

## Atanatos

### "7 Sign"

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[Bizzy]

Yeah, this for all you non-believers  
Especially out in the C-O  
Man, fuck y'all niggas  
Woo! Yeah, I'm tellin ya when I die  
You can see what's deep in my eye (my eye) (x2)

[Maje\$ty]

7 Sign...

[Bizzy]

I put who got you, too, who shot you  
Who got you, glock you and stop you (stop you, stop  
you)  
Look who got you, too, who shot you  
Who got you, pop you and stop you (stop you, stop you)

Nigga, this Mo Thug and we can get fucked-up  
Even if I'm under surveillance, I watch out  
Wanna win, and fuck 'em up daily, throwin' up 7  
What am I yellin'? Murderer  
Nigga, once you come you must pay like crazy if you  
(Muthafucka, don't play me) play me  
Nigga, not today  
I see you but you can't see me  
I know with all of government and  
Yes, this will get crazy and blow (bomb, bomb, bomb,  
bomb)

[Maje\$ty]

Got your mind blown, vocal tones keep it sewn  
Blastin' out your stereo's or your headphones  
The roots exploited clones; therefore  
It's my job to describe the loudness, the habitat of rap  
survival kit  
Artistic skin abrasion, so when 'em fadin' my worldly  
reflections  
It's magnified to new levels of elevation

[Bizzy]

Seven sign, seven, seven sign

Seven, seventh sign seal  
Yeah, now y'all know, yeah  
Yeah, I'm tellin ya when I die  
you can see what's deep in my eye (my eyes, my eyes)

[Bizzy]

I put who got you, too, who shot you  
Who got you, glock you and stop you (stop you, stop  
you)  
Look who got you, too, who shot you  
Who got you, pop you and stop you (stop you, stop you)

The Rip here to run in the street  
And flippin' on police, yeah they know me  
I'm not lonely, only, show me when the smoke clears  
And at least I had my homie and a nigga, K, homie  
All bitches, look into it as you want the real killa?  
Well, pull out your pistol, bitch, and shoot it, shoot it  
And you knew it, do it, when, when you looked in my  
eyes  
I'm ready to die  
And I hope my mama really loves me  
'Cause daddy's bye-bye  
Inner pride with the Ripsta  
Let 'em hit ya with the scripture  
Picture me locked out and smoked out with a half of  
fifth of

[Maje\$ty]

Three sixty-five out of all the round trees  
They'll be Japanese, Maje\$ty's corruptin' record  
companies  
Nigga, jump for cheese, catch sub-zero freeze  
And crack once the atmosphere brings the temperature  
back  
Sacks only in dress pants  
have you ever danced with the devil in pale moonlight?  
I have, Hollywood niggas make me laugh  
Sell a dream to 'em  
Cash, no royalty, grab they royal keys and dash  
My overhead projects how ends meet to foul or ejected  
Lyrics was selected beyond my control, last door on the  
totem pole  
Pockets swoll from tape residue, last interview and  
went in daytime  
It's made a promise to let down smooth criminals  
gently in my business  
Grab your earlobe and billion, this is big business, buy  
tapes  
Don't lend, niggas mad while I scrap change for  
phillies, why grill me?

Got bigger balls to chase waterfalls with Chili  
Explore on four wheels or foot, I bring it to that ass over  
the hook  
So when you slip, gets it. I ride up on it  
I had to maintain my mental frame, and now I'm  
Boneless  
Word sound 'til I'm foamin'  
Cybergenics wanted my genes for clonin'  
Disownin' heads like Romans fight rebel Trojans  
More than civil suits make my longevity boost, articles  
And promotions make me more potent  
Deadly to the mind, 'causin' somethin' to be blind  
Re-define lines intertwined with all mankind  
Would that rain outshine divine Maje\$ty, shame  
The boogie down punks is where the hearts still remain

(Bizzy talking)

I'm a let a nigga know  
You know what I'm sayin', just right off the bat  
I gives a fuck about no nigga  
Don't be no (corvie) - ass nigga  
I'm tryin' to tell niggas that off the rip  
Off the rippa, baby (I must me losin' my mind)

Where's the mob?

Find your specialty, let's give this nigga a job  
Is you ready for jail?  
Yes and no, but somebody's gonna try to rob  
We can spar, but you gon' drop (drop)  
I'm a bomb, ready for war, will I p-pop pop  
Better look out for miles, been doomed since I womb  
Will he put me in my tomb?  
I've been thuggin' so assume when I enter your room,  
boom  
Stomped through Compton  
And cities y'all ain't never heard of and listen  
I bet there's thousand people screamin' out  
"Murder, murderin' ya"  
Hypnotized, took off my shirt, I got a life  
I'm tatted so when I die you can see what's deep my  
eyes  
Trues ride but trues die, my nigga, don't cry  
I shedded my last tear when I found out love was a lie  
So I try, but it ain't nothin' for my mental  
So piss off my pencil, and I blast, dash in a rental  
One nigga got out and off he in a trap with sawed-off  
They took a chance and lost  
let's spray A-K and make gangsta gone  
Don't finish the wars when they ain't over  
I love you thugs, but all them skeletons got so close  
And they got so ? if it ain't ?

This family that don't give a fuck who you are  
It ain't nothin' like some trouble  
How close? How far (how far, how far)?

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