

Rob Black

"Down The Line Joint"

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Verse One: Puffy

When night falls, that's when it all begins

Be prepared we can allow no loose ends

I highly recommend ya'll bring your arms

This is no false alarm

They want to do us harm

Like I'm nervous, live inside a glass house

They want to bring us down

Then drag us out

It's all about niggas that doubt our reputation

Start'n conflict and don't know what they facing

Want twist us all in there black magic

? suggest paper of wars and break havoc

Are u ready, don't sleep on them

Ain't petty, you get that ass thrown like infedy

Meet me at the getaway spot in a jiffy

Leave all the does behind that act iffy

We got maneuvers, that's hard to beat

Till the other side retreats

Under six feet beneath

C'mon

Verse Two: Mark Curry

I told u that is a saw I wore

I'm a kill

When the rebel yells song that don't stop till

It's done, see I got guns and I m sick

See how you said meet me here and I came quick

Them same catz on the most wanted list

We can hit them, Then straight disappear in the mist

?, Won't cease to exist

I shoot to kill and I'll be damned if I miss

A warrior waiting for Armageddon

I get serious as hell when I'm threatened

Intent to get hostile break into a rage of fury

Send them back their apostle's fossils and crazed right

A rude awakening and but now I'm alert

And that's right down my line of work

The whole Brotherhood new verse, gutless cowards
with no back

And watch how they all fall flat

Ahh

Chorus:

Niggas gone fall out

The got us up against the wall

Here I call out, let it all out

With or without you I'm for war

Some shit worth dying for, ah-huh

Niggas gone fall out

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Verse Three: Black Rob

Yo,

You want hot soup, I got shit like up on in attica

Guns ridiculous like battle star galactica

What's this, want to insult my family?

La familia, actin like ones of us goin to kill ya

I want ya'll dues,

Shit hit the fan, we going to be eatin your food

Time up in the new

Then torture, I rip a niggas toe nails off

What, I didn't here the news five slayin the law

Man, how I don't want do these catz

I lay mousetraps for those mice house niggas that
house gats

They want to out me, I know killers from down south be

Who know and understand, there ain't a thing sweet
about me

I earn my respect, and I was born to wreck

Spit techs, by your rockets threw jets

Who's next, to get hit by firepower that's so raw

Go play 4-4's ready for war

Verse Four: Mase

All out, what what,

Wanna blow, what what

Teamsters what what

Mother Fucker

From Monday to Sunday, it's all about the money

Nigga ain't got mine, I guarantee I'm gun play

Moms says makes u going to need that money one day

Bitch I'm in the jet, Benz on the runway

Don't be fooled, still squeeze tools

Money like that why the fuck I need school

M-A dollar sign E rules

Hundred G jewels,

Vacate places you don't even need shoes

Same catz say stay up, prey 4 my day up

No one where my bitch live, plot where I lay up

If you got coke way up, Got doe then pay up

Niggas shoot at me a nigga better spray up

Cause God forbid, you hit me in my Ribs and I live

Comin back and getting you and your kids

Chorus

Verse Five: G-Dep

Dom Dom Dom

Thought I heard something

Last cat that I heard frontin

Burned up herb huntin

Word cause, my heard something

Splurge something,

Now I don't care who I hit

Its who I hit I knew I hit

Who'm would understand though

We vandals and land roles

Program for our own channels

And flannel, this man knew any clan

We're here for the catz in the minivan

Got let this schemmy plan

Pay me man, scan

Sex, cars any money

Sex guard the money

With this gun, it be hard to run me

Get it right, or get it tonight

Better tonight,

Set up your wife, with the head of the night

Don't fold cause my goals imbedded with ice

To my tents dimming the light

I'm bendin this mic

Lot of niggas don't comprehend

Lots niggas look sloppy when

They don't see me and I see them

Chorus

Chorus

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