The Cause (feat. Streetlife)

Inspectah Deck

Yo, when we do this, yeah, we do it for real
We do it for the love, we do it for the money
For the cash, for the women, the birds
We do it for the foundation, for the people
No matter how we do it, we do it for the cause
Yeah, yoWhat you in for? What you live for?
What you die for? I hope it's for the cause
What you work for? What you stand for?
What you strive for? I hope it's for the causeInspectah rhyme Beretta nine in ya sector
Wet the scenery with extreme measures
Supreme lecture, bless the heads, you dare enter
The 9th Chamber, dance with the mind bender
Surrender your thrown, there's no room for pretenders
Bystander pollyin' worldwide with nine membersDistributin', my verbal sharp shootin'
While I execute the deadliest moves with fine tunin'
Duel of the Iron Mic bound to spark fusion
Movin' at the speed of light, nice at what I'm doin'Drop it in ya brain like spice, without the five mics
Heads roll off hilltops when I strike
Sniper aim, stick you up for your price of fame
Like the flame, watch you get hot inside the game
Recognize my name, I.N.S., your highnessI rep for live sets, place ya bets, make ya threats
There's no cure, even the experts are stunned
My work is done as soon as I've just begunWhat you in for? What you live for?
What you die for? I hope it's for the cause
What you work for? What you stand for?
What you strive for? I hope it's for the causeStrictly, Streetlife, I never play a fan of the fame
Just build on my name and master the slang
I'm hittin' harder than a lot of artists in the game
I'm lyrically inclined, rockin' just the sameThan any MC who ship platinum or gold
And only recoup to pay back what you sold
Over budget your video, got pimped like a hoe
My niggas move slo-mo like robotic clonesI'd rather be alive and paid, than dead broke
My life is like a thin line, on a tight rope
A fiend with no dope, wrong way to provoke
The man behind the scope, tucked, ready to smokeFrom the same place you from, different hood, the same slum
Mother's third seed, father's first son
Bastard child runnin' wild, livin' foul
Ran into some juvenile niggas in design
P.L.O. Style, sign my name on the line

Your beef is mine, dangerous minds combine, we all carry ninesWhat you in for? What you live for?
What you die for? I hope it's for the cause
What you work for? What you stand for?
What you strive for? I hope it's for the causeHitman like Thomas Hurns, bustin' while the weed burns
Shorty, sixteen yearns for my crew to take turns
I'm a loose cannon, medically examined
Found deadly as a plague, soon to spread like famineSplurgin', livin' out the dirty version
Throwin' rocks at the ghetto birds circlin' in the urban
Workin' overtime, you notice the shine
Niggas scope mine, models won't work Capone nineWe travel in pairs, you got the front, I watch the rear
Got money on my mind this year, by all means
Put an end to your cold stairs, crush your small dreams
What you hear is the truth, fuck, what you used to
I provide you with street music you can ride toPush through, sound blastin' through the sun roof
Street surfer, lurkin', thirsty for the loot
I'm in it to fuck fans and rock mic stands
I work for cash and fans and die for the Clan

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