

# Family Reunion

## Bioshock Infinite OST

[Intro - Killa BH - talking]Uh oh!  
It's that time again  
It's been too long  
It's family reunion  
We got to school y'all to the game (IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)  
You know what let's talk to 'em (HUH?)  
Let's go (IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)  
[Joe Budden - talking behind Killa BH]Uh  
Mic check, mic check  
Check, one two, one two  
[DJ On Point - talking]  
Y'all already know what time it is (y'all already know what time it is)  
Family reunion (family reunion)  
Ransom (Ransom), Hitchcock (Hitchcock), Fab (Fab), let's go  
[Joe Budden - talking behind DJ On Point]The wolves is out niggaz, uh  
Get 'em boy  
[Verse 1 - Ransom]Ain't nobody tryin to rap or play me  
I'll be at they crib with a couple hammers and a black old AV  
Black gonna pay me, still get the smack off Baisley  
Cause I'm touchin more diesel than Shaq old lady  
Boy, you did it, I done it, I get it, I punish  
The shit that I come with'll separate a rib from a stomach  
I'm the boss, when I spit it, you love it  
Matter fact, I'm a Viking, I need a whole village to plumage  
Yeah, the nigga is here, the city is scared  
You got the throne? Then I think I need to sit in your chair  
We could really get physical here  
And the sky's the limit nigga, I put your whole clique in the air  
Baby, so quit playin, 'fore the clips spray 'em  
And have his MIA like Nick Saban  
His whole shit caved in, my whole clique cavemen  
Hard bodied nigga, my whole shit pavement  
You can't spit if you dead in the ground  
In the woods, where your head'll be found  
And it's good that you gettin it now, in the precinct confessin it now  
I can't fuck with the rest of you clowns, faggot  
[Verse 2 - Hitchcock]High in the silence before the storm  
Lincoln Park, the Audubon  
Slang rock on the same block that the water on

I be more than gone, run and get your order form  
Next time I record a song, gon' put my daughter on  
Cause she realer than most niggaz  
I tote triggers, for you broke niggaz and gold diggers with no figures  
That why I palm the heater, for all you non-believers  
I'm on your ass like white on Rice, I'm Condoleezza  
Better con the preacher, you tryin to get on a feature  
Better get your casket bastard (why?), I'm gon' eat ya  
We ain't in the same weight class  
Your fake ass, couldn't stop a nigga with brake pads  
I'm way past, anything that you ever did  
I'm better kid and we never sweat a bid  
It's easy to get a cig  
In the bing, I'm like Ving Rhames, I bring pain  
I sling 'caine off the wing like I'm King James  
Y'all doubtin who?

When I spit the whole lead, they be callin Code Red, like Mountain Dew  
'Fore I count to two, you could get your back blown (OH!)  
Cause your chemic's out of minutes like a TracFone (NIGGA!)  
Get back homes, I'm back on my shit  
I don't mingle, I'm like Pringles, stackin my chips  
Clappin my fifth, you the 'test me type'  
Comin out with a "Blade" to get Wesley sniped  
So the cops could arrest me, right? It's not happenin  
You ain't ever gonna get on, so stop rappin  
(H2O) comin this summer, so stop askin  
All heat like Wall Street, your stock crashin  
Now the Feds want to read his rights  
Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ, I got passion  
I'm black and all my niggaz gettin this 'feti  
We in the Chevy and ready to pop tags and (what? OH!)

[Chorus - Joe Budden - w/ ad libs] So whatever you tryin to do little niggaz (niggaz), I already done (done)  
And since you want to live by it little nigga (nigga), then die by the gun (gun)  
See whatever you tryin to do little nigga, I've already done (done)

So how the fuck you gon' win little nigga (nigga), I've already won (won)

[Verse 3 - Fabolous] Like we always do it, d-d-damn

Yes (yes), let's go (yes), uh huh

Aiyyo, money is the root of all evil I thought  
But when I'm broke is usually when I have the evilest thoughts  
That's when the arms come out, like sleeves when it's short  
With more bullets than your favorite wide receiver has caught  
And that Randy Mossberg, ya Steve Smith & Wesson ya  
Your shoes pop up like Instant Messenger  
You've got mail, naw nigga you got shells

And my Mac, you can't use for iChat  
I've got that, confused that will lie flat  
And my gat is on leg like thigh tat  
I that nigga, who you dudes  
Some broke niggaz who tryin to get some youtube views  
So 'less you want a point blank, boy you're too close  
Bail's in pocket, this is Lawyer Lou Los  
I'm pretty sure more hotties seen me in that four door ridey  
Double pipes like a sawed off shotty, nigga  
(IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)  
[Verse 4 - Joe Budden] Look, I flow sickly, ridin, bumpin old Biggie  
Roll with me or lose weight, Nicole Richie  
Fuck plat, if I don't reach diamond fame  
I treat a nigga's face like the old Simon game  
Figured out why men try us  
Cause we OD on rims and then tires, for that we Len Bias  
All it takes is a punch  
He ain't brave, he a punk  
I'll put his family in boxes, meet the Brady Bunch  
How y'all feel yourselves?  
Should kill yourselves, us Cowboys don't need you, you Bill Parcells  
And you ain't got to empty your pockets when the K's out  
Whatever you holdin is mine, you my PayPal  
See I don't get how this guy is a threat  
I make his life inept for a pie to the neck  
Ride or die, if you both nigga, ride to the death  
I acappella the whole left side of his chest  
Not retirin, still got that pension pendin  
Tryin to pop the hood and see the engine missin  
Double barrelled shotgun, have your men get missin  
She got pretty brown eyes and she in mint condition  
Oh the cig in the car, you diss en moi  
Take the ratchet go home and just Chris Benoit  
I tell a bird like it is, you promise the broad  
I one line her (you), you Isiah Thomas the broad  
I could send a clique cartridge at a nemesis target  
And catch a ROR on some Jena 6 charges (naw)  
Naw, I'll put this thing away  
I don't even need a whole hairdo to flip 'em, all it take is one finger wave  
Been in the bing for days, show you how I'm real  
Come home to the truck with the Optimus Prime grill  
Handed out crack, got the scene poppin off  
They not sleepin on 'em, the fiends is noddin off  
For real, tell me how you a thug and you Superman (nigga)  
I just seen you in the club doin the Superman (nigga)

A bunch of clowns homes  
All I need in this world is the pound chrome, Huxtable brown stone  
Major paper (I mean), cake by the layers  
If these dudes is live, I'm the Creative Player  
They callin 'em 'Kings' when they so so hot  
Something's wrong with that picture, must be Photoshop  
I don't promote violence, but when sparkin the flame - BLAM  
Arms start wavin like the Carlton Banks dance  
When them tools go pop, it move whole blocks  
Come around with your dog and get Cujo shot  
These MC's is lame, I try to be an MC with brains  
These niggaz is MC Brains  
Bein nice, rappers is far from bein nice  
I'm on the rooftop recordin, and niggaz is bein sniped  
It's like

[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Outro - DJ On Point - talking - w/ Killa BH ad libs in background]Shout to the whole BSC  
(whole BSC)

Shout to my nigga Dru Cartier  
SlimeBugz, DJ Sunkiss  
The Don (The Don), Dre Bless (Dre Bless)  
DJ Baby Dru (DJ Baby Dru)  
My nigga Freeze

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