Verbal Murder 2

Pete Rock

[Big Pun]
Yo, Terror Squad, Pete Rock collabo'
From git-go, yo yoAiyyo it's such a shame
all these dick riders tryin to corrupt the game
But what it bring, nuttin but pain
and one in your fuckin brain
Ain't nuttin changed since the album I'm still whylin
I'm still violent I've been waitin for this moment
like Phil Collins, for all my life I've been trifer than trifer
Hyper than hype, when fightin to fight
It's like, tonight is the night
And I ain't even tryin to let a nigga slide
I've been dyin to get a gat
I dared to try now prepare to die
I rush your crib like Jehovah's Witness, blow up any
soldiers, infants, hold up, did you notice my heroic entrance?
I'm so relentless in this field of rap, everything is real in fact
Fully backed by bullies who be peelin caps
I sack the rapper like li-nebacker, play my rhyme backwards
you can hear the Devil speak his mind with fine graphics
Things get drastic, Express for my plastic
I pack clips, between my nuts and my fat dick[Chorus: Pete Rock]
Grab ahold cause you never heard a
verbal murder like this
Cash comes before soul, so watch your shit
Every cat want to be enormous
Plottin on the next one
Murder one (repeat 2X)[Noreaga]
Aiyyo my whole circle, make you feel it like The Color Purple
My niggaz comin through and still hurt you
Wipe why'all Kleenex cats who stay full of germs
We hit Fifth Ave, while why'all still hit Stern's
Don't really care bout why'all, really hear bout why'all
Yo on our side we do our thing, play the cut
let the phone ring, Pete Rock connect team
From M-V to L-see, my thugs straight thuggin it
Snatchin niggaz out of the booth, unpluggin it
Strange Fruit, my niggaz live to shoot
Yo it's a strange thing, a nigga never had a suit

Yo so bust what happen, remember the unknown's a clap-man
Cat stackin, move out the hood that's in Manhattan
Got big headed, misleaded, then dreaded
Yo the beef deaded, his whole squad afraid to set it
Yo I heard son, son is rockin iceberg Dunn
Got up out the hood, wouldn't believe that, this cat would
Head mad swollen, flamboyant this man golden
Yo the Senator, crime sinister, John Dillinger
Better respect my words or I'm the minister
What??"Verbally I catch bodies"
"Let's separate the men from the boys" -> Guru
"Verbal attack" -> Cappadon
"Big Pun" -> Punisher, "Noreaga" -> Nore, "Pete Rock"
"Common s-s-s-sSense" -> Com[Common]
Yo, we just begun the story, Com Pun and Nore
Look to the sun for glory as time runs before me
I'm after the day of judgment I'm still before the
jury, explainin why I was in a gun orgy
He was FUCKIN wit me, I ain't no duckin emcee
With the knowledge there's a little thug blood in me
This stud bumped into me, beef it was fin' to be
My Appetite for Destruction is finnicky
He was an industry type, influenced by magazines and snipes
Rocked Adidas but he had no stripes
I could tell in high school that he had no fights
Hold dick better than he hold mics, he spiked his punchlines
with current events, called for backup
like one time when he heard it was Sense
that deliver words with intents to kill
Whether the hip-hop type, country rapper, or big wheel
I peeled some raps back, that peeled his cap back
Fucker thought I was Abstract, now his life is backtracked
In the center of the party his crew identified the body
Left him signin the wait-list sayin, "I can't take this
fake shit" (echoes)Yo..
Yo!
Big Pun, Noreaga, Com Sense for the nine eight
Get it straight

Songwriters
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