

Focus

Frankie Cutlass

What what nigga?
LB Fam, Frankie Cutlass
Nine-six, Queens most wanted (word up)
Frankie Cutlass (Frankie Cutlass)
This is how we do (how we do)
Focus goin' on, everybody in my crew
From Spig Nice to Tah to my man Pretty Lou
Check it, Queens escapes
Put the shit on DAT and a tape
One time check it out baby boy now (check it out now)

Focus your mind on this
Can we do our thing when we swing we don't miss
Connect, knock it out the park, what a hit
It gets deeper, I'm on some keeper, my brother shit (and that's real)

Focus your mind on this
Can we do our thing when we swing we don't miss
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You got a team of real niggas in the room smokin' trees
Us niggas stayin' blunted the most wanted LB'z
My family connections blows through East Circuit
My team is whom I work with, we must stay alert kid
'Cause nowadays niggas glorify how they be massin'
We in the Jeep Passin' cheeba peep 'em as they assin'
Out in the game, what's the reason why you came?
To have these bitches be like askin' you a season in your brain
Flashin' jewels, talkin' blastin' if he pack the tools
I got a Glock to cock back to knock 'em, flat out your shoes
Not no, Big Willie puffin Dutches not Phillie
We packin' bubbly act up and we smack a nigga silly
The name is Mr Cheeks I keep the dough get on the low stroll
Take you to the Essence get my swerve on like the pros do
Baggin' bitches makin' money bounce without my crews
In nine-six motherfuck power moves, Ey yo

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(Mashin' out!) No doubt, body wreck squad bringin' it hard
And get charged, to rip shows in half, word to God
With clientele like a crack spot, me and my man dwell
"Fat blocks and rain sail from in jail to Ascott"
So yo, focus your mind on this
Nobody move and nobody get they wig twist
We real, still packin' blue steel
Knockin' brothers way up off of the top of the hill

Brownsville, MOP, Queens you know
Let them motherfuckers all bo bo bo bo bo!
Yo I set shit, come correct with, fat raps that
Rapidly fire like a infra tech spit
I'm trying to make it happen, no time for wishin
To tax at least a million is my lifetime mission so
In God we trust, Firing Squad we bust
Plus we must roll with the rough, Home team
Teflon, Billy, and Fame, mad Swingas to bring
That South 9 triple beam dream you been lookin' for
Firing Squad blowin' it up
And if you ain't tight on the mic
You ain't right shut the fuck up
Now, we represent in some of the illest situations
And some of the illest places, what happens up "in demonstrations"
Stayin' down, so you can't see who we are
Yo, everyday trigger nigga nucca fuck a rap star

Big up to all street borough
Brothers from Brooklyn to my rocket launcher packin' Bronx niggas
Keep it thorough

In the ghetto, my Empire Strikes Back
How About Some Hardcore?
Yeah we like it raw! Keep it like that

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