

Twiztid f/ Blaze Ya Dead Homie & Violent J "Lil' Secret"

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Here go a message to you ho
Too many thugs spittin' that so called game but that
ain't G shit
You don't suppose
That everybody ain't a G but we just gon' keep that our
lil' secret
Here go a message to you ho
Too many thugs spittin' that so called game but that
ain't G shit
And I suppose
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[Violent J]

You don't need to know the hydro I grow
Many trips back and forth to the liquor store
I can't cope, I'm an old ass pimp
Come to punch your ass back, bend your spine like
shrimp
I'm a juggler even though I can't juggle shit
I blow blunts in airplanes while you smuggle shit
The secret's out, I live life like a ruler
Yet still quick to stab your ass like Abdula

[Blaze aka Colton Grundy]

To some Colton Grundy, G from the flo' up
Ask anybody I battle they got tore up
I show up dressed to impress, bow tie
With a watermelon blunt, back to the mat for shut-eye
Why must I chase the cat
Cause when it come to the hoodrats I been in and up
and outta that
Dead ass G, comin' from the D-E-T
And all you ho's ain't down with me

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[Monoxide]
We like a secret to the game
In a circle if you ain't down with us it's so hard to
remember your name
I got respect for the game and all the people we drop
It's gon' be songs like this here that keep shit alive
I'm like an addict to bustin' beats in half with this rap
flow
I'm chunky in every way, people call me fatso
So let go all of you ho's claimin' the game
Let me get my foot in the door, it ain't never gon' be
the same

[Jamie Madrox]
If you talk you get your neck slit
You better walk to the back before I go for the axe and
let my tack sick
You're dead bitch, givin' out my transcript
Tellin' all your homies how the Hatchet wasn't playin'
shit
Abandon ship, there's a hole in your boat
Talkin' never floats, nah there's a hole in your throat
Now you're speakin' alone cause I diminished your
moan
When I see you I'm a finish the job you little bitch

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