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

Q.B.G global internationally
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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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