

The Notorious B.I.G., Coolio, Doodlebug , Big "The Points"

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[The Notorious B.I.G.]

Uh

Uh

[Easy Mo Bee]

{*scratching*}

"For my one true"

"Our run's our rhyme"

{*scratching*}

"For my"

"One true"

"Our run's our rhyme"

(Verse 1)

[The Notorious B.I.G.]

I went from

Construction Timbs, to Ac's with rims

Flippin' mixtapes

To bitches, feedin' me grapes

Feed my mind state

Big Poppa flow is lethal

That weed make my ass wanna kill four people

Fuck the game, gimme the dame and the Range

My niggas up to pawn drop-top Jaguars

I'll blow you when you step in the car

That's that superstar

Status apparatus

More wiz to Cassius

Cease, roll the hashes, in the pocket with the nine

Roll up the whole dime

As my seats recline

I want a presidential Roley (So)

So I crush

Emcees to guacamole, makin' Robin scream, "Holy moley!"

Big Poppa

Fuck a cape, I'm that Paper

Crusader

Playing Sega

In the wide body Blazer

[Coolio]

I shot dice with a priest and drank yak with a pastor
So much, me, myself and I know
My own lord and master
When your ass was born, it was all on the lone, and
When it's time to die, you'll be all alone, so
Open up your mind, ball up your knuckle bone, and
Start taking care of your own
Nigga
Everybody's human with the nature of a sinner
So I look inside myself to gather strength from the
inner
I gots to fight back against the powers that be
Cause the powers that be, be
Tryin' to fight me
Standin' at the crossroads, but I wasn't by myself
Some take the right and
Some take the lefts, but
Lo and behold
What do I see
In the distance
Some resistance

[Doodlebug]

Well, I traveled the land, like my man in Kung Fu
Moshin' up this hip hop scene, with my Digable
Crew
Now you and you know the science, so don't front
Cause Brooklyn won't front, naw, we don't front
In fact
It's gettin' like a daily operation
Cenilish born, represents my young nation
And I'm facin'
Opposition
In every form
So my man choose Squad 7, our's is on a swarm
Like crazily
Cause it don't pay to be
A black man in the land of mental slavery
They say
"Cash Rules Everything Around Me"
True
So what I gotta do to be as lavished as you
I don't roll with no crew
That do the same ol' same
So I travel the seventh plane, by way of coal train
Now that's an ill thought
Niggas get caught
In my wisdom
Because the number 7's like the master of a rhythm

[Big Mike]
It ain't surprisin'
These motherfuckers still hatin'
They must don't know
I ain't that nigga to be played with
It's been stated
Way back in '88
That a nigga like Mike'll stomp the head of a snake
Now quakes was felt
When my feet hit the ground
And fate's failed
When my heat made a sound
Now
How did I relate what's gonna fall
when my niggas made the fuckin' final call
We started out small
Now we got a staff a nation wide
1995, how many heads are gonna fly
With that rootin'
Tootin'
Southside shootin'
Bootin' any nigga who ain't troopin', with Huey Newton
Fuck disputin', when it's time for a change
Nigga, what you gon' do
When we rearrange the game
Blow 'em out the frame
With new ideas
We's about the game, lyrics puttin' me down out here

Break 1: Easy Mo Bee
{*scratching*}
"For my one true"
"Our run's our rhyme"
"For my one true"
"Our run's our rhyme"
"For my one true"
"For my one true"
"For my"
"One true"
"Our run's our rhymes"

(Verse 2)
[Buckshot]
I stepped in the jam with the guard on my side
And the guard S.T. is still waitin' in the ride
So I
Stepped to the DJ and told the DJ, "Yo
Throw the wax on"
How many emcees must get dissed (Dissed)
The mist from the blunt's smoke
Decides who's next on my list

Can you feel the hiss
From the snake, move in my direction
No U-turn, you gettin' burned from the sun
In my intersection
The guard has spoked
Sword strokin'
If you think you ready for affair
One, pay ya token
On my Soul Train (Uh)
Control your brain (Uh)
Buck Town representative
Breakin' down, like a ki of cocaine
Straight from the lab
And I still elevate past
The snakes and the crabs
Fuck it (Boot Camp Click)

[Redman]

It's that Funkadelic
Funk Doctor Spock, inhale it
Fuck the best, niggas better start puttin' on helmets
I roam the streets, where there's no peace, relax
Funk, comin' in stacks
Bullets, hummin' from gats
So I duck
Lyrical, BUCK BUCK, get stuck
I'm jammin' like Smuckers, for all you motherfuckers
That cause the raucous
Then I fix a few stitches
BLADOW!
Blast my style pack like Luke bitches
I foward, foward, high punch and spit the flame
Like Liu Kang, burning your membranes, when the wind
change
Mad explicit when splifted
My scriptures
Leaving your mic boney like that Tales Of The Crypt
bitch (Uh!)
All y'all niggas suck my balls one time
While I unwind, I'm bustin' your ass, counterclockwise
I get Dumb
But Dumber, why your vision blurred
For all the loo-hoo-oo-h-sers

[Ill Al Skratch]

Aiyyo
Mayday, mayday, raise the white flag
Let the pants sag, fuck a drag (I'm a puff the whole
bag)
It's the low down and I'm low-key
The O.G

Niggas know me (True)
So take it Easy like Mo Bee
The ex-convict on some Vietnam shit, criminal
On the subliminal (Niggas)
Watch what you women do
All the bitches wanna know why the frames I ride
That's just the rock to clear from the glide
Bare witness, to my mental fitness, no fear
Precaution, maybe too severe for your ear (Yeah)
Creep around, grown on the down low, let off
The ground slow, subtle
And leave you in a puddle
So I breaker-breaker 1-9
Cause it ain't no sunshine, it ain't no sunshine
It's like
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's like that

[Rock]

I can rhyme as long as my dick get pumped
I grabs the mic and I do what the fuck I want
I outlast an ig'nant, white out Philly, you're a Dutch
Master
Raw like a natural disaster
As I
Crack ya
Ass like
Cheap
Blaster, I might bash ya
While my tongue lash ya
When the Rock cruise, I crash ya
Leave ya like a car wreck
Then I give a tribute to the Ripa Tech
And I slash ya
After, I'm sure that you're ghost
I go see my bro with the 'fro and we toast
So the punks pawn a planet, plus every single fool
Cause without all of y'all, Heltah Skeltah wouldn't
groove
What we do

[Layzie Bone]

Puttin' your shit to the pave, ending 'em meeting the
gauge
Live in the land of the brave, crazed, dazed, gotta
blaze, amazin', nothin' phased
Bone, my deadly fist of brothers, ruggish, never did
take no losses
Put 'em all in a coffin, you dearly departed, better off

[Wish Bone]

Livin' the psycho path, so I'm down with a buck and a
blast, and gettin' my chance
You niggas are fearin' my sawed-off
Blew thee to rest, so fast to blast
So if you, thinking defeat, you need, to best, be packin'
your shit, you bitch
Not that it makes a difference, cuz, when we a done
with the quickness

[Krayzie Bone]

Now Krayzie Bone is buck, buck, buckin' em once a
Gain, enough, to pick a
Defender, they try to contend us, see, all they gon' win
is that Mack
10
There's never another to go with a brother, I smother a
sucker and go undercover
(???) nickel'll lick it all off, but who was the sucker that
screaming the murder

[Bizzy Bone]

Creep with the street
Sweeper
Better R.I.P., and pray
The bullet don't put in much work
But I'm a sure, wit, shot
Puttin' the bullets just where it hurts, and um
With a me tech'll slip up one on the popos, Bone, Bone
Better be nothing to me, you set up, wet up, get 'em on
the get up, Bone won't let up

Break 2: Easy Mo Bee

{*scratching*}
"For my one true"
"Our run's our rhyme"
"For my one"
"One"
"One true"
"For my one true"
"Our run"
"Our run"
"Run's"
"Our rhyme"

(Verse 3)

[Busta Rhymes]

Hey, you, don't you dare give me no type of argument
All these devils are mad because we be the most
dominant

Hey
Hit you with fatness, represent my blackness
Run up on devils like a savage in pursuit of happiness
You better believe
Everytime we come, we come hard
The undisputed truth is that the black man is God
Now everytime, I turn around, my people start
subtractin'
They cause this shit, then they wonder why we start
overreactin'
Hey, ay
Ay
You can pick and choose it
Right before you lose it
I'm a hit you with my music
I'm frying up shit sizzling like cyanide
Watch me go inside
Please give me room, yo step aside
Ha
Those who commit the ultimate crimes
Bitches run around like snitches, out there dropping
dimes
Get your shit drawers up out my hammer
Young survivalist
Represent the next Black Panther

[Dee]
I hang with blacks and you hang with whites
I pack a nine and I don't like fights
I'm from the deepest
Darkest, ghetto streets of South Central, L.A
I jack for jewels
Watch when you bail, it's right across the streets
From hell, and no one want to repent
Went to the liquor store
Blast on the cashier, just like I did last year
Now, tell me, if you was there
Would you be down
When them black boys beat
Reginold Deny to the ground?
Now, I would've be, before I died, I
Decided for the buck of it
I tried to rap a rocks for life
People
They said, "Change that shit"
This is west coast Rap-A-Lot
I stroll to Houston
Astro's hat a lot
I sock
A punk, fool, hit me up

[Assassin]

I run the west and I'm up
That's suppossin' my cause
What's the difference between this and hell, but
vasoline drawers
I live a sick lifestyle
My profile, souls of Menace
Handlin' Bennettes
To the finish
If this is
Cause for action, my people turning to hold a strap,
man
I don't give a damn, South Central, and
Lookin' out for the black man, strugglin' with my
brother, man
Roll with the clan
Boker's Rock to Tazkan
It's us against the man and I'm a damn get shot
They'll have to put in the jail cause I ain't goin' for the
pot
Turn the pigwigs to mop top, for the bullshit to stop
I got a hood I die for
Been organized since '64, man

[Jamal]

Jamal gets down, the master of bringing the massacre
Rollin' on Crews/cruise like Pharellies on Acura's
If you don't believe my steez is real
You can check the emptiness of my glock nine mil
It don't matter which way you come
I still be the nigga, callin' shots with the gun
I lick one shot, I make your whole squad run
None (Uh)
Is about to fuck with the sun
Mally G
I never kick a rhyme for free
Function rap skills, I come live like T.V. (Word up)
For all of y'all, I come across to be real
With super shit like Fall Guy
And lines to make them all die
Infrared beams, mind full of schemes
'95 until, keep it real, get the cream (Yeah)
It don't stop (Uh)
What the fuck
Fuck around and get dropped, it don't stop
Know what I mean

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