

Children of the Corn

"The Corn"

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[Bloodshed]

Yeah, yeah Bloodshed
My nigga Mase Murder, the deal
Big L, Killa Cam
Let 'em know where you been Killa

[Cam'Ron]

I went to Texas people, caught wreck with people
Who had injection infected needles, some terrorist
people
Baby burst the desert eagles, killa slices
Cold as the icisis, one of the trifest
Hypest to shiestest y'all run like mices in a crisis
Y'all never hear nobody did me in
I be in Lebanon with Libyans, now it's just Caribbean
I blow fucking tally on, cause I got money pals on tours
Selling big thousand on crack, smack and Tylenol
All I got's the crack option, 031's what I wrap boxing
In '89 when I was slap boxing, now I box on padlocking
And gat cocking and gat poppin', doing drive bys out
the black drops
I ain't little but vicious, guns no misses
You feel me, kisses or wishes, before I break you up
like dishes
Fuck your bosses, my forces, it tosses
To kill all your sources you niiggaz best be cautious
No losses my fortress, is Jaguars and Porsches
Ride the OTB to check my money on the horses
My horrors is flawless, my block one of the broadest
Off the main attraction on the mighty ass chorus
That I tosses, it scorches, with out no remorse
Leave their bloody body to be counted in Mount Morris
Harlem leave you scoreless, I shoot your bitch and
leave you broad less
So if you want we can start the static like a cordless

[Mase]

I'm only getting what I'm bless with
All that good and Guess shit, connected
With kis, caught the country out respected
Leave stake, while in each state, in my peep's waist

D's while they ducking these, trying to keep Mase
Good fiend a police take, only seen my D's face
lc12

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