

Shaggy F/ Ali G

"Life Liquid"

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(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?
(Blood spillin in the streets!)
(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?
(Blood spillin in the streets!)

[Journalist]

Uhh, yo, yo, aiyyo

Aiyyo wit two precise niggaz, holdin the right biscuits
There'll be a lot of cats leakin out they life liquid
Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures
when we throw two in yo' ass while you huggin on your
mistress

From Philly, where cats quick to mute you at
Cuckoo cats, twist back your FUBU cap
Crucial black - two chicks to screw you at
Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at
While you checkin on your pagers, weapons in your
faces

Shot blazin, cops section off the pavement
Hoppin out with gauges, prepare for the occasion
We throw about eight in, the house that you was raised
in

Mouthin off fakin'll make you a loud patient
Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin
And while your brain's achin I'ma have your dame
slavin

Cocaine and apron, over a flame bakin

Chorus: Journalist + Canibus

[J] Niggaz take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[C] Innocent bystanders get shot by standin
[J] Y'all better duck when you hear the cannon
[Both] or y'all be checkin for leaks -
Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the streets
[J] Niggaz take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[C] Innocent bystanders get shot by standin
[J] Y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon
now you layin deceased

[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the streets

[Canibus]

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, what I'm gonna do
is show you how you can get spotted by one too
Cause I don't give a fuck, I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus, as if one gun wasn't
enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out
Then I pull the gat in my waist out
Put it in your mouth
and keep squeezin til the whole clip is sprayed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out; shoot you in the
stomach
till I see the last meal you ate drain out
Your face look spaced out, I gut you like a trout
Scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage
out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of Windex
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects
From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or
your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable, you probably a
homosexual
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you
probably threatens you
You probably look at grapes and see testicles
You probably fantasize about vegetables
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you
And you probably let gerbels crawl up your rectum too
Shame on you; I (*defecate*) on you
and simultaneously (*urinate*) on you
and pour some acid rain on you
I stop your heartbeat with heat
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

Chorus

[C] Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?
[J] Old school burners with
barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
What you holdin Canibus?

[Canibus]

30 bullet banana clips
Just to handle the kick I gotta glue it to my hands and

shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggaz who deserve the shit
Put em in a tournaquet

[Journalist]
Bomb proof Suburbans with tractor-tread tires
so we can ride through the dirt with it (drive over curbs
with it)
Merc in it, even over slippery surfaces we can swerve in
it
(And crash into niggaz who don't deserve they shit)
Try stoppin the dudes, you gotta be bruised
Cockin the tools that knock you out your socks and your
shoes

[Canibus]
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion

[Journalist]
In the back of a medic truck, shots in your neck and gut
while we holdin our weapons up, I'm still reppin' Philly -
what?

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Chorus

.. The what? .. The what? ..

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