

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Lick Dem Muthaphuckaz"

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"Cos no matter who you are, you're still catchin bullets,
god"

[Lord Jamar]

You like to taste the lead, well get your face fed
After I'm done, you rather suck on pencils
Here comes the coroner with chalk for the stencils of
your body
As I walk over the shit and spit outta heart
Now brothers talk shit and can't back it
That's why I had to fit em with a full metal jacket
Peel his cap once cos I know it's all it takes
Watch the muthaphucka bawlin, his body catch the
shakes (BLAST)
Just before he die, I'ma look him in his eye
Ask the nigga how he figure he was big enough to try
the muthaphuckin G-to the O-to the D
I told ya couple times that the Gods must be crazy
but ya didn't listen, so now ya on a mission
to get an autopsy, a raw C-O, ya can't stops me
Now tell me is there anybody else
before I put my AK back on the shelf
Cos I put in work like Job Corps
Niggas talk shit and get jerked and robbed for
their life by a knife or a gun
So when ya see me comin, nigga, run

"See I had to lick em" "Punk muthaphucka"
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"Cos no matter who you are, you're still catchin bullets,
god"
repeat

[Sadat X]

Somebody's dead, a whole crowd formed
The cops ain't even come yet, Money's dead in the
street

Somebody called his people and they come downstairs
screamin
Six girls cryin wild cos Money had a child
A good dick, couldn't even stand the .44 lick
Dead quick, the funeral is strictly closed-casket
And ol' Aunt Faith, her baby fingerpaints
My Moms know the time so she wanna send me down
to Alabama
I gotta cousin, says she's got some friends
She says they strictly fuckin, I could get away from
buckin
She tried to gas me up, I tell her sex is everywhere
and sex is but a word, it ain't shit I ain't heard
Tell my Moms I ain't leavin, my crew said to stay
My crew I'm believin so fuck it anyway
I got my mob from the Rule, that live by the cruel
and my crew from Courtland Ave. always say they'll set
it off
And if I choose, who's somebody might die
and if they don't die, they won't be able to walk
Pump slugs in his back, he's talkin pussy talk
"Cos no matter who you are, you're still catchin bullets,
god"

"See I had to lick em" "Punk muthaphucka"
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god"
repeat

[Lord Jamar]

Well hey muthaphuckaz, it's the dread with the 9
Lead to the head of you devils, now it's bedtime
I said I'm not the nigga to be playin out
I'll leave your body layin out the sid, talk shit and you'll
get licked
Get hit by a dread who's fed with the nonsense
Leave you red, where my clip empty out his contents
Spill your guts when I fill ya up with the flame juice
Niggas' nuts, I had to fuck em up and use my name
loose
Some silly goose, we be down on the subway
He gets no love cos he's rubbin me the wrong way
Disrespectin, infect the masses
So I elect to come direct and dissect some asses
My nigga passes the gat, rat-a-tat-tat
Now you shut your fuckin trap cos you was who I's
fuckin at

I got you suckin at the chrome like a nipple
The only way your ass is goin home is as a cripple

[Sadat X]

And then I peed on niggas, came the absolute worst
Lost compassion for humans, and then smack up they
moms
Ran and got the arms, from under the mattress
My little man Satan got somethin in his jacket
Let me get to work and I'll release the swarm
My man mean a lot these days
I got the hash, cash plus my people raise me well
Bring it to em X, and we'll take the weight
Run and get the Mac from the Park Ave. location
Bronx location, wit a extra bag of clips
Plus I want it tight and I don't play that much
So I'll have all the reefer and set up all the stock
And everybody's fuckin, yo Money, she wasn't great
You just got mad, ya girl got videotape
So save the noise, niggas, cos I can't hear
"Cos no matter who you are, you're still catchin bullets,
god"

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repeat x3

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