

XTC**"The Message"**

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Fake thug, no love, you get the slug, CB4 Gusto
Your luck low, I didn't know til I was drunk though
You freak niggaz played out, get fucked and ate out
Prostitute turned bitch, I got the gauge out
96 ways I made out, Montana way
The Good-F-E-L-L-A, verbal AK spray
Dipped attache, jumped out the Range, empty out the
ashtray
A glass of 'ze make a man Cassius Clay
Red dot plots, murder schemes, thirty-two shotguns
Regulate wit my Dunn's, 17 rocks gleam from one ring
Yo let me let y'all niggaz know one thing
There's one life, one love, so there can only be one
King
The highlights of livin, Vegas style roll dice in linen
Antera spinnin on Milleniums, twenty G bets I'm winnin
them
Threats I'm sendin them, Lex with TV sets the minimum
Ill sex adrenaline
Party with villians, a case of Demi-Sec to chase the
Henny
Wet any clique, with the semi-tech who want it
Diamonds I flaunt it, chickenheads flock I lace em
Fried broiled with basil, taste em, crack the legs
way out of formation, it's horizontal how I have em
fuckin me in the Benz wagon
Can it be Vanity from Last Dragon
Grab your gun it's on though
Shit is grimy, real niggaz buck in broad daylight
with the broke Mac it won't spray right
Don't give a fuck who they hit, as long as the drama's
lit
Yo, overnight thugs, bug cause they ain't promised shit
Hungry-ass hooligans stay on that piranha shit

Chorus: samples from "New York State of Mind" (repeat
4X)

"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death" ->
Nas

"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin" -

> Nas

[Nas]

I peeped you frontin, I was in the Jeep
Sunk in the seat, tinted with heat, beats bumpin
Across the street you was wildin
Talkin bout how you ran the Island in eighty-nine
Layin up, playin the yard with crazy shine
I cocked a baby 9 that nigga grave be mine, clanked
him
What was he thinkin on my corner when it's pay me
time
Dug em you owe me cousin somethin told me plug him
So dumb, felt my leg burn, then it got numb
Spun around and shot one, heard shots and dropped
son
Caught a hot one, somebody take this biscuit 'fore the
cops come
Then they came askin me my name, what the fuck
I got stitched up and went through
Left the hospital that same night, what
Got my gat back, time to backtrack
I had to drop so how the fuck I get clapped
Black was in the Jeep watchin all these scenes speed by
It was a brown Datsun, and yo nobody in my hood got
one
That clown nigga's through, blazin at his crew daily
The 'Bridge touched me up severely hear me?
So when I rhyme it's sincerely yours
Be lightin L's sippin Coors, on all floors in project halls
Contemplatin war niggaz I was cool with before
We used to score together, Uptown coppin the raw
But uhh, a thug changes, and love changes
and best friends become strangers, word up

Chorus: first from "New York State of Mind", then
"Halftime" (repeat 4X)

"Y'all know my steelo" -> Nas

"There ain't an army that could strike back" -> Nas

[Nas]

Thug niggaz
Yo, to them thug niggaz gettin it on in the world you
know?
To them niggaz that's locked down
doin they thing survivin yaknowmsayin?
To my thorough niggaz, New York and world wide
Yo to the Queensbridge Militia
9-6 shit.. The Firm clique, Illmatic nigga
It Was Written though

It's been a long time comin
Y'all fake niggaz, tryin to copy
better come with the real though
Fake ass niggaz yo..
(They throw us slugs we throwin em back, what?)
Bring the shit man, live man
(Fuck that son)
Nine-six shit..

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