nigga you riff
then Im on the next life gettin bent in the clouds
on my way down souh for international crowds
Chorus

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