Ground Zero

Brute Force

[Juelz Santana]
Yeah
y'all know what this is we back at it (uh huh)
Come on
It's that nine eleven music right here man
We in the building man
Welcome to ground zero everybody
Juelz Santana
Dipset
Hell Rell

[Juelz Santana]
Yo, yo I speak pain, I spit power, talk courage, breathe flowers
Follow me through the debri of these towers, the rain, the sleet, the street showers
Don't get caught up when the street showers
When the guns rain, the clips pour, the soldiers grip fours, then begin war
Come on, it's Santana the Great
Tie 'em up, bandana his face, hammer his face, fucker
I'm trying to get my act together, in the booth now trying to get my rap together
You know, I got to fire to heat the street up
Abuse the track, and beat the beat up you know?
You already know what I'm about homie
I'm young I'm focused I'm just coming out homie
You can go by what you hear through word of mouth homie
Or step out of line, Cam betting the house on me
You know I ain't stopping yet
You know my album ain't done, it ain't dropping yet
I'm in the mist of a bidding war
And we need two milli more just to move in the door, shit

[Chorus]
Yes the boys are back at it
Come holler at us, the boys are back at it
So line em up, shoot em down
Do it know
Welcome to ground zero
Tell 'em it's ground zero
Line em up, shoot em down
Do it know

Welcome to ground zero
Tell 'em it's ground zero
Yes the boys are back at it
Come holler at us, the boys are back at it

[Cam'Ron]
Killa, yo, these girls told you I'm the man right? (right?)
Well listen to lover
When I beef, visions are gutter
Kids clapping, kidnappings, heard her missing a brother
I'm hitting your sister, you kissing your mother
The shit is disguster
Underground with people, lethal, trapped in the desert, surrounded by evil
Yeah, I see your bitch is impressed, my kicks is all fresh
This shit on my chest, by Mitchell and S.
I got her opened, hoping she's not, I'd have her crack in her tits, coke in her twat
Have her crack up the strip, coke up the block
She'd get cracked up and hit, keep soaping your cycle mami
My girls lay up in suites, a half of cake of week, and masturbate like Tweet
Killa, I be popping the oozies, copping them Coogis, eyes on the drop real droopy
Mair is snoopy, look at your hooptie, rocking the rubies
Hop in the hoochie, popping her coochie
Chill while I'm chasing millions
I'm a baller that would merk you like Jason Williams (uh Huh)
Don't play with villas', vacate the building
Or the eights will come and rape your children
Yeah, it's a kilo to a milligram
I'm still the man, word to Killa Cam (Killa Cam)

[Chorus]
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[Jimmy Jones]
Two of my cards and crooks slashed at two of my pawns and rooks

For all the charms they took
To my head of security, british the titan, clicking the fifth, and gripping it tight
God dammit, not to mention my bishop and knights, I listen to Bridgette to White
Makin' crucial trips through the night (highways)
And Prince Juelz, I told you ever since Juelz
If them faggets even flinch Juelz (bluuuuatttt)
My dogs are gonna it 'em alive
Forty-fours, the pleading, deleting they lives (come on)
And Killa wallys leading the movement, for realla we wouldn't be in this movement
Over him I might kill ya (kill ya)
Be in a tomb, just facing my time
Loyal on side, outside spoiler on rides, system bumping, bumping ?oh boy? in the ride
Oh boy I done slide, shit, he done came got his boy, he's ashamed at his boy
Had to flame at a boy, over the name we employed
Which is none other than Dip Set, for ya'll dumb motherfuckers (holla)

[Chorus]

Killa the Don, Freaky, Juelz Santana, BK, Harlem (whoo)
Hell Rell, the whole Taliban, Dip Set, T. Money, Luca

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