Choose Your Poison

Squirrel Bait

Bitches, bitches, bitches, mutherfuckers
I say hey now c'mon y'all
If there's money in your pocket and you're walkin' tall
Make your way to the bar and get your poison chose
And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose
I get off Madd flows like a pack of Eskimo's
On the dog sled in the blizzard 'cause I'm the wizard of oz
Ah, shit I'm gonna wreck ya set
And you stepin' to me is just an empty threat
Something I can't sweat, kid, you never see my worry
I've never been caught but my hands may be dirty
5 years from 30 come check my age
If ya cant pop simply turn the page
And I'll engage wit that kid that's been shiftless
Stickin' to the roof of your mouth like some chippin'
Peanut butter, ya know know my style's butter
'Cause every word I utter rock's the sky's from the gutter
I make ya shudder when I rock your soul
I do dames the way I like, I get mike's controlled
And if ya get bold well then ya get bit
'Cause your knowledge is a trick, kid, it's makin' me sick
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I'm Danny Boy with the Hard Core style
I'll punch you suckers in the mouth like a root canal
You get me started and I'm hard to stop
I got 45 calibers ready to pop
And when I pop off, you drop off
You get blown out the frame 'cause the more shit change
The more things stay the same and I got no respect for your area
From Brooklyn to Dublin, I keep your ass fumblin'
'Cause I'm the fuckin' ball busta
Brooklyn heart breaker

House of Pain pimp money maker
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I got rhymes finese, I got rhymes galore
I got rhymes for peace, I got rhymes for war
I got rhymes for heads, I got rhymes for skins
I got rhymes, kid your crew ain't got no wins
So step up if you wanna get your head cracked
Run up if you wanna get your skull knocked
Play the hard rock baby get your ears boxed
I'll kill you all just like I was the small pox
I'll kill ya livestock
Just like I was anthrax
Come see me live
Then crazy like the Band Sax
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