# Prowler 2

## Ski Beatz

Welcome to my little party in your honor
The guest list has been compiled so that you go out in style
You don't mind if my friends introduce themselves, do you Leroy?
Then let the games begin!Ha! Back up in the booth and my "V" is for Vendetta
Fuck the last rhyme, to tell you the truth I got 10 better
I bend letters over 'til they look like "n's"
And then offend so many men with them, they look like fems
I'm a feminine rebel, forever cleverer than your shit
Never be level with niggas' shit, my flow can float bitch
Figure out the dosage to administer vaccines
Sickness I invoke in close considered the Black Jean
It's Blakroc, it's Blacksmith
Miss Grae and I'm back, bitch
Hulk-smash harass a motherfucker most passionate
Fashion plate, magistrate
Fascinating lady, grab your Vaseline and masturbate
Emasculate your manhood, possibly damn good
Dismantle all your posse turn them pussy with tan hoods
Don't push me, I don't land good
Liable to fly up off the handle like a pan would
And "swoosh," hit. Mrs. WoodsSalt rivers flowing out my eyeballs
Pierced side, broke legs, bearing my cross
The old heads told me life wasn't a game
But mine steady feeling like pinball, dodgeball
Chasing freedom, establish a kingdom
And build a stone castle out of thinwall, drywall
I'm a keep going 'til God call or the sky fall
Or they blast me on a grassy knoll and try to blame Oswald
Average Joe Blow, mastering my mojo
Cinder block, karate chop
Practice in the dojo (uh)
If it's so-so, I'll probably be a no show
Shootin' the willy bobo out on Nostrand with the po' folks (uh)
Black dragon rap, flames out the nostrils
From Crown Fried to Roscoe's I'm spreading the gospel
I overcame like the Saints done the Falcons
Like Hoover did to MalcolmYaowa!
Y'all know what the fuck I do
Bubble gum buster, so easy to fuckin' chew

Lyrics I blow bubbles to
Unoriginal, it's easy to make another you
Finding my telly keys the only way you'll get a W
Niggas ain't grizzly, y'all all soft and huggable
I came up in the gutter, you came up like all the Huxtables
You don't want me to black-belt-to-death you
Karate chop your pops, Liu Kang kick your nephew
Hi yaowa! To hell is where I send 'em
Y'all just learned the art
I been tighter than your denims
I'll "Ryu" or "Ken" 'em
I'm classic with the pen
Give me five minutes I'll show you I'm deadly with the venom
Poison with the darts
See your boys be in the park
My boy be in the park
Yeah, annoyin' all the narcs
We two different types, see, you spit what you write
What I spit is the truth and truth comes to the light

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