

Shonda Martin

"Bad News"

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[Chorus]

Brigade jump on a couple of punks
Nigga, we bad news
(We bad news, nigga)
To beef for real
If you step our way it's on
Anybody, everybody (Oh shit)
Come on
Brigade jump on a couple of punks
That's how we're moving it moving it moving it
To beef for real
If you step our way it's on
Anybody, everybody (that's right)
Come on

[Kon Artis]

We breaking every rule in the book
Illegal crooks that got your mind shook
Kon done with spells up
Poisonous cook
The Kon Artis
Make way for the hell raiser
Mysterious neighbor
Cuttin throats with broke Coke
Bottles and rusty razors
I ain't the one to save you in a crisis
I kick you while you're down
Snatch you up and ask you who's the nicest
Better say me
Or I'll put your next to some vice crips
And squeeze until they lifeless
I stayin confidence with my mind
About being good or evil
I'm deceitful
Lethal when I leave you
Dead inside your blood brother
When your hand for help reaches out
We just chuckle
Now where the fuck of how we is as individuals
We raise wrong
Politics and poverty got us head strong

You dead wrong
If you think you'll make it out with all your limbs
Grab your camera
So we can put this on film

[Kuniva]

Hey
Don't get cut into hundreds over some dumb shit
I advise you to run quick cuz we run this
Guns click on the reg reg
Put MCs on they death beads
Either that or leavin' 'em walking on peg legs
In various locations
I'll be wylin' out at places
I'm why they're running out
Of handicap parking spaces
Intense dreams
You want suspense? It's endless
How I massacre crews
Leave you solo and friendless
Contact lens less then lifeless
The trifest MC
You never wanna fight with
Or rock a mic with
Carry a knife with
Da Brigade on the night shift
Pack this big dick that I use to fuck your wife with
You ain't the nicest
Derelicts with intelligence
Leaving your grill wide open like pelicans
Just wait
My words penetrate through your vertebrate
Til it snap your neck brace
And crack your chest plate

Chorus

[Kon Artis]

You studies wanna job like assets
Rough is ready to start teaching niggas
In ass whippin' classes
Breaking glasses
Damage crews by the masses
Shit talking like Cassius
Get in your E-Class and dash bitch
Kon Artis
The only man that can expand the cervix
With the tip of my bone
Get in your girl and keep fucking
Until she starts screaming "Leave me alone"
Walking predacone

Looking for weak grade to set it on
From dusk til dawn I bomb
Went through hell and remain calm
The devils to stir us to fight me
Just to see what type of shit that I was on
Those bastards is why they got burnt
And turned into crisp XXXXX
With lyrics hotter than lava comes
It's urgent
That she splurge with
Before I merge with
Kuniva will make ya nerves emerge and split
Heard me bitch
You weren't worthy with the mic
Is why I snatch it
And people think and praise with words that I like
With things that I say on you
You need someone to spar with
Put you in the back of my trunk
Get in my car trick
Running with nothing but thugs
With the fug
We more dangerous than L.A. cops with big clubs
Who's arresting you when you're drunk
You sick munk
Spitting up bills scriptures and gumps
Till you punks get the picture
Get it?
If rap was a whore you couldn't hit it
I make it my business
Twenty four seven to try and stick it

[Kuniva]

Gotta get it
I gotta give it to you non-stop
Bombs drop lyrical warfare we onslaught
Dead bodies rot
We making your body rock
Licking them off like lollipops
That the shotty pop
Kuniva snatch rolex chains, watches and anklets
Dissin' the stank bitch
Packing heaters to make you thank quick
Now ain't this
Something you don't want a piece of
Don't worry about waiting these ones
Chillin' with me buds

Chorus

