

Trick Daddy F/ Buddy Roe

"The Future"

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[Meeno]

They got my back to the wall
Nobody to turn to, nobody I can trust
I used to have friends
But all I could think about was hustlin
That was then, this is now
And this is how I must be
A loose cannon, with a cannon
Nobody can trust me
When half the world is sayin "Fuck Me"
The other half will fear me
Shit both halves will make one whole
But nothing can dare those cowards to come near me
Yeah they hear me, but fuck that
I want them cats to feel me
Cuz to feel me, is to know I'll be a problem till they kill
me
It's from sun-up to sun-down
Got my gun up, and I'ma run down
On any ass coward that feelin that I can't get down
I'm a nightmare, the nigga that's always right there
Borderline, with two lines, a little too heavy to fight fair
Unload, reload, cock back, and pop that
And drag to where your top at
And guaranteed that I dropped that
You can't top that
I'm here to put them rumors to rest
Fuck the past
Fuck the present
I'm the future in the flesh

[Chorus x2]

I'm the chrome before the storm
I'm the buzz before the storm
I'm the screech before the crash
I'm the click before the blast
I'm the rise before the fall
I'm the loss before the gain
Vacant Lot will keep it hot
Cuz we the future of this game

[Big Stan]

Coke game to sober

We takin rap over

Either roll with us or you gettin rolled over

But pardon, niggaz is too hard for your squadron

Evacuate the buildin, save all the women and children

No way around it, niggaz comin in thousands

M17s, grenades, and four-pounders

All you grimmy niggaz get the fuck from round us

Y'all the same cock-housers from the blocks to

gouchers

Celebratin is the the feelin when I catch a fake vilian

Send him brick style in the ceilin of an abandoned

building

Feel me? y'all got to, I'm the voice of theory

My advice? keep rappin you ain't no where near me

Spillin blood for the dead, God bless them dearly

And look straight to the heavens so I know that He hear
me

My shit fluxuate from the drop seven, to the wide
bodied eight

Up on in corner, with the sweeper I let the body gate

[Chorus x2]

[DMX]

When I do niggaz, it's how I do niggaz

And two niggaz got nothin for me

When they saw me looked the other way and tried to
ignore me

I put holes, like foot holes, in niggaz buttoholes

Stomp a mudhole, when I cut hoes, the fuckin blood
flows

That was bustin niggaz wide, I was 10 when I died

Now I'm walkin dead with the infared by my side

Keepin niggaz in line like a parade

Then they scatter like roaches when they get sprayed
with Raid

Like a grenade, playin with spades is the plan

Now what part of suck my dick don't you understand?

Better act like you know or get smacked like your hoe

When you straped, toe to toe, but can't strap with the
flow

And I gets down for mine, with the crime

And if I gots to do time, fuck it

I don't mind

I handle my business and I shoot snitches

Cuz I know nowadays niggaz is more ass than loose
bitches

It's all good, I'm still out

Knock on wood, robbin niggaz like my last name is

Hood

Cuz I could, go with that mob that goes out to rob
That mad scheme to get cream without the job
I house more niggaz than a shelter
And if a nigga ever felt a, heltah skeltah
It'd would melt away, cuz the pain is too much to bear
Let the dead be dark while the Dark is here

[Chorus till fade]

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