

DJ Clue "People's Court"

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Yeah! Ah huh!

Yo yo! I gives a fuck if you traumed up
Don Perignoned up, niggas from where
Want what one slip and get ya cherry balmed up
I got every arm and my niggas homicide

And deadly come to ya gut B!
Guess ya done blon luck
Fucked wit the wrong one
Shawn Gun harm one

Two fuck y'all won do
Bastards niggas know I blast quick
As if y'all had to ask, shit
Get ya ass twist, it's the rap's El Nino

Get ya brain splitted
And I don't like pussy well enough
To hang wit it, you ain't wit it
Same shit, it can't fuck wit the lame witch

Soon as the slang spitted
If you came, you get it
Plain as the game
Wit the pens witted on cosine

And the whole nine
Leave you where I find yo ass
Lost wit no sign, y'all so wrong
I'm the last nigga to roll on

Got the vest on
Wit the pose on
When you guess wrong
I'm a press on, motherfucker

Fuck the judge, fuck the jury
When ya warring wit me, it's people's court
We hold court in the street
I gives a fuck about the D.A. when ya see Jay

Betta crawl for yo heat, it's people's court
We hold court in the street, ya heard me
Fuck the judge, fuck the jury
When ya warring wit me, it's people's court

We hold court in the street
I gives a shit about ya play disc, nigga dangerous
Watch ya language wit me, it's people's court
We hold court in the street

I gives a shit if it's small claims
Like stealing ya bitch
Or if it's Supreme Court
Like stealing ya bricks

Look, my guns is all range
More pain, end it ran to
Whether you big money or small change
When I cock it ball guage

My pistols never miss trials
Here's the dater rain wit no chance of parole
Bullets coming concurrent
I'm like why nigga, try Jigga

You must remember
It's like being on trial for your life
Wit a public defender
Let the jury fill the seats up

And start the court calendar off
Wit jocket number nine-millimeter
All rise, the honorable Jay-Z presides
Instead of a mallet, I hold a tool

All upjections overruled
Stay deep in ya arguments
Hope you understand it
Two guns, right over left

That's how I cross exam
Like Tom Cruise
Poppin' wit the Top Gun, you lose
Jigga no lie and y'all can't handle the truth

Fuck the judge, fuck the jury
When ya warring wit me, it's people's court
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We hold court in the street, ya heard me
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No flow sicker
No cell could hold Jigga
Since I drop these
Tripled out, no coke kitchen victors

No contest in a rhyme fest
I'm best under oath
Raise my right hand
And I spit it honest

Know ya facts for real
'Fo ya decide to act ill
When you blow trial
Ain't no coming back on appeal

It's murderone
Bail set at, a half-a-mil
It's murderone
For you raples motherfucker's

Red done, commit hate crimes
Fake rhymes, I hold in contempt
You get state time
For faking like you greater than him

So foulplay, thats ya charges
Pay ya fine at the desk sergant
Say sorry, and take ya property
I be sure to bend it

Flow splendid
No coke defendant
While you niggas hold trial
Wit no motions in it

Three-time felon, third album
Locking it down for the term
Of Lifetime, Volume 2 nigga
Court is adjourned

