

# I Got 'U

## Spooks

One, two

Achoo

Bless you

I got u

Caught you and taught youAs one, two

Achoo

Bless you

I got u

Caught you and taught youOne, two

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Bless you

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Caught you and taught youAs one, two

Achoo

Bless you

I got u

Caught you and taught you

I got uMatter fact, here take two

Pits of flesh, political palm picked and gone

Spooks with uz', ice picks, blades and tools

Listen fool, the revolution is cool

We leave clans in pools of bloodLet 'em all scrub to thug

Bustin' for love, [Incomprehensible] and mud and bloody rugs

Screamin' on cats, we spit in your face, blast back

The Spooks put politicians in bags and [Incomprehensible]Ay, yo my crew chased you down outside your compound

Now we got you in the four point hold on the ground

Whoop, hand me that barbed wire, now your arms and legs are boundHey Vengeance, pass me that scalpel now

Relax, close your eyes as the sound of my voice penetrates

Submission is your only choice to avoid the pain

'Cuz I don't want no lip as I slip this microchip in your brainGo 'head, look, I know you're thinkin', "Who's behind me?"

"Oh my God it's Water Water and no one's ever gonna find me"

I got your brains pushin', head in the frame

In a case not far over, head of the flamesHangin' over the fire, I know y'all hope I retire

But all y'all gettin' is open fire

Ga ga, spray down, stay down, lay down

Y'all niggas said we was commercial, what y'all gon' say now?One, two

Achoo

Bless you  
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Caught you and taught you  
Got uRectangle, sugar Shane pound MC's and mangle  
Bending you back and bitch spank you  
A Grammy? Fuck you talkin' 'bout? I'm tappin' your chin  
See you at a club for no reason, tap it againThis ball bully MC's, we buildin' 'em Greek  
Large like Tiger Wood's teeth when chewin' on beef  
Take you 'round the block, bring you back, tie the knots  
He bitch man, slap your whole block, moms and popsI ain't gon' lie though, brothers got a lotta bravado  
But can't back it up with the skills, they playin' lotto  
With they careers, when they step to me on the streets  
On stage or over beats you can't engage the heatFrom this ethereal thriller, mysterious serving guerrilla  
Stalk you with the sick precision of a serial killer  
Record your routine, I watch you from the day to the night  
Calculatin' when it might be the best time to strikeThey keep callin' my name  
Water Water, come smack the whack in the back  
With a Louisville Ax Slugger, then slash the jugular  
Hit your back rawdog with no rubber, he's a dirty mawfuckarWon't last long, that's what my momma turned  
And told my daddy when I was born  
I got your neck in a noose, damn right, I'm flexin' my juice  
Shut your mouth nigga, that's an excuseOne, two  
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Got uWhat? Which one of you manufactured rappers

With the materialistic, naive, egotistical fan base

Has the nerve to be offended? What you gon' do? Dis me?

Go 'head, rhyme, kick a verse, I dare ya

Oh, I know it scares yaA bangin' beat, a empty room, a full pen and a blank pad

But don't get mad 'cuz you don't know what the fuck you doin'

Go 'head, freestyle punk, wait, before you start

I know somebody done told you that a freestyle's the reciting of a rhyme

That hasn't been recorded or put on the marketBut when you write that rhyme down, that's a record of the rhyme

That rhyme's been recorded, so don't even start that shit

A true freestyle's a rhyme or verse kicked from the dome

Simultaneous and timed to a beat

Where mistakes are made, you got bleeps

And [Incomprehensible] all the timeBut these are the things that makes a freestyle so unique

From a precorded, practiced, or written rhyme

Now what you gon' do?

If your response is, "I know he ain't talkin' about me"

I'm talkin' about you

So fuck you to a break beat, bitch, I got u

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