

# I Got U

## Spooks

One, two  
Achoo  
Bless you  
I got u  
Caught you and taught you  
As one, two  
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Matter fact, here take two  
Pits of flesh, political palm picked and gone  
Spooks with uz', ice picks, blades and tools  
Listen fool, the revolution is cool  
We leave clans in pools of blood  
Let 'em all scrub to thug  
Bustin' for love, [Incomprehensible] and mud and bloody rugs  
Screamin' on cats, we spit in your face, blast back  
The Spooks put politicians in bags and [Incomprehensible]  
Ay, yo my crew chased you down outside your compound  
Now we got you in the four point hold on the ground  
Whoop, hand me that barbed wire, now your arms and legs are bound  
Hey Vengeance, pass me that scalpel now  
Relax, close your eyes as the sound of my voice penetrates  
Submission is your only choice to avoid the pain  
'Cuz I don't want no lip as I slip this microchip in your brain  
Go 'head, look, I know you're thinkin', "Who's behind me?"  
"Oh my God it's Water Water and no one's ever gonna find me"

I got your brains pushin', head in the frame  
In a case not far over, head of the flames  
Hangin' over the fire, I know y'all hope I retire  
But all y'all gettin' is open fire  
Ga ga, spray down, stay down, lay down  
Y'all niggas said we was commercial, what y'all gon' say now?

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Rectangle, sugar Shane pound MC's and mangle

Bending you back and bitch spank you  
A Grammy? Fuck you talkin' 'bout? I'm tappin' your chin  
See you at a club for no reason, tap it again  
This ball bully MC's, we buildin' 'em Greek  
Large like Tiger Wood's teeth when chewin' on beef  
Take you 'round the block, bring you back, tie the knots  
He bitch man, slap your whole block, moms and pops  
I ain't gon' lie though, brothers got a lotta bravado  
But can't back it up with the skills, they playin' lotto  
With they careers, when they step to me on the streets  
On stage or over beats you can't engage the heat  
From this ethereal thriller, mysterious serving guerrilla  
Stalk you with the sick precision of a serial killer  
Record your routine, I watch you from the day to the night  
Calculatin' when it might be the best time to strike  
They keep callin' my name

Water Water, come smack the whack in the back  
With a Louisville Ax Slugger, then slash the jugular  
Hit your back rawdog with no rubber, he's a dirty mawfuckar  
Won't last long, that's what my momma turned  
And told my daddy when I was born  
I got your neck in a noose, damn right, I'm flexin' my juice  
Shut your mouth nigga, that's an excuse

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What? Which one of you manufactured rappers  
With the materialistic, naive, egotistical fan base  
Has the nerve to be offended? What you gon' do? Dis me?  
Go 'head, rhyme, kick a verse, I dare ya  
Oh, I know it scares ya  
A bangin' beat, a empty room, a full pen and a blank pad  
But don't get mad 'cuz you don't know what the fuck you doin'  
Go 'head, freestyle punk, wait, before you start  
I know somebody done told you that a freestyle's the reciting of a rhyme  
That hasn't been recorded or put on the market  
But when you write that rhyme down, that's a record of the rhyme  
That rhyme's been recorded, so don't even start that shit  
A true freestyle's a rhyme or verse kicked from the dome  
Simultaneous and timed to a beat  
Where mistakes are made, you got bleeps  
And [Incomprehensible] all the time  
But these are the things that makes a freestyle so unique

From a precorded, practiced, or written rhyme  
Now what you gon' do?  
If your response is, "I know he ain't talkin' about me"  
I'm talkin' about you  
So fuck you to a break beat, bitch, I got u

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