

Sporty Thievez F/Mocha

"Punks Jump Up To Get Beat Down"

Visit "[Punks Jump Up To Get Beat Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

("Get nothin' but a beat down!")

Refrain 4x

Punks jump up to get beat down!

("Get nothin' but a beat...")

Sadat X:

One day when I was ridin' on the train I seen these two
kids talkin'

about the Nubian reign had fallen.

I didn't say nothin' cuz these kids caught my goat,
even wore my coat like a murder that they wrote.

So this kid with mouth swagger 'n I'll blaze the cloak
and dagger

so I gotta show Dukes the macho lot that I am.

I can rock a jam, make the world drop ham,
oh yes, I'm the bad man, and bad men wear black.

And if it comes to droppin' bombs, yo, I'm with that.

Though I can freak, fly, floow, fuck up a faggot.

Don't understand their ways I ain't down with gays.

You wanna grab the style that was made from my mom
and my dad,

when I was young I used to run with a notepad.

Then dimes knew and somehow I knew that I was bad
to the bone...

black prodigy since the age of twen-ty.

I could write a rhyme, rip it up and write a next one,
right on the spot, sign my name with a dot.

Diamond D threw me some smooth shit, Bronx crowd
roar.

Stick up your wack jam, everybody hit the floor.

Okay it's you, Slim, the hard rock of the pack,
don't wanna kneel to the brothers, you must be holin'.

Bust some shit in his chest, now his whole body's
swollen.

Why did I have to do it? He asked for it.

His man saw it, so it don't mean shit to me.

He's gone, that's how it's supposed to be....check it out
now.

I ain't goin' out, man that short shit is dead,

have you heard what I said? If not, ask the dread.

He got a can and that's bad...similar to the one that I

got from my own dad.

Refrain 4x

Lord Jamar:

Your punk ass'll be grass quick fast like my name was
flash

when a nigga try and rob me for my cash.

You thought you had a sweet vic, a nice pick,
but you didn't anticipate that I might be sick.

Now who's the trick, cuz I'm not a up. (No, no-no-no!)

I always do the fuckin', just might do the buckin'.

I leave my Nikes stuck in your rectum, till you learn

Brand Nubian, yo, you gotta respect 'em.

Dissect 'em, yo, our word is bond regardless.

To my what, and do the Puma strut.

So step the fuck off, before I punch you in your face,
with the mothafuckin' bass!

Then you're gonna taste blood in your mouth, it's
gonna flood south

to the ground, and you're gonna know I don't fuck
around.

So if you think you had two soft newjacks,
we're gonna have to off you with a few cracks
to the jaw and you won't pop that shit no more.

Explainin' to your friends why you're layin' on the floor.

Did you want some more? I didn't think so.

Just got whipped like a faggot in the clink, so

I suggest you take your bloody mess and find a piece
of wire,

fix your broken jaw, then it's time to retire.

Lord Jamar will live long, cuz I give strong blows the
heads of my foes.

Dread flows, gives me power as it grows.

Watch how rass-cladda you catch the speed knot,
heed not, and hell will be your home,

Lord Jamar, Sadat, as we swell your dome.

Refrain 4x

Visit [Sporty Thievz F/Mocha](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.