Connections

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Fuck the toughest I'm dangerous it's rowdy
Motherfuckers are up and outty the roughest sucker plucker
Since they found me
Openin' up a can of clash clicks six-packs of ass whips
Pints and fifths of asses, burnt to ashes
You've been spined, twisted
Blistered and spun up in and lifted
Shit boy ya free paper bum, it's called I got connections
Like Poonanny to erections
I saw selected sets son for my selection stretchin' sections
Etchin' and sketchin' to revive, reset and then set inspections
For the wet ones to the next ones, yes one, step son and get one
Comin' from behind is the line yours for a nine war
Walk nigga mind yours of crime wars will find yours
The hot one will spot one, shock one and stop one
Crews will conquer as tough as Tonka
Now I got one
I got connections, huh, huh, no question, huh
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue
I got connections, huh, huh, no question, huh
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue
State of shock, it's a greater plot that made us stop
The thunder from with under will make the whole of cradle rock, hah
Ken Boogie just hit me on the horn in California
Born in Fort July Fourth you're sworn to bangin' and warrin'
Road Dawgs you assume right first draft kick
Practic tactics of a great Western-type saloon fight
Caution courage what I bring when I approach this
Punks stays focused, notice devotions
And commotion's of cruddy's corrosive
Top gun and explosive motion East Coastin' deep
Throughout notions of all the shops I'm closin'
Aiyyo, I play emcees like this
I look 'em in the eye I know he's tense
And I break him like a bitch so I know there's no defense
So at night when I creep, only want 'em, while he's awake not asleep
By the way all I seek all I keep, so don't sleep
Nigga what's the realest?
Rap pillars got the power to blow up spots

From here to the Watts Tower
Niggas can feel us, do you wanna deal us?
It be the illest in Naughty it takes a fool to learn that
Love don't love nobody
My department be collections remember that
Love Child got connections ain't no motherfuckin' question
I'm deep with a vicious vendetta
Silence prospectors, objectors to my lectures
Constructed as architecture
Expressions of terror shakin' cold fingers of fear careers I spear
Prepare for a year full of nightmares
Get 'em back and don't come near me
When appraochin' me come sincerely I don't fear the
Others that don't like that I stack papers, yearly
Merely mentioned men they don't come steppin' to Vin
Anywhere I go, everywhere I flow
I'm bringin' it back home to my twins and I got friends
And friends don't let their friends drive drunk
So I suggest you grab your friends before I go and pop my trunk
And best believe I come correct so yo, what you wanna do?
I got connections, I get that ass stuck like glue
Aiyyo, what up nigga? I here you the man now yo
(Yo whattup my nigga, you know I ain't the man)
(But I got connections right for you what you need?)
Yeah, yeah, yo, yo check this out
I need you to handle a little something for me
Though on the real though
(You know I might not, can't slip and do that right now)
(But I got somebody to come through)
Nah, nah, nah, yo, yo, I need you to take care of it man
(Yo, I put this on everything I love, man, it's real sneaky, sister hood)
Females sneak up in here and come through
(Yeah)
235 degrees and the mics about to be freezin'
Emcee season on those who treason
I'm droppin' drinks like a pint of cool breeze, then
Intoxication, a million copies in circulation
Just a small indication to let you know Kandi Kain
Equals no intimidation on this naughty demonstration
Eighteen plus a hundred niggas that I run with
On that one shit keepin' you outnumbered
Collidin' with perfection, every direction can't pay enough protection
'Cause I got the Illtown to Inglewood connections

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