

## The Longshots

### "Ready for War Pt. 2"

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Man voice: " I say the future is ours...because we got the streets suckas!  
Can you dig it? "

[Crayon]

Yo yo yo yo

My music'll make you lose your inhibitions

The minute you pump it out your system

Raw adrenaline avoid the knives in your kitchen

Raw energy force blow hinges off of doors

You could come against us or become one with the gods

Lyrical law in this land of savages

We use a abacus to keep our 16's accurate

We firebomb you amateurs

Love me or hate me

Applaud me, adore me, I ignore any glory

Happy as long as homies hold something for me

Nowadays rappers is clones recycling flows

LongShots'll hold it down with the immaculate flow

Yo you stiffer than a statue when the shots is coming at you

Couldn't define every line is holdin wisdom like my back tooth

Innovative creative longshot to make it

Born in this world naked with nothing destined to take it

Fuck if niggaz don't listen if I wrote then its sacred

Longshots kept in the basement with the Elks and the Masons

[Woman speech]

[Rock Shabazz]

Let saliva

Lubricate my throat while I fire

Rhymes of ammo

Your savage sounds are now N-O-T relevant

Make way for the intelligent, emcees' return

These words we burn through flesh and cranium

Slayin 'em with uranium exposure

Radioactive lyrics from an inner-city soldier

A combination of the elements I spit  
Despite a speech impediment  
My lips are the rim of a barrel that hits  
Cassette decks and wrecks the stage  
The Longshot set be the sickest next to aids  
I'm blessed with holy DNA  
Cytosine of a slave, King thiamine  
Soldier's adenine, Monk guanine  
With ability to find cream, duck si-reens  
Then I disappear inside Queens  
Resistance only prolongs my length, increase my  
strength  
So stop sleeping and hating and respect my shit

[Woman speech]

[Crayon]

We the concrete's elite in the belly of the beast  
We speak on mics and spread the word like a disease  
We just nice first to bomb like Tel-Aviv  
Melt your ice bring the industry down to its knees  
Please I'll split you in half like Reeses piece  
Bloods and Crips get confused when they see us in 3D  
More than likely A&Rs; won't like me  
Make sure you write me more checks than Nike

[Rock Shabazz]

Might be the greatest out of Queens since Tribe  
Illest since Nas, hardest since the Mobb, Prince and  
Pharaoh Monche  
My bow and arrow bars  
Launch a barrage of darts off into your torso  
Of course!  
We proved we survivors on the streets  
Now it's time to show it and prove it while rhyming over  
beats  
You can't stop us or lock us down  
Knock us or mock us, clowns we not, we hot  
Flooding your block and we ready for war!

[Woman speaks]

Man speaks: "Nah nah nah hold up. This is Industry.  
Yeah nigga  
Industry! And I got a army of bootleggers, yes men  
fake ass Djs and bitin-ass emcees to make sure the  
Longshots never make it. I sent orders to bring Crayon  
and Rock back dead or alive. Matter of fact, when you  
see  
'em, clip em. They don't got a chance"

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