

Curtis Mayfield

"Perfect Jab"

Visit "[Perfect Jab](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rock]

Yo word up man
Word up man, it's a lot of niggaz out there
Niggaz pullin gats and all that shit
I know we Magnum Force, and all of that
We run with O.G.C.'s n shit
We'll FUCK your ass up too, word up
Bummy Jab, Mr. Perfect, equals Perfect Jab
Word is bond

This whole shit's played, like Jordache and Sassoon
Sue me it's time, that y'all ass out like baboons
or me with no drawers on, the way my pants droop,
BANG
to your equilibrium, you're physically dismantled

[Supreme]

Batten down the hatches, I mastered this flow I crafted
Beyond sight, comin out fights with no scratches
to let tactics, knock the world off it's axis
Supreme mean the lastest level, you can't pass this

[Rock]

We'll tell them hold this, heat-seekin fist'll never miss
on impact, set to knock SHIT out the devilish
punk who step to this, my ring got ice you can have
some
for your glass jaw, bloody mary's ain't that bad son
Jab's a one man riot starter, tell your dad to come
When I get to snuffin BWOY you'll wish you had a gun
Havin fun yet? Mr. Perfect's the one who says who
get hurt next, suplexin maggots like I'm Paul Orndorf

[Supreme]

You got nowhere to run ta, I'ma hunter like a Fonzo
Smoke you like fonta, leave you in Mourning like Alonzo
Comin for your head honcho, he in my range, ain't
nuttin changed Duke
If you can't stand the rain you better wear a poncho
Run through your crew pronto, crush you like nachoes
Yeah you act macho but you still run from the cops

Duke
Supreme is not your, ordinary type of guy
When I get hyper, I burn that ass like all types of lye

[Rock]
Alright alright alright, maybe I'm not the best, but I'm
one of em
See these wack cats, think they nice, we make fun of
em

[Supreme]
Cause we runnin em, back to they blocks for
reinforcement
I stay flossin, you bring your crew I bring the four-fifths

[Rock]
Known to Jab, cause I move like a rook straight at cha
and drop mad niggaz with one punch, usually that one
Left to right my shit is marvelous like Marvin Hagler
Stagger a devil sayin, "Go the FUCK back to Africa"

[Supreme]
It's the Per-fect Jab (Jab) at last (last)
I break dudes in half (half)
Get splashed on your staff, if you don't know the math
(Call em Perfect)
I bring shit they can't fathom, sent to hurt shit
it ain't worth it, Bummy Jab sent to dab em
Since the days of Adam, befo' Eve flipped the script
It was predicted, for me to bring some shit like this
(That boy bad, that boy bad!)
But now we out to bring em back terror, I'm bout
cheddar
(Hah!) They call me Mr. Perfect
cause I'm, simply without error (Per-fect-o)
You couldn't weather my endeavor, I'm too clever
Don't ever bring it to my square queer you know better
And if you creep up (what?) prepare to meet the grim
reaper
Appearin in your nightmares, fuckin your sleep up

[Rock]
Oh, oh, oh, B.T.J.'s call me Balboa, swan call me Rock-
ola
Hold the fort down, reach out and punch somethin like
a Motorola
Own a pager, bonus how I call the pager, you make all
the dough
but anyway I slay a boa anyday, you know what?
I may just take you over, my wager's
to get your face or your nose bloodied, what?

The R-O-to, C-K ya show ya greater, don't fuck around
burn caps like my name like was Coca-Cola
Wait up hold up! Don't make a, nigga roll up
take your shines, leave ya swoll up or with a taste of
somethin smacked out your mouth, so ah, slow up I
hate ya
Do your dirty M.P. now stands for Make'em Pay brah

[Supreme]

I'm rude, abuse dudes that come late on they dues
Bring bad news like a baby in they terrible two's
You did what to who? Youse Estoria like the Waldorf
Niggaz get hauled off, suplexin magnums like I'm goin
off

[Rock]

You fuckin cornballs, we comin from another angle
completely
My theory is, can't none of y'all faggot niggaz beat me
Get snuffed so stupid you may curse your dad, it's his
fault
He shoulda warned you bout the Perfect Jab
Motherfuckers!
Word up nigga, we'll knock you straight the fuck out
All y'all niggaz, all y'all niggaz who act like y'all want it
Y'all gonna get it nigga, word up

Hah, this is the Perfect Jab
Fuck with this boy you better curse your dad
Hah, this is the Perfect Jab
Step to this boy you better curse your dad
Don't be fuckin with this here, Perfect Jab
You better curse your dad
Worst luck you ever had
Times that times four, Triple that like R's
And we form a Square and whoop your monkey-ass
from here to there
Word is Bon Jovi, heh
We will fuck you up, word up

M.F.C. (for life!!) FOR LIFE!!

* various talk fades into skit *

Visit [Curtis Mayfield](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.