

# Spy Hunter

## Sporty Thievez

Spy Detail, there was a 498-DS

A top-secret formula had been stolen from the research lab

We had a job to do

We ran all suspects name through I and came up with Respond like James Bond to this con named Don

Millions in his palms, sellin' neutron bombs

Time 6 a.m., agent mayhem and eight men, no maybe ten

Came to scoop me in the Benz in the Graham Money involved? Say when, gave me a beige Range and thangs

But they claimed the Range changed to a plane, strange

But perfect, showed me circuits and how to work it

Wounds, how to nurse it, weapons, how to burst it Searched it, like a serpent, read the blueprints

Dime be with two chinks sportin' links and new minks

Drive a six with dark tints and one of the chinks

Named Dinks and Dinks always drinks so he thinks he's invinc' Other chinks a wimp, but Teflon's his vest holds

If he think you gonna roll, he'll put holes in your dress code

Time to load and hit the highway, I'ma do it my way

Spy way, do or die way, Schwarzenegger, true lie way So I pulled up on the drive way, ran through the side way

Saw his compadres, motherfucker, yippee kay

Die hard, nigga yelled, "My God", caught an Uzi scar

Hit the tar, other bullet to the car, "Ah" Time to pay him back, time to fade him

Got up tried to spray him, no aim, so I grenade him

Didn't get the Don but the bombs was a factor

Found what I was after, set the reactors

For two minutes, heard laughter and "Lieutenant you finished"

It was the Don with a Smitheth, Wessun to my chestun For a second I thought I was dead, no more said

Then I heard shots of lead and lead sped through his forehead

Brando with the ammo and Dubez with the Uz'

Move into plane rovers, motherfucker, we spy hunters Big Dubez, Billy D, four-five, concealed weapon

Runnin' through bricks that niggaz ain't yet step on

Eludin' Cop-po, in the eight, inhalin' char-coal

They tailin' but I'm Indy 500 Monaco Pigs can't stop no, Sporty Thievez Gestapo

They sickened against flip whips to saw you slick and

Out the fender, yo, no retreat no surrender

To the fullest, that's why my toys deflect bullets On the cell like "Who in charge? Get me the sarge"

Your squad car next, your fam reached my garage

Espionage, yo my fate on the rocks

I blow 'em out the box, firin' missiles on roadblocks

On the verge on smack-ups, forces callin' for back-up

Chunked in the trunk, 200 ki's to crack up Breathe holdin's essential, spy-hunter utensils

Four govermentals with four sets of dentals

I'm on a Cannonball Run like Burt Reynolds  
Bustin' off at the choppers, backin' down coppersWe in the Phillipines, on death row, about to face guillotines  
my crew lace marines, stick over and make realer teams  
so yo, say hello to my lil friend, you wanna play?  
Okay, feel ten through your steel, manYo we come together like foreign leaders  
Livin' large in Argentina, camouflaged in Korea  
in the bushes where they can't see-us  
spin astro 16 silence-face screw ons, Mission ImpossibleMerge 'em to the Persians with 2 glocks to my head  
Enough cream to flip the script, got niggaz watchin' the Feds  
Twenty ultra-red beams comin' through my window  
Tear-gas bleak up my glass the smoke blew the crib-boThe coke moves are ditto, layin' blue in Beirut  
Sneakin' weedin' Sweden shook the D's in Peru  
Like a crooked Batman with no partner but still Robin  
Trails be mind-bogglin', leave the D's followin'my front man, I be the big man behind the front man  
Front man got knocked? Big man still be the trump man  
Mix six crews and their glues, skully low smokin' nickels  
Runnin' up in cold blocks with iclesspray the trey-nickel, guaranteed to hit you  
If I miss you, bullets will probably ricochet and nip you  
and fall like the Berlin wall  
hang 'em off the terror spies let's make a ballCrooked navy seals with flak-on, sniffin', getting they crack on  
I managed to mack on enough oil to put Iraq on  
Stapped the gats on for this spy-war  
Coke lab, helicopter roof, and a cy-borg

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