

B.a. Robertson**"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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