M.U.G. (Money Under Ground) ft

O.C.

Penicillin on wax, the cure for rap
Crooklyn Dodger number two back on the map
Perhaps you thought I was gone, well surprise nigga
Not physically, but I'm a massive figureAl Pacino status, the baddest, exotic
Repetition like a automatic, can't stop it
High floatin', po satin' like coke snortin'
When I see a fetus, moms thought about abortin'Important, am I? Gotta ask myself
But then I think twice like a Gemini
Authentic, percentage, calculating my mind state
Eat foods and fit itBizarre pa, ain't it, flow you through like draino
Lava, from a volcano
Scorchin', torchin' the microphone I lost it
Poppin'Freddie Foxxx with the twin millies
Burn a temperillo
Aiyo Foxxx fuck these niggas
Slice 'em up like an ox popYeah, okay, it's time to bring these rap cats from Fantasy Isle
I bring it to these fake niggas with a quick and a smile
You know my style, America's most feared entertainer
Yeah, from New York to Cali, I'm called an acid RainerWhile you frontin' like ballin', son I stays in the mix
Same bullets in your burner since '76
Act like you can't tell, shit be live as hell
Bustin' so much shots
When my shells hit the ground it sound like "Rock the Bells"Call me Bumpy Knuckles 'cause my hands be swell
From knockin' niggas out from the lies they tell
Oh well, I bet you feel me all up in ya chest
I make the saucest nigga catch a body blame it on stressAnd if he snitch, I bail him out and murder his bitch
And then sedate her with my four pound clap
Shit's only rap but I'm livin' like that
So when while niggas be talkin' dogs and walkin' like catsNiggas mouths were gettin' way too fat
But O.C. and big Fred Oxxx, we bought to bring it back
"Let's go back"
"I'm tellin' it just like that"We be money under ground but you can't get none
Cause if you step into my round, you be one dead son
We get love where niggas be scared to come
And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want noneAny nigga play high post, I'm runnin' over
O.C. weigh tons like a fuckin' Range rover
(Tellin' niggas to they face that the fassad is over
Now it's time for this real nigga shit, can you feel this?)No question, we manifestin', what we feel
Bust up in your session, smack niggas up like adolescence

(Like a D&D, I can't see a gang, no motherfuckin' body
Seein' me that's just pure fantasy)True indeed son, we ain't the one
While niggas goin' out like that, we bring it on like Scarface
(That's means murder case, I bring highs to any base
Disrespect the profession)Mean that real niggas on the mic, bringin' it back
It's mad potent, like good crack, it's type addicted
All up in ya mind, you don't want hard timesWe be money under ground but you can't get none
Cause if you step into my round, you be one dead son
We get love where niggas be scared to come
And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want noneWhat?

Songwriters
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