

## Def Rhymz

### "No Guest List"

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[ keith murray ]

Yo, hey yo, I step out the shell like a black pearl  
But come to destroy you of all worlds  
I eat you inside out like stress  
The best, I never lose a rhyme contest  
While troublesome black rolls flows  
Bleed internal external like a bloody nose  
Props grow like crops  
Desert boot clarks wit no socks  
Parking space killer stay out my lot  
You hear my voice, you see my face, you know my  
name  
I take it out your ass and charge it to the game  
I battle with words, go to war with ideas  
You defeat me never in a million years  
The factor of the rapture  
Is that you either get killed, wound, or captured  
They shoot you up so bad til the end you fought  
But then you got caught up in my final thought  
Nigga

Miss thing, there is no guest list tonight (sampled)

[ redman ]

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
I get on the mic like badoobedut kick roundhouse  
You the tightest motha fucka let me find out  
When I pull mines out  
I could gaffle mr. keebler for all his chips ahoy out the  
chalk town house  
Give you static like your mixer got the ground out  
Hug you wit my hands in your grandmas pouch  
Im down south wit outkast wit pounds out  
Wicked enough to throw the gun in james bond mouth  
You know e and keith when we brawl  
I be in more hoods than that big fork and spoon on your  
kitchen wall  
And overall, on y'all a protocal  
My style is kabal, finish him  
For the benjamins  
Fools call me the grinch

Cause I punch you in your face christmas on two fifth  
While the cops watch the jamaican hide pot  
When I stomp I leave the shoe size of sasquatch

Miss thing there is no guest list tonight

[ erick sermon ]

Yo, yo

Its e the assassin antonio banderas

Catch a few of my enemies by the bodegas

So face it, some of y'all should go back to basics

Before the prom, before sissy spacik

Reevaluate what's right for you

From the start or was it something you wanted to do

fucker

I dig a hole so deep you can't return

And hear about the episode on howard stern

Im born wit heart I blast ya

Hit ya wit the fishing deep water and take your yacht

master

Playing me one time that's unforgivin

I got a body one count and we ain't bullshittin

We be thick in the mix, milk wit quik

In the business I work every circuit

Im bigger, better, and deafer

So however, wherever, whenever, heffer

Miss thing there is no guest list tonight ( 4x )

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