

## Surama K "Case Closed"

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[Dr.Trevis like voice] Hah  
(huh, hah, hah, hah, HAHHAH, hah)  
Nineteen ninety-six  
(hah, come on!) Coming with the sickedest  
motherfuckers  
in the perimeter  
(huh, whooo! nineteen) You hit em with a newwww  
(ninety-six, nine six) tree, dick be fly, in your ass  
(Dick! Di-dick, check)

[Redman]  
Yo! Amazing grace how sweet the sound is of the fo'  
pound  
To blast all these sound men that got the po' sound  
Yippie-yi-yay, motherfuckers here's the show down  
But since we're broke now with dope sounds now here  
we go now  
Check the motion while I be puffin the pot-enent  
Blow spots and urban networks with other experts  
Plus this thing between my ear thinks clear  
And the only thing it fears is the man upstairs  
So fuck your bulletproof gear  
If I decide to get your ass you better believe it's more  
than a blast  
(boo-ya) More like rough paragraphs out Alcatraz  
And ash, your staff, let the grime our your ass  
Everybody's hustling with sons toting guns  
When Reggie Noble's sprung we stick nuns that got  
funds  
Bomb niggaz like they did in Oklahoma  
Freez, you're froze, Def Squad UHH, case closed

[Crossbreed #1]  
I be the, sneaky, second dimension, creepin through  
your sector  
Have nectar, leaking out you wack rhyme stressers  
Extra deez disease leave rashes on rappers  
Makin MC's so feel the breeze of the Grandmaster  
Packed with swift solid style structure  
Simonizing MC's with the degree of street ruckus  
Aiyyo who got guns? I split precise, spleen splitter

Return my physical presence to the borough of the  
hard hitters  
I devour, night sun shower, menace last hour, weak  
man's last power  
Body, the six four mind shotty  
The one you handle, second dimension mind vandal  
Laceratin your retina for tryin to see this  
As I'm flowin through the prism of the X-3-D  
See at forty belows I freak flows that burn your nose  
When you inhale the verbal blows, case closed

Chorus: Redman, Crossbreed

Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?  
Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?  
Yo, don't you know, who I am motherfucker?  
[Redman's the name fool]  
That's my nigga!  
Why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?  
Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?  
Yo, don't you know, who they are motherfucker?  
[Crossbreed's the crew fool]  
They're my niggaz!

[Verse Three: Crossbreed #2]

Things ain't easy, cuz we be, strugglin day to day  
A bunch of stressed black men with not really much to  
say  
Twistin up some brown paper that we struggle just to  
get  
With the deaf dumb and blind become mentally  
equipped  
As I extend my pen to wreak havoc on paper  
I execute and burn MC's like Absolut with no chaser  
Strong as chemical the general with rhymes  
Past wreckin mics, I make the earth shatter like the 7th  
sign  
My drama bringer bring about a new order  
I'm sending a plague through your town like God to  
Sodom and Gomorrah  
Your deacon, my vocals actions got you speechless  
Make gangsta niggaz wanna go home and talk the  
cheapest  
No man alive could bend on we, beatin on rappers  
literally  
X3D beez up on the streets dimensional trilogy  
Got no love for foes, no respect for grimy hoes  
Nuff said, X-3-D blowin up, case closed

