

## **Prodigy, KRS-One, Method Man, KAM**

### **"IMG"**

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IMG nigga, ha-ha  
What? You ain't knowin' 'bout this motherfuckin' clique  
motherfucker?  
Too many niggas you just can't fuck with.  
So you better bow down to this real motherfuckin' shit,  
nigga.

Verse 1:

Niggas can't rest, they see death in the capital west.  
They just rest in pieces when I releases this stress.  
Give me the game and watch me run with it like  
Hardaway.  
Raise the Mac-11 and see how many wants to die  
today.  
I don't play no games, I'm a playa so I peep it.  
Put one of your funky tracks next to mine and watch me  
heat-seek it.  
Kablowl.  
All my enemies have been faded.  
Even rappers on tour never made it to they designated.  
Comin' through that east side Oakland with that drip-  
drop hip-hop  
watered down sound  
That never made it to the underground.  
Nigga, my voice is more irritating than chlorine in your  
eye.  
Nigga, I'm from the I, M G, I'm S-K-I.  
A multi-talented minster music.  
Weed? I don't do it. Samples? I don't use it.  
Straight, original from this musical OG.  
Nigga, open your eye, cuz the I is in IMG.

(chorus)

IMG (for life, nigga)  
West Side (for life, nigga)  
You raise your glock at my clique (we'll take your life  
nigga)  
It ain't no thing for us to blast  
(And twist your cap and leave a bullet in your ass).

IMG (for life, nigga)  
West Side (for life, nigga)  
You raise your glock at my clique (we'll take your life  
nigga)  
It ain't no thing for us to blast  
(And twist your cap and leave a hole in your ass).

Verse 2:

I'm scopin' niggas out.  
Show me the trigger and watch me pull it, send a bullet  
to these  
rappers' mouth.  
So now, I gotta make my escape  
Like Houdini the great.  
"O" is for original, "A" is for artillery, "K", that's for  
killa,  
Nigga, for my scrilla. Musical guerilla sellin' records by  
the milla.  
That's platinum, now nigga read my walls and lick my  
balls  
Before your family be missin' you like Aaron Hall.  
Now, for all you do, nigga, this is for the bitch in you.  
It's part two to take a hit must I continue to bend you  
I don't give a fuck if your whole crew defends you.  
I got a crew to, but I don't need 'em to get in you.  
You suck like the pink part of the pussy, fool.  
And your tracks ain't funky enough, because your ho  
keeps dishin' you.  
You double agents keep on spyin' me  
But it really don't matter cuz they can't see that IMG.

(chorus)

Verse 3:

Niggas be having they noses turned up like bitches.  
They must not know I work full time, dumpin' niggas in  
ditches.  
My name and my reputation speak for they self.  
The doctor should have told you Mr. SKI is fatal to your  
health.  
Or else, they should tell you I cause brain damage.  
I manage to rip MC's in half, before I vanish.  
Transparent. (I'm highly invisible and that's why you  
can't see me).  
Lookin' wicked in a T-shirt and a black beanie.  
When I creep like TLC  
I ain't Tupac so keep your motherfuckin' eyes off me.  
I told you in the beginning, I'd blast if I have to  
Now I have to, slap you up like the ho you are and mack

you, nigga.  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout gamin' on ya.  
I'm talkin' 'bout mackin' you when that Mac-11 start  
flamin' on ya.  
You better keep your punk-ass from trying me.  
You better try a taste-test before you think of trying  
IMG.

(chorus till end)

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