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Commander Cody "Two Gats Up"

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Forty individuals Keep it on the low? Keep it on the low, aiiight Yo, yo, yo, uh, uh, uh, word up

[Rubberbands]

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Yo with your departure let's start the execution Seems like everybody rappin's robbin and shootin Talkin real cheap I got a record deal just to get away from the streets Niggas stuck up shit's creek with no way to escape When we bombard niggas get stomped hard like wine grapes What the fuck you thought, G.P. connects when Majority of these rap cats don't even get a grin Never paid dues, actin like they vets on my set Til they get a reality check, niggas still wet Behind the ears in this rap shit Get blown off the face of the Earth by the G.P. click [Down Low Recka] Whoever wrote the book on hip hop we revised it Now adapt to the Shaolin chapter The non-fiction, number one bestseller Project award winner (Two gats up) Yeah, it's obvious you the sloppiest Got a glass forehead so you're bad when you copy this You could say we live for the winter Ain't no shorts taken, veterans, no beginners Constant winner, a born sinner Make you think your style is thinner You're too pary to carry A microphone across stage knowin that I'm on the other side Ready to conquer and divide Holdin mine comes natural Formin rhymes outta thoughts with smoke and nails A real nigga never tells Real niggas know that fake niggas gel Get bugged, don't blow, perishable MCs got blinders on Leadin themselves into the storm

It's the power of God, PG, Parental Guidance G.P., unmistakably the finest

[June Luva] Non-commercial, universal, hip hop assassinator Track killer, premeditated murder May the force be with you When you go up against this record sellin burglar Darth Vader Hit you up somethin terror And I make you wish you never heard of a Gladiator Secret spies tryin to steal Grain data Hit em up with the steel, get the jackulator [Pop The Brown Hornet] Ill fanatic, leave em con beat and battered They all look at R, another hip hop star Brown Hornet, I got MCs cornered like a rat I hit a homerun everytime up to bat You could read about it, talk about it, ain't no doubt about it I get amped when shows are crowded So come support me hold down the fort I score everytime I touch a hip hop court Watch me dunk on em, then hit a three on em Yo he a punk, I knock him out and then I pee on him Verbal gymnastic master tactics Niggas styles is softer than a sixty dollar mattress But I refuse to bend, I intend to explore the top ten Don't try to analyze or comprehend Accept it, G.P. connected Niggas run for the bomb but Shaolin style's intercepted it Have no fear the foundation's here Lettin party-goers know that we truly do care It's not all guns and violence, we like to fuck to try to act conservative We love when Johnny buck-buck [Rubberbands] Lyrical combat better watch your ass son I shines pretty like a double four Magnum The impact from the gat goes boom So when I'm speakin I appreciate the room

My character erupt like a nigga

I'm stressed, baby and I'm down on my last trigger One in the chamber, nothin's gonna change the Infrared dot to your skull meaning danger Duck, boom-pow, it's too late you're caught

What, raise up and act like you want it

I didn't think so nigga, you're fuckin with a major Even X-Men couldn't save ya Yup I'm a new bad boy New York stalker Crash MCs, they need therapy, then a walker Fast talker, do the knowledge I lost ya Justice prevailed, fucked around and who crossed ya

[June Luva] This is not a test Hip hop is in a real state of emergency If this had been a test you would not be bearing witness to the hip hop saviors June Luva, Pop The Brown Hornet, Rubberbands and Down Low Recka We now advise you to pump this loud As we return to our regularly scheduled programmin

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