

William Cooper f/ Bloodsport, Blue Raspberry, Majesty, Stoneface

"No Retreat"

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(Sample) This thing started here. And to save this country, we kill this damn thing here. (*Crowd cheering in unison*) (Chorus) Blue Raspberry Surrender, you can't leave Surrender, you can't leave Surrender, oh no, no no.... Surrender, yeah, yeah.... [Bloodsport] Yeah, you open ya mind and find in time The Babel 20 foot statue of me aiming a tech-9 Straight respect mine, on and off the screen Yo I blow niggas away, just like El Niño Of course we gon' stack it up You niggas on crack or what? My straight shooters clap you up Bag it up, the streets raised us with no conscious And turned us into black monsters In addition we baptized in bloody rivers Yeah we full blown death givers Lose ya breath niggas Guns is radiated, leaving you laminated Contaminated with lead, grave related We all handcuffed to the world and frustrated Iced out, blowing dutch, yeah it's a must My niggas'll knife you, with drive-by on a ninja cycle Buss a nine, brief shells that'll bite you, nigga (Chorus) Blue Raspberry [Stoneface] I ain't here to play games I bring the sun when I'm dancing in rain And writing hymn, so you follow him, notice the name My second breath was a flame, when I rose from the grave No retreat, no surrender, I crafted the game I'm like Marcus Garvey, in the House of Saints From the projects moving with a pound again I'm top ranked, Stoneface, and my eyes don't blink I rock a half-cut triple X, thugged out mink I'm from a city of animals banging bitches and plenty ammo And more thugs than a desert got camel My manuals is law degree I never break bread with you cuz they'll never be honor amongst thieves A devil on ya team is talking to DT's Than that devil on ya team is catching them 16's Follow, I leave the scene in an all black Eldorado Shells on the streets, .44 cal, all hollow [Majesty] Y'all niggas cock face, a nigga hold the glock great I got a firm grip, so a nigga pop straight My uncle taught me how to blaze the guns and work the fifth My pops couldn't raise a son, you feel me? I was a bastard child, I love my moms, duke At 21 I was shoving cracks in my palms, duke Working the block like a full court press, mummy Tearing the grave, we even got wet

money I got them tech's on me, 2010 version of B.I.G. A
nigga got the mask and the vest, homie I been killing
shit, dawg the game intense I need a dial for every bar
I spit I'm hard as shit, 180 proof in the booth, cuzin A
bird and a hand is like worth two dozen Cuz I'ma
multiply, add it up and flip that And if you niggas run
up wrong, I make 'em get that (Chorus) Blue Raspberry
[William Cooper] Yo, yo, it seem the terrorism ruins
more minds than drugs That got the whole world
thinking it's cool to be thugs So when I pose for flicks in
my King David stance I sign all the grass with a humble
hand But still my Federal files on the government
mainframe So I put holes in Bush's face at the gun
range Holding Second Amendment, the way I hold my
money I never fumbled on the goal-line or sniffed coke
line From Genesis to Revelations, I came to save the
nation And got the drop on the 33rd Mason Punishing
the wicked, make 'em taste they own medicine Break
Bible code, dressed in Hebrew lettering Prophesize the
rise of 'The All-Seeing Eye' Freedom as you know is
been secretly barcoded Put a hit out on the Pope, he
the Dagger behind the Cloak 'When All Hell Breaks
Loose' use my quotes for the antidote (Chorus) Blue
Raspberry 2x

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