

## Chris And Cosey

### "24 Hrs"

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Intro:

It is no longer 1999...  
And I live in a world of one track minds...  
Where the industry feeds us fashion design...  
That creates MCs that cannot rhyme...  
For ten years I waited to make my move...  
Now we'll see who'll win, and who'll lose...  
And if I had to state my word...  
Say this'll probably be the realest shit you ever heard...  
I been watching, from afar...  
I know where you live, I know who you are...  
Redemption is my only scar...  
And so my heart bleeds dark, like tar...  
So I treat my friends today like they'll be enemies  
tomorrow...  
So when they die, I'll have no sorrow...  
Just remember those you decide to cross...  
Cuz if your door gets knocked on you get knocked off

Verse:

Who's that six foot bald nigga from New York  
With the gangsta walk, the gangsta talk  
Thrillin to find 'em and kill 'em  
I'm wildin', I'm illin  
I don't give a fuck about you, and that's my feelin  
I'm in a brand new house nigga chillin  
With shoeboxes of hundred dollar bills nigga spillin  
Trainin the baddest bitch, givin her the drillin  
While you hangin in The Tunnel know you pussy ice  
grillin  
Man bein a bitch must really be fuffillin  
Cuz alotta niggas happy bein soft just chillin  
Scenario, gun in your mouth run the platinum watch  
with the cuban link  
Bracelet and the matching necklace  
And I'm too shiny V Vs glowin in your ear  
New gun, new jewels, new album new year  
Niggas think they bigger than the game  
I got news for you \*Willy\*, let's take it back to Philly  
So you can find your roots, fuck braggin on your loot  
Nigga you aint that hard

And a nigga can't spend no money layin in the  
graveyard  
Omigod, it really shocks you  
This can't be the same motherfucker Freddie Foxxx  
who  
I really feel his lyrics, I love all his rhymes  
I thought that we was cool, you think he's hard to find  
I rip in dark posin alleys  
As a kid got knowledge from the gods at the rally  
I slip on the game like Ballies  
And show ten hoes how to stack it up, get money, New  
York to Cali  
Where a nigga tried to play me like a sally  
So I shot him in his new DeNali and drove him to the  
valley  
I pushed him out the car and let him scally  
Fuck that nigga, tryin to play me like he bigger  
In Japan I'm worth ten figures  
American, open the door and let Derek in  
I break my silence, after ten years of supressing my  
violence  
You was my man I gave you benjamins  
Every time I pulled up and get you in the Benz again  
We can never be friends again  
You brought me tears when you took my right hand off  
for seven long years  
Now he's back and corrupt  
Driving new GS 400s, new Jags, and new trucks  
You should see the bad bitches that he fuck  
While your girl look skinny like a smoked out Daffy  
Duck  
Niggas are real this aint N B HIGH  
You niggas aint got no balls and won't die  
I'm a certified killer, with \*Stock in the Game\*  
Burn marks on my hands from the glocks with the  
flame  
Bumpy is my rap name, when I write rhymes I  
hydroplane  
And think about my nigga Kane  
Alotta label motherfuckers'll be dead  
You fuckin with my money is like fuckin with my head  
Tryin to take my buttered bread  
Niggas aint shit, so I'm down with you Kane  
Any time realness, you ready feel this  
I don't forget nothing, nothing at all  
So Mr. Steve Rifkind, expect my call  
Niggas owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect  
Over fifteen dollars, I'll snap your fuckin neck  
And don't pay me in no fuckin check  
If you don't want me to teach the meaning of  
disrespect

When I'm finished in this game, I'll be swimming in my  
yard  
Not at the radio station, looking for a job  
Too many niggas feel me spittin on a record  
To be broke and homeless, and outside naked  
I represent the real grimy masses  
Of thugged out gun slinging criminal asses  
That shoot up your party and chill at mine  
Cuz they know I got love for real niggas, nine to nine  
there's the mind  
Just remember why you frontin like you more that 24  
Hrs ahead  
In 24 Hrs you'll be DEAD  
You'll be DEAD

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