

## A Kay BJ

### "In the Long Run \*"

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\* (Bonus Track on CD-ROM)

(Chorus / Havoc):

Cause in the long run we could be on son  
It's on son  
Extra cash just for more guns

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Let's start the warfare....

(Ty Nitty):

Yo Ty Nitty, airforce one's call up my duns  
Got more niggas seeds on sesame buns  
Caught a body on the run  
You don't want none, lump some  
Exort niggas for they lump sum no doubt  
Proceed, where that weed indeed  
Havoc laced the track razor sharp, you bleed

(Havoc):

My whole mission, like a platoon take position  
Ain't goin in if my clique can't get in  
That's word to mines have you stressed like jail time  
Get that loot up, no doubt I bail mines  
Easy access  
Shorty straight up hit the mattress  
Have you role playin just like a actress  
My tactics leavin niggas stuck doin back flips  
I black out  
Take it to the gats  
Fuck this rap shit  
Let my niggas shine  
Rate my rhymes like a dime

Swollen bullet wounds, head ass niggas

(Prodigy):

Yo,

Who's the one to be made into example  
Nigga you pop shit wit the wrong guys this time  
What! (gunshots)  
My mobb'll get on top ya, topple ya  
Like a fall guy you fell down clown  
Heard some four pound sound my '86 style now  
(gunshot)  
Ten years later still hold a firm ground  
Nigga P thugly  
Enter the ring wit something for anyone who wanna  
play gun  
What up G?  
I'll clap you stop in your tracks, how about that?  
Now analyze these cats wit live nigga rap  
You seen strapped, came outside all hype wit gats  
Got juiced up, now bishop think he thuggin it black  
pimp  
Let's rap a taste  
You get your little head pinched off  
Brooklyn touched you, then left you for Queens to  
finish off  
Fuck a ----- Keith Murray and his whole clique  
Yea, you snuffed me in front of the cops, that bullshit  
Told you come around the corner, no police and no  
witnesses  
Little to your knowledge  
You almost got shot but that's aiight though  
I'm a catch ya ass again  
You fuckin immigrant ----- for two cent  
My Mobb runnin shit you fuckin Carlton Ave coward  
The forecast call for gray skies and gun showers

(Chorus / Havoc):

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