

## 4th Disciple "Wit Da Evilz"

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(feat. Boom, Science)

[Intro: Boom]

My city, incarcerated Wit Da Evilz

No doubt

Yo, yo, explosion.. Boom!

Yo..

[Boom]

Times and days, brothers is on their own, some nights  
blown

Some of them method to blow chrome, a common  
home

From the P-Now, when P-O keep a tab on your style

Seein if your piss is foul

And daily thoughts on theme of madness on the block

Watchin to who you sell rocks, his mouth talk

And glocks rocks your motherfuckin cradle

As shit gets fatal and tombstones get labelled

A nigga live for the ice or makin G's off the dice

And too many pimps and hoes, this is '98 life

And cribs is gettin infiltrated from Peru

And cops is gettin bust and left in the blood pool

The city sense be hard to tame, junkies on the block  
shootin heron

And 'cane in their vain, who's to blame?

My generation, my generation..

My city incarcerated Wit Da Evilz

[Science]

Now test the programmer, ridicule the slander

Because I'm not vulgar, over and under dagger

Laughed in the face of danger

It was predicted now it's obsolete

Be conquestable by a small caliber heat

Satisfy the street wars

When anger's beyond the clouds and ocean floors

I play through you if ain't lucky, so play your cards

I play the law and nature with a rapture

Hands above the collar bone so the snakes can't slither

home  
Do you see the outcome?  
Beware where outcome cries deadly fury  
On head aches could leave you weightless like  
calestetics  
Cuz I'm a star, filmed in the mental picture  
Strikin the weak like a pitcher  
To come against me you gotta be drinkin courage by  
the pitcher  
I kill your lecture and especially the extra, extra  
Read all about it, how your soundin knocked you out  
your outfit  
Leave you naked with the Clark's rule over your mind  
Cuz you pledged allegiance to perfect attendance  
Pay attention and cooperation for a nation unlike you  
who don't like you  
But you choose to aim your fully-automatic static at my  
attic  
Why?

Incarcerted Wit Da Evilz

[Boom]

Firestorm swarm and combine with the evil territory  
Terror tells a whole story, summer time flurries  
With a timed sun, heat up the climates to 101 degrees  
Braincells bleed from the mental damage  
Black Gods get on justice like Johnny Gamage  
A strong nation.. (Incarcerated Wit Da Evilz)  
My city, incarcerated Wit Da Evil

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