

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Thun & Kicko"

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Prodigy

You's a notebook crook with loose leaf beef
A backseat criminal who pass the heat
To somebody that blast the heat
Man it sound bad on the pad what happened in the
street
A villain on the vinyl an analog outlaw
A lot of gats on your DAT taped southpaw
You thuggin when the mics plugged in
Barkin through the speakers like you got no sense
You're wild on the 2 inch
Got your platinum plaques to prove it
Your music's been around the world movin
And it come right back around to the ground on it
Now it's time to face your opponent
Infamous cling to this real shit
Stuck where we started at
Fuck that
Not because I have to we want to
I love this shit
The raw is what I live for
To hear the sound of the crowd roar for more
To see the niggas that can't pay rush the door
Wildin on the dance floor when they song come on
Swinging they fists
Ready for war but it's a different type of effect
Its not violence
They're just tranced by the advance
Tranqued by the sound bank
Put under the drum
Numbed off of our shit
Now who you rocking with them or us
Deep love or cheap lust
QB or bust
Infamous til we pass on
You're laughing at the wrong kid I take action
The fam are confidants, nigga
I write bombs that'll shatter your ambitions of being top
dog
As we move through the stage floor I need to bass
more

So I can taste it and make y'all go AWOL and lose it
Say no more
Brace your delf nigga it's on

Cormega
Who tale you tellin
Are you frail or felon
Were you makin sounds or watchin niggas sellin
You exploit niggas lives in your rhymes and then avoid
em
You never felt the moisture in the air from coke boiling
You never felt the razor scrapin your plate your hands
achin
Yet you keep choppin cause there's paper to make
You never felt the power of invincibility
Clutchin a gun like fuck it dun
Its him or me
At your best you wasn't hand to hand
No more than 3 grams
What the fuck you know about a ki man
You never hustle
Lets get it right my nigga wild woulda stuck you
Stop dry snitchin in your rhymes listen
What you tryin to do help the guys in blue
Indict duns so that could be another rhyme for you
You a parasite you never had a life
So you throw other niggas lives in your pad at night
Its clever when you write it
Spoken well for a dude who never been indicted
You know the deal motherfucker
The real make the fake niggas kneel
And lose appetites when you taste nigga's steel
My rhymes are what it take to get a deal
That make it real
I'm like BIG you can't replace the skill
I laced your I'll like cocaine in scarface's grill
Your motherfuckin flow is basic kill
Im Cor Mega raw forever
Yall niggas know my steez Im reppin for Queens
Your minor league I'm big time like Mark McGwire's
deed
Your whole team is pussy
When I squeeze vaginas bleed
My lyrics they official
I bag up coke on dishes made of crystal
Your niggas they will miss you
My nickel plated pistol got 16 shots
You can take em with you
To the coffin or DAs office
Surgery nurses screamin we lost him
Life suddenly divorced and fuck it it cost him

You want beef say no more
Brace your delf nigga it's on
We spray 4 4 s bitch

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