Labels

Dark Times

Tommy ain't my motherfuckin' boy
When you fake moves on a nigga you employ
We'll all emerge off your set, now you know God damn
I show living large niggas how to flip a def jam
And rough up the motherfuckin' house cause I smother
You cold chillin' motherfuckers, I still warn a brother
I'm ruthless my clan don't have to act wild
That shit is jive, an old sleeping bag profile
The soft comedian rap shit ain't the rough witty
On the reel to reel it wasn't from a tough city
Niggas be game, thinking that they lyrical surgeons
They know they microphone's a virgin
And if you ain't boned a mic you couldn't hurt a bee
That's like going to Venus driving a mercury
The capitol of this rugged slang is Wu-Tang
Witty unpredictable talent and natural game
I death row an mc with mic cables
The epic is that I rush associated labels
From east west to atco, I bring it to a next plateau
But I keep it phat though, yo
I'm hitting batters up with the wild pitch style
I even show an Uptown MC a style
Who thought he saw me on 4th & Broadway
But I was out on the island, bombing MC's all day
My priority is that I'm first priority
I bone the secret out a bitch in a sorority
So look out for A&M, the Abbot and the Master
Breaking down your pendulum
As I fiend MC's out with a blow that'll numb the
Appendix, I'm holding more more weight than Colombia
Index Interscope, we RCA, clan
That's coming with a plan to free a
Slave of a mental death MC don't panic
Throw that A&R nigga off the boat in the Atlantic
Now who's the bad boy character, not from Arista
But firing weapons released on Geffen
So duck as I struck with the soul of Motown
My central broadcasting systems is low down
And dirty, like that bastard

It's getting drastic

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written by GRICE, GARY E. / DIGGS, ROBERT F.
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