

Nfa

"Cause An Effect"

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N'fa - Cause An Effect

Chorus

Throw ya hands in the sky with me
Put em up like a dirty cop told ya to freeze.
Now close ya hands to a fist a squeeze
If you represent freedom, and you fight for peace.
Throw ya hands in the sky with me
Put em up like a dirty cop told ya to freeze.
Now close ya hands to a fist and squeeze
If you represent freedom and you fight for peace.

Verse 1

It's the all out fall out, I'll come if you call.
Run with it quick, I'm fitted fit. More fit then em all.
More fitter than them busty booty milfs at the mall.
Milk leaking out the tit, I pounce quick and I maul.
Them baller cats need to sit back on the bench,
N'fa's the fresh breath amongst the virulent stench.
The violence won't end I document with biro or pen.
Blood leaking, while their freaking cos my rhymes are
immense.
I climb over or dig under any fence they erect,
Break it down to a wreck without breaking a sweat.
Call collect, collect debts owed and cash the cheques.
Mic check to check mate without saying jack shit.
I smash it. Mash ya wack smash hit.
Major record exec's flex prophylactics,
Ready to bend you over til ya ass can't ever be
mended.
That's why N'fa stays independent.

Chorus...

Throw ya hands in the sky with me.
Put em up.....

Verse 2

Get up, get up, man cause an effect.
You know the rep, some say sleeps the cousin of death.
But most folks sleep walk through life,
Eyes wide shut blinded by the big city lights.
Some like to take life cos they don't know the meaning,
Like em stick up kids, stressed out and fiending.
With so many pressures, we're all so precious,

We're all rock stars god bless us,
I'm feeling the rush right now like when I'm up on
stage.
N?fa speaking loud til the crowds in a rage.
Pays a bonus, I got a bonus for her.
Limbs gripping, sweat dripping all over her curves.
And honey bunny don?t care for me money,
That?s why I give her me money, the irony is kinda
funny.
Wheels squeal when the pigs fly by,
And like the moons gravitational pull, N?fa?s here to
change the tide.
Chorus...
Verse 3
I represent those struggling to pay tax, struggling to
eat.
Amidst fat aristocrats we can?t make ends meet.
I represent the lonely working, searching for more,
Suffering at the bottom. I?m here to settle the score.
I dead the phonies jerking off at the tip top,
Trying to define, and make guide lines for hip hop.
Its fee form so to hell with conformers
I?m raw, I stand tall, check my live performance.
I grab my balls and I spit on the floor.
Throw a fist for freedom to shock all ya?ll.
No 50/50. If you ain?t with me then ***** all ya?ll.
If ya with me let me hear ya raw! Come on now!
Chorus....

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