B-Boy Kingdom (feat. Abstract Rude & Peace)

Aceyalone

Greetings
Ok I'll make this short
We in the house
We got mikah 9 abstract rude peace
Vic hop fat jack and myself aceyaloneWe come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom
Bring them laughter after which bring them tearsI seen it comin' and knew it was a plot
Legislation had a plan to kill hip hop
I got wind from a snitch I kept in contact w/this
Bitch ass judge who was paid off
Soon after that he got laid off
I'm lettin' niggas know you tryin' to stop a muthafucka's flow
Hold your black stallions and your black sheeps
Black clan aided a nigga and got heat
We met up on stepney and market sparked it
Mapped out the target
We gon' take out their number one sergeant
Young and strong we bailed up on their front lawn
To kill the enemy
Remember me
Well if you remember me you'll remember
I'm the one who broke into the pentagon took fouls planted bombs
Now I possess the blueprint
I counter the message you sent
No longer will you slander and tamper w/our music
Copies of the document we're xeroxed
The ghetto took offense in defense of hip hop
Shot down rolled 'em up loc'ed up bailed out
Saved the day
Then into thin air I fade away
Scorpion
We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom
Bring them laughter after which bring them tearsThe story had never been told until now
As the glory of the kingdom come comes down
Disguised as a janitor the washman
I swept and mopped the floors
Better yet I was a spook behind the door
W/a perfect view from the bannister
Feeling like lee harvey
'cept I got a hundred million years in me

First thing I did was aim
Lock him in my scope
Squeeze
Bust his melon open now I'm pleased
In the name of mc's
Already passed the time that they allotted me
The housekeeper spotted me
It was either her or me
Click clack
She says I will not say what I see
But I never could have trusted her so I busted her in her chest
Then laughed
Then headed for the elevator shaft
But it was too late the jig was up
There was pigs all in the building
So I tried to escape to the fire escape from homicide
Yeah I killed him
Hangin' from the third story ladder
I dropped and I felt my ankle shatter
No time to lose juice from my bladder
My mission was completed and that was all that mattered
The van was parked a hundred yards from the scene of the crime
But it was hard to run w/a broken foot
Just like I thought they blasted
I took one to the gut
I was laying there thinkin' about death
Just watchin' my blood spill out
Just then the van pulls up and I jump in
And then we pull out (? lickin'?) shouts for the glory
We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom
Bring them laughter after which bring them tearsI walk in like a normal black
Gun peckin' jaw snatching
Slide
They like the way I glide
To the back break out my backpack and stack my shit up
Ah it's bulging now
Looked around heard a gun shot
Pow
I looked down I whipped out my shit
Unloaded my clip
Jetting by the count I slipped
Tripped out
Landed on my hip crawled out
I hit a tuck and roll up and out
Into a flip and boned out now I'm zonin'

I'm nine glocks and seven 380's richer
I'm fit to blow the foundation off this beyotch up
Synchronized for the race
I push the button
Nuke the place
Timed myself dashin to the ride
I hops inside
Keys already in the ignition
I cranks it slaps it in drive
Fizorty-fizive seconds til dizamage
Ride b-boy
KingdomWe come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom
Bring them laughter after which bring them tearsWe come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom
Bring them laughter after which bring them tears

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