Spy Hunter

pH10

Spy Detail, there was a 498-DS
A top-secret formula had been stolen from the research lab
We had a job to do
We ran all suspects name through I and came up withRespond like James Bond to this con named Don
Millions in his palms, sellin' neutron bombs
Time 6 a.m., agent mayhem and eight men, no maybe ten
Came to scoop me in the Benz in the GrahamMoney involved? Say when, gave me a beige Range and thangs
But they claimed the Range changed to a plane, strange
But perfect, showed me circuits and how to work it
Wounds, how to nurse it, weapons, how to burst itSearched it, like a serpent, read the blueprints
Dime be with two chinks sportin' links and new minks
Drive a six with dark tints and one of the chinks
Named Dinks and Dinks always drinks so he thinks he's invinc'Other chinks a wimp, but Teflon's his vest holds
If he think you gonna roll, he'll put holes in your dress code
Time to load and hit the highway, I'ma do it my way
Spy way, do or die way, Schwarzenegger, true lie waySo I pulled up on the drive way, ran through the side way
Saw his compadres, motherfucker, yippee kay
Die hard, nigga yelled, "My God", caught an Uzi scar
Hit the tar, other bullet to the car, "Ah"Time to pay him back, time to fade him
Got up tried to spray him, no aim, so I grenade him
Didn't get the Don but the bombs was a factor
Found what I was after, set the reactors
For two minutes, heard laughter and "Lieutenant you finished"
It was the Don with a Smitheth, Wessun to my chestunFor a second I thought I was dead, no more said
Then I heard shots of lead and lead sped through his forehead
Brando with the ammo and Dubez with the Uz'
Move into plane rovers, motherfucker, we spy huntersBig Dubez, Billy D, four-five, concealed weapon
Runnin' through bricks that niggaz ain't yet step on
Eludin' Cop-po, in the eight, inhalin' char-coal
They tailin' but I'm Indy 500 MonacoPigs can't stop no, Sporty Thiev Gestapo
They sickened against flip whips to saw you slick and
Out the fender, yo, no retreat no surrender
To the fullest, that's why my toys deflect bulletsOn the cell like "Who in charge? Get me the sarge"
Your squad car next, your fam reached my garage
Espio-nage, yo my fate on the rocks
I blow 'em out the box, firin' missiles on roadblocks
On the verge on smack-ups, forces callin' for back-up
Chunked in the trunk, 200 ki's to crack upBreathe holdin's essential, spy-hunter utensils
Four govermentals with four sets of dentals

I'm on a Cannonball Run like Burt Reynolds
Bustin' off at the choppers, backin' down coppersWe in the Phillipines, on death row, about to face guillotines
my crew lace marines, stick over and make realer teams
so yo, say hello to my lil friend, you wanna play?
Okay, feel ten through your steel, manYo we come together like foreign leaders
Livin' large in Argentina, camouflaged in Korea
in the bushes where they can't see-us
spin astro 16 silence-face screw ons, Mission ImpossibleMerge 'em to the Persians with 2 glocks to my head
Enough cream to flip the script, got niggaz watchin' the Feds
Twenty ultra-red beams comin' through my window
Tear-gas bleak up my glass the smoke blew the crib-boThe coke moves are ditto, layin' blue in Beirut
Sneakin' weedin' Sweden shook the D's in Peru
Like a crooked Batman with no partner but still Robin
Trails be mind-bogglin', leave the D's followin'my front man, I be the big man behind the front man
Front man got knocked? Big man still be the trump man
Mix six crews and their glues, skully low smokin' nickels
Runnin' up in cold blocks with iclesspray the trey-nickel, guaranteed to hit you
If I miss you, bullets will probably ricochet and nip you
and fall like the Berlin wall
hang 'em off the terror spies let's make a ballCrooked navy seals with flak-on, sniffin', getting they crack on
I managed to mack on enough oil to put Iraq on
Stapped the gats on for this spy-war
Coke lab, helicopter roof, and a cy-borg

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