

# Deliver

## Whyte Seeds

Yeah, to all the real hardcore motherfuckers

Soft motherfuckers with the bitches

That don't give a fuckNow who wanna diss to get they reps a little bigger?

How many bitches wanna fuck this yellow nigga?

You get your whole crew cut like a scissor

Watch this world shake from the album I deliverI threw a Brownstone at Brandy now she's Changing Faces

Standing in my Aaron Hall I'm Blackstreet packin' suitcases

Goin' back to Indiana, on the subway, Soul For Real

Miss Jones is my usher in church on SundaysClear the runways, 'cause I'ma make you rappers my examples

Avoiding battling me like I'm Eazy-E's blood samples

It's me and Carey, nah never wrote no rhyme that's ordinary

Won't throw my life away on Coke like Darryl StrawberryRemoving you skeletal system playing your ribs like  
xylophones

I'm nastier, leave you scraped and ashier than Larry Holmes

But ladies I ain't always violent

You could pump, pump until the dawn, like Adina HowardCan't you see, I'm notorious as Total get

Uptown Girls in bed, like Billy Joel do

Laverne and Shirle

Give us any room we'll break itRemember you was wack, remember Ice Cube had a Jheri curl

Bam! Dead on your car horn, chump

My beat get messy as abortion on the ninth month

Now who be that, slap, did I do that?Now Whoopi Goldberg goes Steve Urkel

But I'll leave your grill the color purple

Give you a Dogg Pound, could even Dru Down

Provoke me album is weak your whole shit sound like karaokeConversation, loss of limbs amputation

Head meaning decapitation rough like Craig Mack derm abrasion

Evil tendency, strong like Miles Davis heroin dependency

Fuckin' up lives like teenage pregnancyNow who wanna diss to get they reps a little bigger?

How many bitches wanna fuck this yellow nigga?

You get your whole crew cut like a scissor

Watch this world shake from the album I deliverThem clowns like Will Smith got fast cars and fancy homes

But I'm headstrong, I could even break Puffy Combs

Some kids still doubtin' and they girlfriend stalkin' keep it real

We'll cross that bridge when we come to that Anita HillNow Everlast, will never last, with no ghetto pass

Leave you breathin' hard like bitches at Lamaze class

Niggaz are slippin' when they sippin' gin and tonic

Smokin' chronic Jersey niggaz packin' more handguns than Harry ConnickMy style is welfare, half of you  
bitches is on it

Was born with a halo, when broke, I had to pawn it

I stir up controversy and sell I'm like Sister Souljah  
So bring out bum-ass, Russell Simmons 'cuz comedy's overThe Lucci I'm worth is enough to deficit a nation  
With media coverage like a hostage situation  
(Yeah and if you lovin' them hoes you better bounce back)  
Tryin to make that bitch your wife she fuckedThe whole New Jersey Drive  
(Soundtrack)  
High like Stone Temple Pilots, Pearl Jams on tour  
I rips it like a chainsaw, dig deep as truth go ahead  
And shoot your Karl Kani suit in shock absorbing tired andI'm wide like a police informant  
Pray with one eye open, shootin' more Led than Zeppelin  
Dysfunctional like the Jackson's, death is my obsession  
You comin' through with thirty cowards think you causin fearRush lookin' bust in your boosted Donna Karen  
gear  
Now fuck the po, po, beats down the five-oh  
Been there, done that, do it again tomorrow nigga  
Sometimes I vibe inside a spot where nobody else knows me  
Until I come hot steppin' like Ini KamozeNow who wanna diss to get they reps a little bigger?  
How many bitches wanna fuck this yellow nigga?  
You get your whole crew cut like a scissor  
Watch this world shake from the album I deliver

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