

D.I.T.C. "Drop It Heavy"

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Artist: D.I.T.C.
Album: D.I.T.C.
Title: Drop It Heavy

[KRS-One]

That's right, on any beat we sale

Don't put your money on bail, put it on Full Scale

Ha ha, never fail, KRS

I'd rather have a hundred-thousand true heads by me

Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me

I keep it grimy, chase me, you will never find me

I take you out in two or three minutes, you can time me

You the dopest MC? I leave that ass sizzlin

I'm givin more rhythm than gang rapes in prison

You small time, you ain't a pro

Yeah you kick the raw rhymes, but your show and your
flow

That's all mine

Oh silly me, if I call on my lyric ability

I'll bring it right, straight to your jaw, free delivery

Get wit me, now I spit rap

I represent peace and knowledge, but I will contradict
that!

Click-a-click clap

You don't wanna battle me, you wanna scat away

I battle Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday

Wait, let me check the schedule again, Saturday

I think you oughta follow your squad, they ran thataway

These rappers be played out, spaced out, no format

Now why would you place your money on that?

I drop more bars than Sing-Sing, cha-ching!

Real teachers teach real things

I brings knowledge and skill, you should try to get with
it

Challenging knowledge only means that ya ignorant

With the Sword of Justice, your throat I'm stickin in

Gossip and scandal, I don't put my lips in it

Grow up, I'm movin like a U-Haul truck

You all stuck cuz you all suck, duck duck buck buck
buck

Forget the cut hops, your luck stops

I bring it to your buttocks, enough blocks

[Big Punisher]

Yo, my squad is honored it like Elijah Muhammed

But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this
heart of violence

Hard as diamond but I'm in the ruff, listen up

If you ever see me wit the Feds you can bet it's in the
cuffs

Ain't no snitchin us, bitchin us

Unofficial-ness, everything we are, side you wish you

was

Official thugs in the drug profession

Drug connections, drug addictions

Still seein the judge for drug possession

The four-D's, all these is more reas

To either get big, leave or let live

We the best there is TS, ain't nobody else

We probably Dove cuz we all way on top of the shelf

I'm lockin your wealth wit the master keys, freeze

Don't try to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast the back of
your knees

Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster

My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarosta

You're gettin closer to death, Reaper's got a hold on
your breath

You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your
flesh

You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed

Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick

Now what's the problem, you ain't nuttin like you said
on your album

I thought you was wildin, bustin your guns and runnin
the island

You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college
credits

How pathetic, did it to get out of the collasthetics

I'm dianetics combined wit lyrics

My matureness is my insurance, kill my appearance,
I'm a shinin spirit

You gotta fear it, cuz every last gem is poison

You gotta cheer it, if you can't win you better join em

I'm head-annointin niggas like the Holy Gospel

I'm the only voco to walk and smoke you wit fire-blowin nostrils

Watch for the toast, when you see it you better join yours

Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[A.G.]

Now check flacco, siete quato rocks in my music note

It don't take alot for you to go

There's a lot that you should know

Like I rock the future flow

I can't be stopped, refuse to go, and still great, Show

Dug in the milk crates so we label this cream

Plus my vocals, now we able to gleam

A's-Team used to be local, now we get love from mainstream

Rock from Shanghai to Beijing, stay high's the main theme

Used to have a crush on Raesheem when she was Tudy

Rappers actin fruity, tryin to black and blue me

He must be actin a movie

I'm dirty, like double-platinum in a hooptie

Now let's double back for these groupies

Back up behind the ropes, Show and A come through

We the real Killers, ya'll Replacements for John Woo

This is Full Scale shit here, the weak disappear

The only eat in our off-years, check the cd, it's all there

You'll be bustin the speaker, puffin the reefer

Can't spit like I spit so you get hype and bust your
heater

Heard your chick's on my dick, I would love to meet her

Hit it and toss it like it ain't nuttin either

And catch you on the rebound like Dennis

My sound sells in and out of town

This a chemistry and I got it now

They wanted Six's for the Range but I got em down

To twenty and a brick, now I'm out wit this money and
shit

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