Made Men

DJ Clue

[Intro]
Extraordinary
(New shit, Made Men)
The undisputed Made Men[Verse One]Ey yo
retreat your betallion quick, before your time run out
(Nigga) I see you sweatin', don't try a reachable gunout
We take no prisoneers, never leavin' witnesses
deadly venoms, on contact, my team strikes first
My squad'll attack u in threes, no need for darkman
we last man standing, who dead man walkin'
It's five fingers to death, when I clutch
the microphone in my hand
I know you niggas don't understand
Play my position, hold it down just like De Niro
one of the coldest, Mortal Kombat, Sub-ZeroI shot the shit outly, whippin the hantle clinch fisted
Don't get it twisted, I'm livin and dyin by the biscuit
But I risk it, I mean my life, I sacrifice
So fuck y'all twice, thats right I'm actin sheist
When shots pop off, you betta duck when I done
with the automatic pump and I'm never in the shootin slum
My face isn't definately the law
in the jigsaw, puzzle
while I screw and muscle on my six-saw
Bringin it to ya ass, in a way you never felt it
Yo whole fuckin' staff, who get they wigs melted
When I'm rushed out, fresh out
verbal bash-out
P.D.'s that made man
ready to get off for some action[Interlude](You wanna roam in these streets cousin', every man for themselves)
... when you dealin' with some made men
(You wanna roam in these streets cousin', every man for themselves)
... don't be sleepin' on these made men
(You wanna roam in these streets cousin', every man for themselves)
... when you fuckin' with some made men
(You wanna roam in these streets cousin', every man for themselves)[Verse Two]Yo, its warfare, I'm splittin
your hair, with a missle
cos I be squezzin' that type of shit up out my pistol
Don't talk that tone, if you ain't gon' spark the chrome
you shook and ain't got no tests, starts the roam

Yo, we man of respect, with our own dialect
elements surprise, wise guys, skill you ain't acquirin' yet
I'm on that, hot rock and punk contact
combat, doubt that can so you contract
close casket, with the eight by ten
sittin on top of the coffin
never again fuck with made men
Your last breath, the kiss of death, from the Smith&Wess
splittin' flesh and I still got a mission leftI keep they thinkin' second guess and
Mr. Unpredictable, I'm askin', spittin' loogies from my weapon
With indestructable niggas that called made man
He grabbin' shit, I grab mine, so now we blazin'
Tomorrow never dies, we suicid missionaries
(Come on cops) smokin' hats keeps my visions blurry
My right hand nigga be my nickel nine on my ways
never hesitate to pull a gun so now you gotta face
These never-minded motherfuckers with advances
mean I try to hear you, leave those shells in your heads, man
My man, ok probably unmistakently
Motherfuckers, who make a homicide and never mystery[Outro]
(You wanna roam in these streets cousin', every man for themselves)
... when you dealin' with some made men ...

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