

U 10 Sils

"The Code"

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[Havoc]

Four pounds and nines blast at the same time
Thinking is my life on the line really?
Can't afford to second guess overcome by the stress
Got to move with precision aim straight at your chest
Do everything in my power to protect my nest
Use everything that I got dawg nothing but the best
Fake ass niggaz wanna put me to the test, I score
More than all of y'all who ready to ball
Who got the balls to cross the line they out their mother
fuckin mind
Final destination you won't cheat deaths design
Like "Ra(kim)" put seven niggaz in a line
Then add seven more niggaz that think they're takin'
mine
Then there's seven more niggaz 'fore I pull mines
Then that's 21 niggaz killed at the same time
Pop is all you heard, y'all heard never slur the word
Havoc caught slippin' shit is absurd

[Havoc Hook 2X]

You do dirt you get it back like a safe deposit
Might run but can't hide skeleton's in the closet
These streets are serious you better use some logic
It might sound foul but it's "The Code" of the projects

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, "Hav" it's deep, it's going down as we speak
And won't stop 'til there's blood on the street
Keep it tight with fam, and if you got love for your man
Take the cross out your heart never bite the hand
Cause that shit'll come back to you tryna clap through
you
Laying in the building to put macs to you
It's logic when dealin' wit "the code" of the projects
Niggaz move like unidentified objects
But I'm ahead of the game my mind detects
Cause half of y'all niggaz ain't threats (fuck around!)
Get dugged deep observed by eyes that don't sleep
For gun toting niggaz on the creep
Who wanna see me layin' deceased but my instinct is

that of a beast
Fuck peace in these QB streets, I relate to . .
What guns and nickel plates do niggaz tryna air you
out and deflate you
Trustin' a snake like trustin' a bitch
Put it in your man hand not knowing he snitch
Ain't no loyalty in this, niggaz boud to switch
Cause they hate to see a thug get rich, (BITCH!)

[Havoc Hook 2X]

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[Littles]

Black clouds hover above the livest sets
Ac coups jumpin' out in shoes blowin' off tecs
Before "Littles" I was "Lord" street ghetto poet
Never overthrow the people that crown you
Killers and heathens around you
Y'all get clapped, left leaned and found food
Murder's a hobby death is hard to digest
When your man's layin' stretched in a casket flesh
Or gold cain, jumped out the coupe in all my swagger
All eyes on me, niggaz lookin' at me like
They mad I'm breathin' cause this niggaz layin' stiff
He done slipped up and sniffed up the wrong niggaz
shit
Show him my ones you get shot and hung
On the same phone lines where you jerk my ones
I stay loyal death before dishonor
Loyalty's a honor few get the chance to taste
And you never ever safe when your brand is snakes

[Havoc Hook 2X]

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