

Case Closed

Wara From The NBHD

Nineteen ninety-six
Coming with the sickedest motherfuckers in the perimeter
You hit 'em with a new
Tree, dick be fly, in your ass
Dick be fly, in your ass
Yo, amazing grace how sweet the sound is of the fo' pound
To blast all these sound men that got the po' sound
Yippie-yi-yay, motherfuckers here's the show down
But since we're broke now with dope sounds now here we go now
Check the motion while I be puffin' the pot-enent
Blow spots and urban networks with other experts
Plus this thing between my ear thinks clear
And the only thing it fears is the man upstairs
So fuck your bulletproof gear
If I decide to get your ass you better believe it's more than a blast
More like rough paragraphs out Alcatraz
And ash, your staff, let the grime our your ass
Everybody's hustling with sons toting guns
When Reggie Noble's sprung we stick nuns that got funds
Bomb niggaz like they did in Oklahoma
Freeze, you're froze, Def Squad uhh case closed
I be the, sneaky, second dimension, creepin' through your sector
Have nectar, leaking out you wack rhyme stresses
Extra deez disease leave rashes on rappers
Makin' MC's so feel the breeze of the Grandmaster
Packed with swift solid style structure
Simonizing MC's with the degree of street ruckus
Aiiyyo who got guns? I split precise, spleen splitter
Return my physical presence to the borough of the hard hitters
I devour, night sun shower, menace last hour, weak man's last power
Body, the six four mind shorty
The one you handle, second dimension mind vandal
Laceratin' your retina for tryin' to see this
As I'm flowin' through the prism of the X-3-D
See at forty belows I freak flows that burn your nose
When you inhale the verbal blows, case closed
Aiiyyo, why the fuck you tryin' to get funky on me nigga?
Aiiyyo, why the fuck you tryin' to get funky on me nigga?
Yo, don't you know, who I am motherfucker?

Redman's the name fool, that's my nigga
Why the fuck you tryin' to get funky on me nigga?
Aiiyo, why the fuck you tryin' to get funky on me nigga?
Yo, don't you know, who they are motherfucker?
Crossbreed's the crew fool, they're my niggaz
Things ain't easy, 'cuz we be, strugglin' day to day
A bunch of stressed black men with not really much to say
Twistin' up some brown paper that we struggle just to get
With the deaf dumb and blind become mentally equipped
As I extend my pen to wreak havoc on paper
I execute and burn MC's like Absolute with no chaser
Strong as chemical the general with rhymes
Past wreckin' mics, I make the earth shatter like the 7th sign
My drama bringer bring about a new order
I'm sending a plague through your town like God to Sodom and morrah
The deacon, my vocals actions got you speechless
Make gangsta niggaz wanna go home and talk the cheapest
No man alive could bend on we, beatin' on rappers literally
X3D beez up on the streets dimensional trilogy
Got no love for foes, no respect for grimy hoes
Nuff said, X-3-D blowin' up, case closed

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