

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 prisoners, 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, that's 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 squeezin' 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 unmistakably
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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