

Cocoa Brovaz F/ Professor X

"Let Me At Them"

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YoyoyoyoyoYO! Yo
Is the niggaz ready for this son?
Niggaz ain't ready for this ock
One two whatcha wanna do (I'm gonna give it to em
anyway though man)
Peep the Inspectah Deck (You know they ain't ready for
it)
Lyrical threat
Representing Wu-Tang
Slang, ninety-five
Hittin it live
You know what time it is

Blessed with the art rhymes that's sharp like a circular
saw
Hit the floor like Dorf, who wants the war
Then slide by my, lyrical driveby
Chops rush, making black hearts bust, plus knives they
got
when they rush, built like construction tools
Crushing fools, in twos
Forced dude to blast you out your fuckin shoes
A South swap with the bombs I drop
Plan A to terrorize you can't stop the plot
Execution of an amateur, who dared to challenge the
Clansman, holding a sword like Excalibur
Truth is my shield, show and prove I reveal
Reality, a coldness the heart can feel
Livin life where caps peel, and crack deals from nine to
five
But I survived in these hard times I nearly died
Now I'm wanted by death I did escape
Now it's thrown on a tape with those who can relate
Still I wrap my face take a space in the staircase
Hits takin place, yo God, watch the Jakes
Out of state court dates, chase me with the warrants
For my insurance, switched names to Michael Lawrence
The Rebel, stomps through the slums I'm from
Coming through with nuff niggaz, and nuff guns to
bust son
So read the article, lyrical assassin with the arsenal

Potential witnesses are incapable
of testifying, I won't be frying in the chair
Plus the case closed, I won't be ever shackled, and
safe clothes
I make foes, exasperates then, I make friends
Cause today's friends, show themselves as snakes in
the end
And if you fit the trend then Protect Ya Neck
Shaolin, INS, Killa Hill Projects

No one on this earth, can hold me
No one on this earth, can fool me
No one on this earth, can grip the mic
Like, I, do, nigga

You ever, feel, that you can
Test me, you got to face the Clan and
Never, return to the mic again
There's no one in the world

Let me at them! I blast off lyrics like a Magnum
Forty-four caliber, bustin mad holes in my challenger
Tongue in your throat is swiss cheese
The wild freestyler, wild like Gene Wilder
Wu-Tang killa bee aimed at your brain
with my stinger, it stun your mind, when I bring ya
Thirty-six chambers of anger, frustration
For waiting, to let loose on the nation
Far from commercial no need for no rehearsal
Hit you from all angles then form a circle
Go against the grain within close range
when I Slam, like Onyx, come get some, that's a
promise
I'll represent, here's the evidence
Science of mad murder plates I make sense
My technique of speech is deep, like Leviathan
Hittin up your block with rhymes, like a firing
Shooting for the platinum, then bring it back to
the same place I got the gat from, let me at them!

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