

# 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 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 left I 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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