

# Thrill Me

## Junior Jack

I'mma start it off dun at the top of the list  
Nawmean pay situation like this  
Dock shit from bank born to gat clip  
All these fake cats aimin' at hip and bullshit  
What they dealin' with, layin' me down, leavin' me crip  
Helpless only to come back to melt shit  
Fuck characters, crab ass niggas that couldn't last  
Bust led and you done seen how many whips sped out  
'Cuz my duns hold me down like secret service  
First clip upon any attempt, bust shit with remorseless  
Bore shit lock and endorse shit like my government name  
Q.B.C 41st side with some hot shit  
While you sippin' that cris pass get flipped  
Holdin' us in contempt  
No matter what the occupation we payin' the rent  
I see the half ass wanna be cats part of my frent  
And these bitch ass cats  
It's real, my peoples take life for real  
Forced into a world where we live to get killed  
Or die from the causes of life's courses  
Watch your step dun move cautious  
It's a cold world, so dress proper, keep 80's inside pelles  
Flip it like Makaveli, what thrill me  
'Cuz it's real dun  
Keep my gun close near me  
Flip it like Makaveli what thrill me  
Ayo, dun, you know the status, streets made us  
Raised us from young bloods to nighttime niggas  
Supreme court tried to hit the God with high figures  
But my attorney at law get dealt with the peoples versus M.O.B.  
They put papers out on me  
Dismiss that my legal team crooked as me  
Came a long way from troops to job 1 suits  
Little dudes with guns but nothing to shoot  
My life's life, a banned from the big screen movie  
Yo dun, it's too explicit for words to even explain  
My team seen infamous to major league  
You're still soft ball, little bitch, take a seat  
You still wet behind the wings like my little seed

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'Cuz it's real dun  
Keep my hand on my nilly  
Flip it like Makaveli, what thrill me  
Coming from Queens  
Wearing diamond rings, call me your highness  
A fucking king niggas rhyme about guns I blaze  
10 glock and the 12 gauge  
Ayo, I never knocked the hustle dun crime pay  
Thugs on this side, yo, I'll put one in your stomach  
Niggas frontin' y'all don't really want it, you know who we be  
From BK to QB we merge rap  
Introduce y'all niggas to murder tracks  
Now we hangin' murda muzik plaques, bangin' where ya heart at  
Yo, all my dogs with heart could understand that  
It don't apply then let it fly, I wouldn't wanna try you  
We from the same block, use the same rocks  
Since '92 funny time fly duke  
Sayin' we nee-roy, bitch, back around ten  
Swearin' we B-Boys look at the new toys we play with and spray with  
Slug entered his waist and exit out his anus  
'98 Infamous, the thug's favorite  
Appreciate motherfucker, don't hate it  
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