Extortion

Johnny Blaze

Yeah, time to let these niggaz know, son
Niggaz don't even wanna motherfuckin' understand
Know what I'm sayin'? Time to hit 'em with the third degree
Yeah, you know the QBC here to drop a G, yo
Look into the eyes, 'True lies', your whole click despise
Especially me, H A V O C, don't want your chick
'Cuz she's burning third degree, plus you snitchin', you ain't got
No ties on me, I keep it strong, while you scream word is bond
Lying through your teeth, swearing on your first born
Your word is weak, go hold a wake in this
Hit you up quick strictly shit that I'm livin' in
You walk a line that's thin, you religious, well you sin
Fuckin' with the Mobb, Infamous to the end
I hold a nine Ruger with an infa-spot disc
Red dot right at your face, so set sail or rock it
And kept drivin', pull off like the Indy 5 G
In a four time Ford truck with Speed
Like the motion picture, this nigga 'Gone with the wind'
My crime work, ninja style shit was did
And got away with, escaped it, the Jakes from tracing
Anything that lead to the source, you know the boss
Of the Mobb killing is like an 'Unsolved mystery'
Puzzling, nobody knows, it's all history
Madness amongst me, I frequently have to get lovely
Never fails it's always something
No rest, daily gotta rock my vest, I shoot at your best man
Yeah your MVP, he played the front line, got struck down immediately
I wave a Mobb Deep flag, you hear the sound as it slaps
When heavy load my military hold ammunition
Far from animation, it's real live, you think not
My crew, changing New York, who taking your spot
I put the green light on your whole click, Island shit
Running through the hoe-house wilding, extorting
Extortion, hit that up, extortion, hit that up
Extortion is the key, I got the key for extortion
Spend your fortune, dead your shorty like abortion
Take precaution, Infamous laws enforced in
You married to the Mobb, kid take it then divorce it
'Cause I ain't got no time for them domestic disputes

If you scared, get a dog, don't got a click then recruit
You're weak troop, lost the tan in the mist
On your name my shit, take it like a man you little bitch
I blaze yo britches, P.L.O. extortion, you forcin'
The hand that rocks the cradle, caution before you enter
This Shaolin representer, carry thirty-six deadly shits
You fuckin' with, top contenders
Official to the bone gristle
It don't matter if you bust rhymes or bust pistols
Remember me, burn a nigga to a third degree
Don't act familiar, motherfuckers you ain't heard of me
Just peep the stee and the rap how it's supposed to be
Tap the pockets bag the goods like a grocery, we food-shoppin'
On top of that we hip-hoppin' and don't stoppin'
Out-of-state drawers-droppin', the panty-raiders
Slide on ya like gators, umped that stank bitch back out
And then played her but that ain't nothin', crossin' this dog walkin'
Native New York and Shaolin slang talkin', rap nigga
Mr. Freeze crowd shiver, What? Young, black and don't give a fuck
If the next crew get the scissor
Extortion, extortion, give that up kid, extortion
Bottom line, what the fuck you wanna do?
You eyin' me, at the same time I'm eyin' you, punk
Wanna pop the most junk
Be the same motherfucker with the most lumps
Chew on that shit, punk faggot
(Word up)
Burn his ass like a book of matches
(Yeah, that's just about it)
Under pressure like fat bitches

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