Abandon Ship

FILTHZILLA

Uhh! You don't know what we doing right here
One two three we gon' turn it out
And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout
We gonna hit you with the shit we got here
We gonna blow your mind
(Blow your mind)
Keep it movin' like this, keep it movin' like that
If I die, I'ma only come back
Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong
Don't even waste your time
(Waste your time)
One two three we gon' turn it out
And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout
We gonna hit you with the shit we got here
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Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong
Don't even waste your time
(Waste your time)
You niggaz talk shit then abandon ship
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship
I 8 Off like the assassin, now I'm blastin' I'm takin' over
Stick you for your blue range rover
I told ya, rampage a real live soldier
Been in the game, sinc the age of thirteen
A microphone fiend, so I'm goin' to see my P.O.
It's August the 1st, so I guess I'm a Leo
My P.O., look like Vanessa Del Rio
She pulled my rap sheet, just like, Net Geo
I always roam through the forest
Just like a brontosaurus, born in the month of May
So my sign is Taurus, kick you in your face
Like my fuckin' name was Chuck Norris, make you sing my chorus
Rock to the beat and then, turn into a walrus
You remain nameless, my victory remains flawless

Acting like you wild, but I know you really harmless
While your time is coming, I make the fat shit regardless
Many niggaz wanna know when the ramp return
Yo, I'm gettin' phone calls from that nigga Howard Stern
He wants to know about my flip mode click
The way we get down and bust niggaz shit
LP after LP, we make G's
I run up in your ganks den take you for your keys
I'm not lying or joking, you get broken
Dead in Flat bush, back to Roanoke and
People always askin' me, how your shit be sellin'
For makin' shit guaranteed to bust your fuckin' melon
Police throwed me up on charges like I was a felon
There was no tellin', when I was strikin' had you swellin'
Cruisin' in my lands, watch the police how they be gellin'
Lock you up for days and got a nigga ass smellin'
Yo, fuck that! You best believe there ain't no time for dwellin'
If you ain't makin' noise you need to kill the fuckin' yellin'
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Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship
Yo, yo, yo I run up in your set like a New York City
I can't slip, I beat you down with my vice grip
Your lost, that means you way off course
No remorse, I'm gettin' five in the source
I be saddle back biting motherfuckers like a horse
Turn and toss, niggaz all up in my applesauce
Watch me reinforce, my shit feel good like intercourse
Ever since I was a shorty rockin' Hugo Boss
Aiyyo bust it Bust you just made my day
(Why)
If you didn't put me on I'd be locked like O.J.
Now I'm writin' rhymes hittin' shorties everyday
In the full runnin' drinkin' ice tanqueray

I don't eat pork I take a fish fellet
Now I'm knockin' out niggaz from to to touche!
Now I'm goin' back around the way
I'm rippin' shit, like my name was Marvin Gaye
Yo, now I'm back with more Bionic like my name was Colt Seavers
Got you niggaz open like a bunch of wide receivers
Time is on the meter, go clean your act up in the cleaners
Chicken head, give me some of your chicken fajitas
Yo, I beg your pardon, I write my rhymes way past the margins
Squeeze the Charmin, peace to one million men marchin'
When you talk shit you really don't know what you startin'
Now your shit is done like a fuckin' empty milk carton
It's on for the nine-six, mad shows at the Ritz
Now we got you open like Fixx
Stickin' to your stomach like Quaker Oat Grits
Fisherman hat with my brand new kicks
On the low, I still rock my Girbauds
See the show, I got my nickel plated fo' fo'
All my rough niggaz open the do'
'Cause boy scout brings the ruckus and I'm still hardco'
Yo, when I walk streets you know my blade's a little sharper
Fuck Peter Parker, I cross you like a magic marker
Every time I hit I always hit a little harder
Blazing to the point where niggaz look a little darker
Catching suntans from my music, fans understand
Making fat shit, I always love to lend a helping hand
Organized rhyme unit like the Poison Clan
While your ride is busted, I be your luxury Sedan
Number one nigga in the chain of command
Breakin' fool in school like my nigga Geechie Dan
Aiyo, I see intruders on my scan
Singing at your funeral like Bobby Blue bland
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