

U-God f/ Leathafase

"Hit 'Em Up, Roll Out"

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[Leathafase]

What's the outcome when your testing mines?
Snatch spies when the weapon reclies
The headlines read the man of steel made him bleed
Shooting a trigger, super nigga called Christopher
Reeves
No tricks up my sleeve, what lies in my fist, won't
permit you breathe
Hit you with three, now when you piss you bleed
A risk indeed, my format can kill, on a warpath
Thoughts crashed, fasten your grill
Mastered the skill of tongue lashing, and still
I unfasten my Jordans, spill out the raw
Peel out the four, with the fifth attached
The impact, was forced, you caught the kick back
Clap the star, where the bullet was lodged in the
boulevard
It's hard crash, blow your car
Oddjob, some rob, some resort to God
Some snort the import, they got lost in the fog
Afford your cars, Lamborghinis, bikini's, pinky rings
blingy
Blowin' the stinky, drink with me
Bang to the fullest respect, stay in check
Or lay down, when I'm pullin' the tech
I jet on your set, to disconnect it
Life support system, direct, your wreckless
The Texas Chainsaw, sever you brains off
To hang the cost, when I flame the torch

[Chorus 2X: Leathafase (U-God)]

We hit 'em up, hit 'em up, hit 'em up, hit 'em up
(Then ride out, ride out, ride out, ride out)

[U-God]

The sharp and expensive, blinding ya senses
Lean back in the stretch Lex'
Crack the treasure chest, it's one of the best
Now, feel the force of the full court press
I apply the kiss of death, something for real
The realness, untouchable Elliott Ness

Yo select a vet, take me off the bench, I'm supposed to
lynch
The angel in the air, you can smell the stench
Soldiers in the trench, moving east to west
I gave you a note, you can keep the rest
Rip the whole coast, when I heat the flesh
At the Greek Fest, hit a couple of bars
Smash whips and strips like bumper cars
Your amongst the odds and what lies in the pelly'
The baby glock nine, the size of a celly
Now it's a "Dilemma" like Nelly and Kelly
Milk Pirelli tire, when I put that in a hurry
With a fist of fury, martini with a cherry
Very necessary when I make it to the top
On my cock, Halle Berry
Staten Island Ferry where the legends were made
In the staircase, throw a rap grenade
Take it back in the day, get clapped for ya chain
Left your bloodbath on behalf of the pain
He's a high grain bullet, women call him daddy
Fish tank shoes, jumped out the Caddy
Grand finale, yo, the champ is here
The cameras glare under the chandelier
Why you standing there, like you can hold it down
There's nine of us, only one can wear the crown
Tear it down, down to the last compound
New York mix with a Compton style
Go bonkers wild on ya stomping ground
Lay down the carpet when I walk down the aisle
Telephone, he keep stalking the child
For a misdemeanor, now I'm going to trial
Secluded in exhile, like my sex wild
Private jet style, who the livest vet now?
Pass me a wet towel, don't get vexed, now
Beat onto your chest when I let the tech growl

[Chorus 2X]

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