

Big Stan

"Hand That Rocks The Cradle"

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

Call me the 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
Be it 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
You can't touch me
It's on
You can't stop me
It's on
You won't budge me
It's on
You can't block me
It's on
The hood loves me
It's on
You can't knock me

It's simply put I'm just ahead of my time

It's on

You can't touch me

It's on

You can't stop me

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It must the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

Now, drug money is a thug's money

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, okay

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[Incomprehensible] 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
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 prove 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. yeah

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