

## Clayborne Family

### "This is How It's Done"

Visit "[This is How It's Done](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Marc Live]

I got a bone to pick, shut you down  
Stop the talk, you deserve this shit  
You a stupid nigga, observe this shit  
I can destroy your whole label  
Shit, you a bum nigga  
It's no theatrics, it's all acrobatics (oh!)  
It's all static, Clayborne DiCaprio  
It's all dramatics, the Gangs of New York  
Come at it... come correct though  
I left bodies in piles for miles, shallow shit  
Your girl hates you, yo she's after my dick  
She's after my bitch - it's all funny though  
Niggaz is corny, I'm like a bed of sharp nails...  
Niggaz can't get on me  
I warned you straight up  
Your label support - can't protect you, your fragile fort  
I kill for sport  
I'm like a white power militia  
I'll diss you and change your mission, c'mon

[Chorus: Kool Keith + (Marc Live)]

This is how it could be done...  
(My dick is large, my uzi weighs a ton)  
This is how it could be done...  
(My floss ranges identical to none son)

[Jacky Jasper]

Your windpipe cut, your record ain't hot  
Company robot, imitating 2Pac  
Imitate life, stop wishin' death  
Causin' strife, takin' a set - your life story  
Your cover story, inventory  
Your body's gory, story teller, Goodfella  
Michelle Gellar workin' with DJ Yella  
A cut breaks into sellers  
Stack cheese, lift it later  
Inspector, high price playa  
Imitator to the innovator, traitor  
Judis knew this, put 9-1-1 on notice  
My lawyer show this, in the bullpen I wrote this

[Chorus: Kool Keith + (Marc Live)]  
This is how it could be done...  
(My dick is large, my uzi weighs a ton)  
This is how it could be done...  
(My floss ranges identical to none son)

[Kool Keith]  
Everybody want the source on they shish kobob  
They call me Frankfurt Wane, I created the place where  
you shit  
Abruptly you master, the toilet can't flush any faster  
The piss rise up out the bowl, girls like the water  
Sparkle, guys put the gas in they ass  
Two-dollars worth in the pump stuck in your rectum at  
Arco  
Fuel on the low, the engine is heated  
Open up your stomach, look at the mirror  
When was the last time a mechanic checked your  
asshole bro?  
You took it to the Midas touch  
Why did you lie to us?  
Your girl - funky, cocked her ass full with cake crush  
Two smells go in seperate ways  
The sun is out, superstars  
Ride ninety degrees, with country cow shit  
I stash in the back of fancy cars  
The brown stuff leak out your truck for hours  
All over your dark shades, you get cut with dark blades  
I shit on the Westside Highway, my piss reach the top  
of the Palisades

[Chorus: Kool Keith + (Marc Live)]  
This is how it could be done...  
(My dick is large, my uzi weighs a ton)  
This is how it could be done...  
(My floss ranges identical to none son)

Visit [Clayborne Family](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.