

Allstars

"Hand That Rocks The Cradle"

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[Prelude]

{*laughing*}

It's funny how the trades are
Errbody wants to be a king
We have the whole city full of bosses
But we all know..... taking over, the one
One leader..... all the rest y'all follow
Follow me..... cradle.....trust me
I am the one

[Verse One]

Call me a boss of all bosses
I got a flawless record of thirty wins, no draws and no losses
I talk reckless, what
Move cautious with no respect for the rules, the dudes lawless
Gets deep with BS on the streets
cos from Harlem to Hollywood I got the game on the leash
You with my Bloodline beasts, always ready for whatever
We gon' hawk this dog together, six or beretta
Tour is glock, hecno and dutch
A few tools used just to get to the top
Can't stop, won't stop 'til I'm left in the box to count
We still bossy but pine is fine
I'm a Jack of all trades, what moves to be made (yea)
Back in the eighth for crackin the safe
From the block to the cage
From the label to the stage
I'ma grind 'til I shine, cradle 2 the grave it's on

[Chorus]

Can't touch me (it's on)
Can't stop me (it's on)
Won't budge me (it's on)
Can't block me (it's on)
The hood loves me (it's on)
Can't knock me
It's simply put I'm just ahead of my time

It's on
Can't touch me (it's on)
Can't stop me (it's on)
Won't budge me (it's on)
Can't block me (it's on)
The hood love me (it's on)
Can't knock me
It must be the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

[Verse Two]

Now, drug money is a thug's money (uhn uhn)
Ice money is set for life money (you know)
Share money is the fair money, (fa sho)
You scared money, don't make money, nigga common
I'm back in the game, back on the grind
I'm back with my back to the wall, slightly back to two
nines
Back with the mask on my face, back to packin two
nines
I'm back on the block, back to movin twenties and
dimes
Bottomline, I'm back, the city is mines
Stop me how, I'm coming with the lot and the lines
Have grease stinking out where you live
Cats trailing your kids, it ended up with me abductin
your wares
Harry Rob once told me "strike fast and forceful
cos if you give him any time to think he'll cross you"
You either on my side or in my way
If in my way [*gunclick*] okay

[Chorus]

????? pack my arm, it's a dom
You let a nigga get at em'
Nigga for not one of the most hunted like Bin Laden
Cos I don't talk, I spit, don't walk, I strike
And I'ma stand up nigga, stand sit for what (what)
To discuss with the tough that enough is enough
And it's on cos I'm callin your bluff
And your dudes in the streets that refuse to be beef
Better move when I reach and get moved with the heat
Please, don't make the nigga have to do it to you
I launch missiles that ravage ya soft tissue
I salvage with many issues
My marriage is to my pistols
automatic or revolver
but trust me I'm gon get you if I have to
prooove to you cowards
I never follow you cowards
I murder all of you cowards

Your streets are my streets
That's how it's designed
cos the hand that rocks the cradle is mine
you know (yea)

[Chorus (2x)]

Instrumentals till fade

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