Armaggedon

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Showdown, Armageddon
Allah, yo, AkbarOne to the chest, two to the back
Three to the face with my gat, gat, gat
Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard
Got to stay strapped but the Cru is comin' backLoungin' with my Cru above Meck and Harmony
Bringin' like 13 other niggas, at least
Took them for some action 'cuz we love to party
The double agent, Biggie Smalls and BDPSo um, walked up in the spot, pisses
Hugs, frowns, hugs, disses
Walkin' through the crowd I bumped into Russell Russ
Huggin' me some love, you rich mothafuckEveryone was there, representin'
Just a good shit, Funk Flex, representin'
All of a sudden I thought shit gettin' thin
Wu-tang actin' up with their group from ShaolinErick Sermon tried to representin' his island
He said, "Hey", niggas joked him
Redman seen this nigga, uh, nuh that's his brother
Jumped over the bar like he was Soopaman LovaJersey had his back, that's a fact
But BDP was out to hit this nigg' with they classic traps
Six minutes, KRS you're on
The bridge is over, South Bronx drop the bombNas and his boys were in there yellin', "Kill that boy"
Oh shit, in the gutter everything went wrong
Biggie Smalls yellin', "Can't we just all get along?"
Nope, it's ArmageddonOne to the chest, two to the back
Three to the face with my gat, gat, gat
Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard
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Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard
Got to stay strapped but the Cru is comin' backOh, shit, all hell breakin' loose
Instead I should of went to that party at the muse
For ugly, I didn't and here's where I'm at
Chill, is that Q-Tip pullin' out a gat?Damn, now I know somethin's really wrong
First to bust off, Fat Joe from P-Long
Black moon caught mad brooms and they done
Method Man, murdered by the same gunKool G. Rap lickin' shot and KRS
But he didn't die fast 'cuz the brother had a vest
Ooh, nigga took Kool G. with him
Both dead from head wounds when the lead hit himEverybody going buck nuggy, word life
Rakim throwed slit by Eric B's knife

Damn, this gettin' iller than I thought
Playin' the back on the law so I won't get caughtWonder where Yogi is at in this piece
LL slumped over the bar, deceased
Redman, a dead man, essence forever
Latifah in the corner with a fuckin' head sever
But as I look around, know everybody's deadWait, what's that code shit on?

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