Sporty Thievz F/Mocha "What the Fuck?"

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[Lord Jamar]

Once again it's the dread and the bald head Won't be satisfied til the devil's I see em all dead Layin in a mass grave, for the past slaves they were stayin

Do you think a nigga forgot? Matter fact my trigger's hot, you blink you gettin shot And if the weather's hot, your body's gonna stink when it rot

Lord J got the arms, Sadat got the bombs
We don't feel shit, you cried a hit on ya moms
Now leave the bloody bitch in a ditch
Get'cha pretty penny if the mother of my enemy
My brother's sendin me four bursts from down south
And for the lies you told, I'ma buck you in the mouth
Now what the fuck's this all about?

[Sadat X]

Everybody gotta weapon

Who's gonna let burst the first shot? Hmm, I thought not

Feel the battle, tell Darryl that his first-born is dead Shot in the back by the task force I'm mistakin your face in a similar face

Got em murdered

much like how the buffalo is herded by the pale face who threw some game on the Indian, who got jerked for New York

You better walk, got caught then wear your vest We might throw somethin that's hollow Brand Nubian ain't never been the ones, to follow nobody

We gotta lotta arms but I like to pump the shotty

Hook: (x3)

Now what the fuck's this all about?

[Lord Jamar]

It's all about brothers risin up, wisin up Sizin up a situation, but gettin fit within the nation No deviation, a straight pathways down my wrath I sing sounds of math on behalf of the Gods and the Earths, birthplace in space You be fuckin with my turf when you be fuckin with my race

Now face, your maker and take your last breath The time is half past death now what the fuck's this all about?

[Sadat X]

Hook (x6)

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