

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Handle The Vibe"

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[Krayzie]

This track is tight you should be clapping your hands
[clapping your hands] 4x

[chorus]

As we ride by the end of the night
You will envision how thugstas play
Can you handle the vibe

[Krayzie]

Pedal to the medal we see blue light

[Bizzy]

They wanted to get RIP fuckin wit my sawed-off
Polish it all down till it replenish
Soon As I'm finished my pistol get jealous especially
357 me punish you
Buck at me bangin wit your magnum for
You crept and you came and shit changed
M-11's grenades and them AK-47's bang
Nigga what you sayin you came and you went
Now bet on the real it's all the way to the bank and you
think
Fin to get that gangster getting a demon you can
conjure up and see
If we get angels pinnin my ankles bloody murder fuck
wit Jesus
He done creeping deep puttin those to sleep till I raise
up on my enemies
Let's get pumped for the peeps in Egypt and 400 years
of oppression
Spread the message I ain't finished diminished you so
called critics
And fuck them billboard and the billboard status me
kick it
You fucked up for a while up outta the town but that
was a trial
Man and I don't know how style through with them
crowds and now
I got to kick it breakin new ground wantin my people to
gather around

Remember the sound of the rounds came from my town
That only a bitch would bite that we can't allow
And they won't claim my style ready to beat you down
Hittin them tombstones (sellin volumes) getting in costumes now
I'm rolling with Makaveli pinnin my pistol steady ready
Buck them flames aim for the pressure point
And a point where I break your hand in nigga yeah

[Krayzie]

I beg your pardon my nigga but how do you know me
I roll in your city and people be pinnin me yo but some nigga just told me
He put in your record and you was disrepectin off the T-O-P
Should've put him in his coffin now go seek 'em and found pow pow
Put him in the river now nigga who wild wild
What incredible style that's what you was thinkin when you tried to get it down
We see that you fuck with a daily crowd so nigga just turn your ass out
Whenever you ready to rumble my nigga just meet us outside of the club
Ready to slang slugs nigga done got to drunk and forgot that we claim MO'
Nigga this shit is ridiculous
just dismiss the thought that you could get rid of us
Buck you to hell it was nigga you down with us
Nigga you scared when a St. Clair nigga bust
Aw Fuck left his guts in my trunk nigga tried a 211 fucked around got 187
Niggas wit heat who could it be nobody but them T-H-U-G's with artillery
We come in peace nigga please freeze
Put 'em on they knees nigga don't even breathe and these
Are the warriors killas destroyin ya you're gonna die

[chorus]

[Layzie]

The hatin season ceasing agree nigga let this be the reason
Niggas from Cleveland fin to get even
steven stoppin you bitches from breathing
Time is up you know you can't cop that thugs who rap
fin to put down payments
Criminal mind state of lyricist wanna test us nigga hear this

My niggas are down with the murder mo
Real thuggas and killas that claim
I'm ready to win it my nigga
now bet it be ripped to the finish everyday be the same
But artillery shop stackin Bone got heat for
Armageddon
Ready for the war all day want action Playa hation
steadily spray 'em
Hit 'em with the buck buck bang my nigga this shit
don't stop
The government all on my dick wanna see little Lay
Bone drop
You see the policeman they give me no break
Fin to rest in peace when they try to send me up state
no thanks
I got no money up outta the bank these niggas are
stackin our rocks
Refuse the peace and nevertheless then you can roll
with the bone so come on

[Wish]

When all goes down when all goes down you can count
on me
Cause I got Mo thugs Bone thugs N Harmony and that's
my calvary
If you ride with Bone you ain't alone nigga trust us
Follow me down these wicked streets I grew up on
Wanna sound like us
Ain't nothing to do we come for you kiss mommy bye-
bye you gone die
And I got heat for every heat you bring you shoot we
shoot
Better watch out watch out for them thugsta thugsta
niggas sneakin up on you
I told you it's comin Armageddon [It's comin
Armageddon]
New world order [new world order] If we get our shit
together
Bitches ain't nothin we none
Make this shit on the streets for you to know to know
we gettin our shit together
Better get your shit together cause when you go you go
you go

[chorus]

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