

## Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

### "L.A.W"

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Artist: dr. dre presents shariefintro:

It's like, it's like this  
Word up, knowhuti'msayin? one time for your mind,  
y'knowi'msayin?  
Yo, from upstate to brooklyn, the whole borough's  
thorough  
You know the time, y'knowi'msayin?  
Crown heights, to all my niggas holdin it down  
It's hardcore, b-boy rhymes just for you,  
y'knowi'msayin?  
(l-a-w, this might trouble you) this is sharief,  
y'knowi'msayin?  
Puttin it down for the aftermath like this

Verse one: sharief

As i inhale the blunt and take a sip off the yac  
My rhymes come to life, my verbal forces attack  
Can't hold me back, i'm too strong, i waited too long  
Freestyle a whole rap tape then write a new song  
Been in the game since...what? that shit is past tense  
Pass the microphone and watch this nigga crack the c  
With that I'll shit, i came to kill shit  
I crack the code, must be the reason they reveal shit  
But in this era of mayhem  
I recyc' the murderous rhymes to slay them  
To all my opponents who wanna kick it, i spark  
The verbal scientist in your title, i'm walkin wit it  
A hundred dime pieces and the party got the heaters  
I shine my verbal styles and got niggas climbin on  
speakers, the thrill  
Seekers  
An earthquake of bass lines swangin the party, i'm  
slangin the mic  
Like a syllable shotty, sippin 40's

Chorus:

Check it out y'all, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon

L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the b-boys and all the b-gals  
Check it out now, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon  
L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the b-boys and all the b-gals

Verse two: sharief

Bona fide b-boy, biceps' bionic  
Blast em back, okay let's get it started  
Original rap styles comin from my shooter  
Fifty niggas deep, i'm the l'll kid recruiter  
People gather round, check my flow  
Listen too, look take a peek, time for thought then you  
know (what they  
Know?)  
I build with skill, fulfill the drill and still then kill  
You couldn't stop the pain with benadryl  
Too many claim unnamed for fame  
Or be soft as baby tissue with no gun to aim  
I take a raptor's rough cuz i'lla date the semen  
Spectators be sayin they can't go where he went  
That's another level of attack (haa), bring your bats  
My dj scratch the record like a scrotum sack  
I slice the rapper like a surgeon  
If he wanna battle, i play him out like a priest in a  
turban  
Too much tenacity, vocal capacity  
Ya better take some notes, don't try to get on after me  
Cuz i'm the chemical enemical  
Rhymes i say are definitely guaranteed to reach the  
pinnacle

Chorus:

Check it out y'all, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon  
L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the real players and all the fly girls  
Check it out now, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon  
L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the real players and all the fly girls

Verse three: sharief

Feelin the metronome click, my microphone's on  
It's time to kiss sharief to perform  
Ya lukewarm, my degrees be uncharted in the centre  
of fight square

I rum brass knuckle rhymes fuckin with crimes  
I'm natural as loaded dice, understand  
Where no man survives, l.a.w. can  
Transform, i see it ain't even worth ya triggers  
I'm from the days when b-boys were straight earthin  
niggas  
Standin my arms crossed, toss a grenade  
Rein-force my zone as a lyrical barricade  
You better cuz your dome piece blown  
Release chrome beats, nuclear missiles rhymes under  
my comb  
Three strikes marks the villian bustin rhymes  
Like shots in sarajevo saturday night blood be spillin  
Some i slaughter such as \*?two compel?\* blows  
Crush your corny kids caught stumblin on my shells, so  
Sick, too quick, i stab you with some shit  
Doin infinite assault these hard lyrics i commit  
When i crush your lungs, i keep my pace uptempo  
Swingin my prison rhymes, fuckin mics like a nympho

Chorus:

Check it out y'all, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon  
L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the real hustlas across the world  
Check it out now, l-a-w's raw  
L.a.w., the lyrical assault weapon  
L-a-w, this might trouble you  
For all the real hustlas across the world

\*repeat to fade\*

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