

## Silvercat

### "Underground Connections"

Visit "[Underground Connections](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[\*short movie sample\*]

[Chorus: Guru]

We got underground connections, the best ones  
No stress son, come test son, you'll get done  
When you be stickin out your chest son  
Underground connections, the best ones  
Come test son, you'll get done  
So don't be stickin out your chest son

[Ice-T]

So many thugs niggaz rappin bout they saw me sellin  
crack again  
Catch me at the Hard Rock, ballin at the MGM  
Fuckin it all, I blow a million on craps  
Done spent a million on straps, so I'm heavily heated  
Never had a bitch on yo' dick kid, though I know you  
need it  
Mia keeps the mega hoes and hookers, you can't count  
the amount  
And kid them extra bitches in your video don't count  
I never lied on a record, I put that on my son  
If my niggaz caught me frontin, they've cut out my  
tongue  
Well connected baby bitch nigga, ya can't run far  
My riders know where the little and the big cribs are  
It ain't the funds ya got, but how long ya got it  
It ain't the guns ya got, but how much ya shot it  
I'll look you deep in your eyes like I ain't never done a  
record  
Step up all on ya bitch and have the hooker butt-nekkid  
With the "knock-the-tooth-out-nigga", "blow-the-roof-  
out-nigga"  
"Fuck-the-cops-with-thirty-men-and-shootout-nigga"  
If I was as hard as you sound, I'd be stuck deep in the  
hole  
Still when I mobs in the club, I have ya tuckin ya gold  
Grabbin ya hoes, lookin for emergency do's  
Endin the shows, bodies on the disco flo's

[Chorus]

[Sonny Blade]

Yo, yo

As far as it go, fuck with fams, it's kilos to grams  
The circumstance, the way it's goin down, accordin to  
plan

This gangsta hit, pissed off, Bacardi and shit  
Run the streets, bodying shit, anybody you wit  
Thinkin I'm Gotti and shit, fuck with anyone of them  
bitches you wit

Pushin a six-hundred, wrist flooded with chips  
For those that don't know G, this nigga Sonny keeps it  
funky

I bet my life on it, you niggaz don't want it  
Spittin thirty-thirty, pushin J30's, you niggaz ain't worthy  
Across the county, my Suspect niggaz surround me  
Come off it - fuckin ya bitch, whoever's closest  
I know about the dru-dugs, safe behind the portrait  
Crazy bank, livin it up, to make an estate  
You ballin now, face down on the fuckin floor now  
Sonny Blade got this hits locked down for days  
I got the guns up, ready to run up startin my blaze

[Chorus]

[Older Don]

Yo, Suspectz, lock down blocks, run up in spots  
Fuck the cops, swervin on a belt in the drop  
Bad bitch, rubbin my cock, one hand on the glock  
And I can't stop, won't stop, until I get it get it  
Done shitted, called beef and dealt wit it  
So forget it homes, Older Don is fully blown  
Southbeach, buggy-eyed Jag, sittin on chrome  
Freaked off, like the illest porn  
Pour heat, quick to swarm  
We can get it on from dusk 'til dawn  
Flows hot, your's lukewarm - Flex gonna drop the bomb  
See the tattoos ingraved in the arm, this shit is  
gangsta...

[Chorus]

[Guru]

Underground rap king baby, word up, I'm here to reign  
Potential victims know my rep, they fear the pain  
Emcees think they runnin things cuz they wear the  
chains  
Still get third degree burns from the severe flames  
Ain't nuttin changed kid, I still walk with a bop  
While you wanna be punks, be lookin awkward a lot  
Cuz I make the spot hotter than the cops on your block

Cuz some of y'all are worse than bitches, and be talkin  
a lot

Cuz you still don't understand that I'm iller than y'all  
And it ain't just because I know more killers than y'all  
But because I know that half of y'all ain't willin to brawl  
See me, I'm quick to start it with you chicken-hearted  
Fake hustlers, phony gangsters, where'd you get your  
part at?

Some flick that you watched, or some legend you  
swept

Let's talk about some real shit, cuz there's paper to get  
Time to turn this respect into cash and major checks  
From NYC to Cali, flip the dough and invest  
With my Underground Connect, Iceberg pass the tec  
Only run with street soldiers and no pussy cadets  
Cop millinneum jewels and you still shop for bagettes

[Chorus]

Straight like that... ha  
Baldhead Slick.. Ice-T.. The Suspectz  
Underground Connections baby...

Visit [Silvercat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.