

Casual, Rock Marciano, Tragedy Khadafi, Vordul Mega "Think Differently"

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[Casual]

It go; gangsta-gangsta, thug, killa
I'm the black panther that shot the drug dealer
I live on the block, where dudes bust they knocks
Ride on top of the car, they crush they rocks
Niggaz hot in my fifths, to run from cops
See I'm a nigga too, so I know how niggaz do
Keep it real, you should let that bullshit silence
You only been involved in domestic violence
Nigga, I chase rentals with Long Islands
Catch us in the club, doing them long, wiling
The microphone marvelous, this Marvin Haggler
It's so obvious, in the lobby, suave and dressed
Where the party is? Round trip, flight to LaGuardia
Nobody dodge, when we walk through the audience
Dolo, with more dough to blow though
For sure though, slide one deep in a four door
I'm poor though, catch me rocking a Lisa Lobo
Bump yo ho, I want more to the boatload

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Your coat can't save your soul, but I'm foe
It's written in gold, hieroglyphic Egyptian scroll
Streets I've been in, from the beginning I'm a legend
Never flee up from my enemies, shots I'm sending
Musical martyr like John Lennon, from the beginning
Spit with a vengeance, semi-automatic weapon repping
Calm stop, warlock like David Geffen
Blowin' ox', like oxygen, out of my nostrils
Seen brave men, fight for they honor and even die
Two gorgeous divas, blowing the heaters down the ride
To the, end of the earth, through hell, water and fire
Queens Messiah, camouflage black attire
Magnum opus, top five, dead or alive
The feds focus my militants, swervin' the lotus
Mossberg in the hostess, I write it then release it
Then I, bless the street, giving birth to soldiers
Rolls gold, King Tut piece, flooded with boulders
I praise Allah, make this a lot, facing the east
This is for them black and white babies, starving to eat,
Think Differently

[Rock Marciano]

Poverty stricken, fried chicken, fly rhyme kicking
Blind visions from the mind's wisdom, in this crime
religion
Niggaz listen, what I'm spitting is hard as prison
Benches in the trenches, grym intentions, twin
Doberman pinchers
Leather trenches, lead drenches for brat endless
Gats eleven inches, ya neck slit it, your head spin it
The epidemic was spread infinite, so once the thread is
knitted
For seven digits, it's just business, no disrespect
intended
To he who feel offended, a beat down cannot be
prevented
Big hit it, the game I'm deep in it, until my Yankee fitted
Switch three, be hanging niggaz, squeeze three eighty
triggers
Used to fuck my babysitters, now I whip Mercedes-
Benz'
I stand alone, cause I'm grown, for me to crush the
Walkman
Gang lover supporter, of any sort, when I'm New York
Rollin' for dolo, the Willie Bobo gotta go bro
Word to JoMo, the kid in the polo, got the world in a yo-
yo
Your happy meal skills is still, no frills
Cook ckrills, sign deals, when you see me, just kneel
Or rocking mills, your hospital bill
Blood from your nostril spill, it's not looking well
When I lick off shots, the hostages yell
Chopper fell like ox tail, your optic's swell

[Vordul Mega]

Ninjas with blades, raised from jungles of wolves
In hoods, where hammers bark and the tennis spark
Police on radar, so we stay fogged up
Puffin' blunts, sippin' Goose, and damage
God Damn it's hard, but still, we gettin' by like rhino's
Ones that peel, crucified on the Earth, for guns and
needles
Nine inches, hurt, I cause stitches, build
With Gods on track, suffering visible scars, it's hard to
relax
Ready to spaz, no weed, thirst for cash, times moving
fast
We like cheaters with masks, lighting cheeba and hash
Tryin' to balance the steps, screaming, we need
freedom
Tired of bleeding, where ego's let out of evil

Town is of death, no time for weakness
Higher heights to reach, advance the concrete
With iron feet...

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