Fantastic Four

Icarus

You never hear that we buckle
Beef? we chuckle
Scuffle over a game of pinochle
Anything up on my money, man, I gotta see double
Unless you want trouble
Oh, you realer now?
I'm the kind to cut a peace of soap, put it on the imbecile
Crack the hen rock style, give me the foul
Girls grope then I smile
That's when they fall cause they met my balls
Right after I played ball
No wash-up, no nothin'. hear what I say y'all?
O.k. y'all. ask aj y'all
I'll turn the baddest bitch gay y'all
Like stacy, damn, she was eatin' tracy's ass
At this other lady's pad
To get it on I had to call up desert storm
My cut-throats scar y'all, while you hope the don fall
But I'll come inside the tunnel, nigga, wit pope john paul
Yo, them niggas on the wall frontin', they ain't no harm y'all
My crew'll break each shoulder
I'm that nigga they talk about on street soldiers
Cause my street soldiers are heat holders and weed rollers
We keep two bones and two phones in each rover
We all relaxed and any beef we over-reactin
Peace to lorey actins, but I get buck wild like corey jackson
Playin' is called off, cause y'all about to get hauled off
Y'all all soft from smokin nicholi nigga, like volkof
Know what I mean yo? notice the cream grow
I fiend though, I'll come fuck up your whole town like el nino
I'm the hottest nigga you've seen though
Jumpin outta lex coupe
With jimmy jones right next to me in the benz truck tooFuck all y'all non-believers
I roll wit god, the squad and ts
Out wit the b.s
We platinum, they even doubted jesus
Niggas is 85%, I'm 400 solid
Brainbolic wit knowledge, cock-diesel scholars
Holdin' it down, walkin' around wit gold by the pound

Frozen down wit diamond bolders all in the crown
Talk of the town
Soakin' you down wit the toast 'til you drown
Ghost you and put your corpse in force that'll open the ground
Save the jokes for the clowns
I'm on a serious tip
You keep playin' and I get furious quick
And now I take you for a walk in the ghetto
Even spark your metal and get outlined in chalk by the devil
I rep the borough that mothered this rap shit
I used to clap shit
Now I just lay back and mack on some mack shit
I used to have to pack a mack in the back of the acura
Now I relax and stack platinum plaques in my shack
It's like that but don't think I won't counter act
My niggas is strapped and quick to lay a bitch on his back
I'm swift with the mack, quicker than kung fu
With the reflexes of a cat and the speed of a mongoose?Talk about huh? that's what we talk about thug shit
?Talk about huh? that's what we talk about thug shit
?Talk about huh? that's what we talk about thug shit
?Talk about huh? that's what we talk about thug shitNow it's a symphony
Without me on it, it ain't a symphony
My crew shit on cats without tiffany
N-o-r-e, I just lace the heat
I don't complain about the track, give me any beat
I get hed in the wip on any street
I fuck wit clue, other cats is snakes
I've been fuckin' with clue since he made 60 minute tapes
We copped mad bottles and crushed many grapes
We from the hood and they from the hood
The difference is we get plaques, they go double wood
Took the game right over at the time they could
Them niggas silly though, knowin' nore lay pretty low
But them niggas ishomos like the maxwell video
I got 2 albums and 2 cars
Now bitches on my dick cause of chico debarge
Thugged out's 1st lady (let's go half on a lady)
Ya motherfuckers ain't live, don't control the streets
I sold 163 thousandon my 1st week
That means I got more fans than you
Bigger plans than you
We buy real coke, your grams is blue
Ai yo, the president is like me, he smoke weed too
Don't really like to fuck, he just get hed too
Stick a broom in your butt, tell you, go head boo

Thugged out motherfuckers like the rest of the crew
Canibus, cam'ron and punisher too
And the beats are usually done by duro and clueWho in the hell wanna battle, the ill mathematical?
My motherfuckin' brain is IBM compatible
Techniques are foreign
Far from being borin'
My style is hard like cancer without mccorman
I run threw your crew like the flu when I bomb it
My styles like aids cause don't nobody want it
Niggas frontin' like they hard
But I'm a street fighter like jean claude
And I'll split your shit, god
Right down the middle
Play you like a riddle
I got a fetish for titties, I nibble on the nipple
Then trespass on your property like monopoly
Subdue your crew and beat that ass properly
Welcome to the desert storm annual extravaganza
Clue rolls deeper than the cart-rides on bonanza
I feed off weed, natural energy sources
Lyrics with more power than the horses they put in porches
Can't be tested or f'ed wit
I'm too reckless
I chop off heads just to take the necklace
The type of canibus that's side effectless
The type of shit that get the question-mark man arrested
Take evasive action
Flip like reciprocal fractions
Turn the heat up on mcs to watch their meat blacken
You try get fly, you get electrified and fried
Fuck around and get your mouth slapped dry
You could battle me and possibly survive
But you could never see me and walk away without a black eye
Word up hop, clueminat call the cops
And if the cops ain't tryin' to see me, then the cops call swat
Scar your whole squad with bullet scars
No holds barred
I'll even hassle the national guard
Ready or not like the fugees
Crews be steppin' to me
But I wipe em' all out like booty
I'm so unruly, the police don't say nothin' to me
It don't matter whether they on or off duty
I murder you brutally when I spit at you
My actions are unforgivable

Look at what clueminati did to you
The maximum lyrical
Nigga you minimal
There's a big hole in the desert, I told the men in blue to dig for you ??
Motherfucker clueminati 98'

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