

Assembly of Dust

"Elle Est ? Moi"

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[mase]

Yo, this go out to radio stations

The disc jockeys, college radio

Independent market

And promotions street team

Anybody who put a sticker up

Anybody that passed the word bout harlem world

Anybody that kept the buzz goin

Everybody that starred in harlem world

And myself m a \$ e, baby stase

Loon, meeno, blinky blink

Huddy combs, cardan

All out

[meeno]

Theres a lot of things that been on my mine

Lately a lot a fakes been crossing the line

Tryin to take the track we hit on

Throw it down and spit on, flip it, rearrange

Boy, you messin with danger

Wit the anger I possess

Got to get it off my chest

Brutalize fake emcees to get off my stress

Take a pellet to the face

Then I throw on a vest

Then I grab the gloves

And take the bullet out his chest

Must confess

Stress factor still I have to

Take it there beware, prepare for disaster

Final chapter, yall cowards

We gon blast ya

When and where but not why

Yall already know the answer

Cancer and the herbs

Transform to verbs

Nouns rip like rounds

Clowns get bust down

For now yall cowards got to play the background

Im the warning of this rap game its time for lock down

[baby stase]

God bless you

The cops came to your rescue

I bet you, if it was ma\$e he would of threat you

I knew you wasnt shit before I met you

And just because you cant walk it

Dont mean you cant talk it

My cats got mels to hit, shells to spit
They low in the volvo while the ls get lit
Im from harlem world
You dont know the hell Im wit
So yall chics cant tell me shit
Come on now, everyone clear the way
Under cars better stay
Shots will ricochet
Stay alive another day
Its no lame in my staff
We dont aim for cats
So if I smack you who gon back you
You aint see nothin
My home made me somethin
Stase gt glamour misses down south gettin riches
And thats word to jehovah witness
Any man cross this fam get beat up wit the quickness
[cardan]
Yo, let me tell you somethin, Im ahead of my time
Aint no damn pellets, this is lead in my rhyme
When I spit this stuff you know
Get a pen and pad dido
This one stop at 62, Im a spit through ten mo
It kinda like the window, back of the volvo limo
Cuda, dont tell me nothin if aint about my ammo
All I did was 2 clues that was just a demo

Went from harlem to holly

World to the wood

People gon hate regardless I feel so good

For my ac legend

Now Im a legend sit on my hood

They say b you doin your thing I say playa I should

I play hard like the notorious rapper

Slash b.i.g. slash christopher

King of new york the emperor

Slash head fake slash in the paint horse you

Slash perimeter slash air jordan cross you

Slash murphy slash four turn delirious

Slash cardan slash take my stuff seriously

What?

[huddy combs]

Im getting bigger dough spotin minks and figaros

All my misses know huddy comb the jigalo

I can get a ho play a game like piccolo

I done did it yo than any cat didnt ya know?

So what you wanna do my whole team comin thru

Runnin thru any crew I gave money to

But really though

Yall cats that know dont really know

Harlem world gon be the clique that spit that willy flow

All them rings and things you sing about bring em out

I did things that your team wont dream about
Scheme about but dont really know a thing about
But for the dough I blow any spot you slingin out
[blinky blink]
You wanna go to war, what you cock sucker
I pulled out now I got to bust ya
And your men from your block told me not to trust ya
I did movies, to groupies, to blockbusters
For all you girls out there Im not ya lover
You look good thats why I got to touch ya
After that I wont even stop to hug ya
Honey got pissed off and got her brother
But word to mother, I break that cat into
Cause people dont know all the things I been thru
Still a fugitive like chris and kim woo
Yep the cops disrespect me
But if you want me come and get me
Turn myself in nah you got to catch me
Do I got a gun you betta check me
Cause I aint goin in alive you got to wet me
[loon]
Yo, ya eyes been revealin ya past
Sad but you feelin my wrath
You mad cuz Im dealin wit cash
And a don p cylinder glass
Try to harm me, Im killin your ass

Straight up and down for another half mill in a stash

Im appearful willin to blast

Im still in the bath

Loungin chillin wit ass

They done found you killed in the trash

Case is close Im orderin a case of mo

At the shark bar wit haitian hoes

[mase]

Aight hud, aight hud

[loon]

Yall case is closed layin the cut like band-aids

Air runnin out ya mouth while you and ya man slayed

[mase]

Yo, mase hop out the blue lex wit about two teks

Spit fourteen got about two left

If one vest is thin you rock two vest

Triple platinum and only in the u.s

Im from harlem world slash all out dot com

My con if you could pop cris then why pop don

Any cat actin ra-ra bet he dacon

Wanna see a hundred gran

You look at my arm

You think I wanna take this to far in my rugar

Put a hollow bullet to far

Have cats at ya wake scream bout how they knew ya

And ya body in a salt lake out in utah
So you are feel good, leave the country
And I know where you are
Spain baggage claim and you yellin bon swa
You think Im comfy
Think murder one go humphrey
Think Im seven five make to hundred gran monthly
Wanna lump me
Walk in clubs they bump me
Wanna tell they dumb chickens how they jump me
They cant wait to see the paramedics come to pump
me
Why they ot, Im mostly out the country
All out

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