

## Dark Opera

### "The Cause"

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\* multiple gunshots \*

[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Yo, when we do this, we do it for real  
We do it for the love, we do it for the money  
For the cash, for the women, the birds  
We do it for the foundation, for the people  
No matter how we do it, we do it for The Cause  
Yea, yo

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

What you in for? What you live for?  
What you die for? I hope its for The Cause  
..  
What you work for? What you stand for?  
What you strive for? I hope its for The Cause

[Inspectah Deck]

Inspectah, rhyme beretta nine in ya sector  
Wet the scenery with extreme measures  
Supreme lecture, bless the heads, you dare enter  
the 9th Chamber, dance with the mind bender  
Surrender your throne, there's no room for pretenders  
Bystander pollyin worldwide with nine members  
Distributin, my verbal sharp shootin  
While I execute the deadliest moves with fine tunin  
Duel of the Iron Mic bound to spark fusion  
Movin at the speed of light, nice at what I'm doin  
Drop it in ya brain like spice, without the five mics  
Heads roll off hilltops when I strike  
Sniper aim, stick you up for your price of fame  
Like the flame, watch you get hot inside the game  
Recognize my name, I.N.S., your highness  
I rep for live sets, place ya bets, make ya threats  
There's no cure, even the experts are stunned  
My work is done as soon as I've just begun \*echo\*

[Chorus]

[Streetlife]

Strictly, Streetlife, I never play a fan of the fame

Just build on my name, and master the slang  
I'm hittin harder than a lot of artists in the game  
I'm lyrically inclined, rockin just the same  
Than any MC who ship platinum or gold  
And only recoup to pay back what you sold  
Over budget your video, got pimped like a hoe  
My niggas move slo-mo like robotic clones  
I'd rather be alive and paid, than dead broke  
My life is like a thin line, on a tight rope  
A fiend with no dope, wrong way to provoke  
The man behind the scope, tucked, ready to smoke  
>From the same place you from, different hood, the  
same slum  
Mother's third seed, father's first son  
Bastard child runnin wild, livin foul  
Ran into some juvenile niggas in design  
P.L.O. Style, sign my name on the dotted line  
Your beef is mine, dangerous minds combine, we all  
carry nines \*echo\*

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Hitman like Thomas Hurns, bustin while the weed burns  
Shorty, sixteen, yearns for my crew to take turns  
I'm a loose cannon, medically examined  
Found deadly as a plague, soon to spread like famine  
Splurgin, livin out the dirty version  
Throwin rocks at the ghetto birds circlin the urban  
Workin overtime, you notice the shine  
Niggas scope mine, models won't work Capone nine

[Streetlife]

We travel in pairs, you got the front, I watch the rear  
Got money on my mind this year, by all means  
Put an end to your cold stairs, crush your small dreams  
What you hear is the truth, fuck what you used to  
I provide you with street music you can ride to  
Push through, sound blastin through the sun roof  
Street surfer, lurkin, thirsty for the loot  
I'm in it to fuck fans and rock mic stands  
I work for cash and fans, and die for the Clan

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