

## Dj Pooh "Nowhere 2 Hide (Feat. Threat)"

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Featuring Threat

Hook:

No worse scared can't get away  
Dumpin' with them funky rhymes  
"Pullin' out niggas frontin' like snobs"  
Nowhere 2 hide

[Threat]

I deliver to you the new blueprints  
Vocal instruments phat like them Goodyear blimps  
We pimps  
Beats  
Put 'em in the streets  
Twenty four hours seven days a week  
I kick science but they still haven't learned  
Step beyond the point of no return get wet  
The rhythmic, hypnotic ear narcotics  
Strictly for fanatics and the gangbang addicts  
Uh, around the globe follow ya nose  
Down with the underground from my head to my toes  
Ride the groove like a three day cruise  
Peace to the east but the west coast rules  
The chocolate child unleashed out the wild  
Break the Richter scale and make the party shake tails  
Baddest on the atlas just tryin' to stay down  
You gotta get up I get off or get clowned

Hook

[Threat]

I came across a close shave runnin' with them  
renegades  
All on display on K-T-L-A  
I hate to do it but I'm stupid don't test me  
Unless ya wanna get your new clothes all messy  
We fed 'em loot but they still insist to spit words  
But they can't fuck with this they get swerved  
Graduated old school G degree  
Calm down the savage in any MC  
North, south, east, west  
But simply hittin' 'em with the melody I possess

So raise your hands up high and get all the way with it  
It's the joint, bodies get the munches when they hit it  
Like that  
Yep bigger fatter than the piece  
Inflation went up and make the killin' increase  
So long for the plan you was plottin'  
Cause it's long and forgotten once your style turned  
rotten

Hook

[Threat]

It's the mad maestro and it ain't no other  
Turn milk into honey and make bread off butter  
I hold the title in the middle of my palm  
For makin' freaks dance on the floor till dawn  
Make way let me show you how it's done  
It's a party and the playerhatin' niggas can't come  
Got rhymes on my pad and they all hit rock  
Don't sleep cause the sheep just might be a fox  
On a hunt  
Hot on the trail  
Hoe givin' up the drawers cause a nigga in jail  
On the bottom of the ocean to the top of the hill  
MC can't deal with my hi-tech skills  
They tight tight last all night  
Buckle up for safety and prepare to take flight  
Destination on to the next plateau  
It's the Zuu in the house you can't funk with the flow

Hook

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