

Salt N Pepa F/ Alpha Omega

"Chains"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Masta Killa)]

Let it flow, deh-deh-duh (yeah) it's on (beh-deh-deh-deh)

(Den-e-neh) on... (yo, aiyo)

[Chorus: reggae sample]

Keep on knowin' what you know

Keep on knowin' what you know

End up, up, up, in chains, chains, chains

[Masta Killa]

Back in '88, son was gettin' a little paper

Caught a few stings, rocked the phat rope cables

Pushed the white Mercury Sable, known for holdin' heat

Pharoah garmer marks on his feet, serpents whisper

You can smell the deceit, they greet me like peeps, to blend

And try to befriend, to get up, underneath the skin

My long wind'll blow ya head piece degrees

Murder One Team, Barcelini Noodle had lean

Microphone fiend, step into the rhythm

This is how I'm servin' them, no need for medic attention

I just murder them, murder them... pussy, I just murder them

[Chorus]

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

I'm a dip-dip diverse, socializer

I'm a hoof flat top rule, in eighty niner

They say Rugged, by now, you should of at least blown

It's funny, I'm mad famous for being unknown

I'm just a dirty motherfucker, they hate my guts

All I talk about is bitches, and bustin' nuts

Yeah, I got a foul mouth, yeah, I cuss too much

I'm just so Ricky Ricardo, ri-di-cu-lous

And I ain't got no fly whip, I still ride the bus

I got Mitch Blood Green on the scene with us

Hospitable, hitable, cooler, than Jacob who criminal

Miracle, lyrical, take every syllable literal

Little riddle, profitable, visible, iritibal
Little brittle, pitiful, for so through little, you tickle, you
typical
Yeah, I talk shit, I'm cocky with it
It's hard for you to admit it, but I'm one of the best in it

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

My mind is haunted, filled with the extension of slaves
that's torment

Slow down my steps, one foot from the grave to con it

Our young black males, they lick pon gate

Son of the morning, roasted souls, tell Minister "come
pray"

It's gun trade inside of smokey apartments

Flow process, one nine, two tech, four revolvers

Coke overballing kettels, it's like we struck oil in the
ghetto's

We supply it to addict's, the devil work

He practice, he's like a search backwards

Til they throw that dirt in our casket, and that's it

I live where the fiends are nothin', just a scene of the
projects, similar to

Osama's

An old man, at the top of the stairs, he just stare

Cuz his mind ain't there, victim of the war

Polar signs, the times is near

He drop the jewels, til you buy him a beer

He said he was a linebacker for the Bears

Said he did it all back, while he's dryin' his tear

Yeah, it's that real shit, that made me

That music from the '80's, the child's of the '70's

I live long til they bury me...

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