

## **Dungeon Family "Six Minutes"**

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360 seconds, it's on  
Unlimited firsts, from calibers unknown  
Come wit it in ya verse or take a job and stay gone  
I don't care if it's rehearsed or off the top of your dome

With this specified time, you can do as you please  
Make a decision to create life or spread death and  
disease  
We got 360 degrees of emcees  
That make these rap niggaz sound like they swangin'  
from trees  
Everythang from brain food to puttin' broads on they  
knees  
We do it all for the love and never all for the cheese

Hot tub, bubbling like warm water, call me, hot tub  
Cut your wife and daughter like a meat cleaver  
We be the Dungeon Family  
Niggaz up under the step from A T L to overstand me

D F is the clique I represent  
Puffin' purple, poppin' poppers, spittin' straight pimp  
shit  
Conversation without compensation, we sensed this  
It's not to mention that yo' girl, you're persistent in  
Nothin' physical happened but give me six minutes  
When ya off, somebody gon' get in it

Say no names, wear my hair longer than your first  
strang  
Yo' girl wish she was drafted for the Georgia drill team  
But I ain't gon' say no more  
You need to catch somebody else I'm 'bout to hit the  
door, I'm out

Six minutes, six minutes  
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Fine lil' mama, my home gon' be a palace  
Laid out like a salad, keep a nigga from malice

I'm movin' things to the South  
A dog like me need a pussycat 'round the house, with a  
row bone

Ain't nothin' like me and you baby with no clothes on  
I'm tired of runnin' the streets all night  
And a girlfriend ain't gon' stay down, witcha like a wife  
I can't let all you girls get to my head  
'Cuz you know what I want between them legs

Hey, I'm just walkin' outta foot locker, strollin' through  
Greenbriar  
Stepped in the food court, just gonna but a bean pot  
Ay, cool, cool cutta, cut her to the finch  
If a girl gotta future behind her, I'm up in it

And I'd like a pretty lady with a tailback mouth  
'Cuz if you hit the right spot, she'll go back runnin' her  
mouth  
Now, every time I meet a girl, she puttin' her hand in  
her purse  
And when my next record drop, I ain't wearin' no shirt  
Let's do it

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Oh, oh, oh

Hats off, nigga, can we put a fist in it 'fore we handle  
business?  
Hallelujah, for the bank, Benz's, houses, hummers,  
tanks and all that  
Gon' see, that they mean shack in the end  
The world was my enemy, yes, who all was my friends

On the strong delucious  
Unstoppable, followin' the tradition of men  
Can't say, "Aww, look at that man  
He's too dirty for industry", dead ass or is he

Five minutes and fifty nine seconds gone by  
Are you really ready for this lyrical high?  
We can shoot without bullets, D F to the fullest  
Should it ever come to light?

It's true art, not hype  
Come strong, take the mic, make sure it's tight  
I rock a party all night with my team on the right

Straight ready for the lights, camera, action, Miss Jackson

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Introdu, introdu, introducing ice cold water  
We stay sharp as a broke glass bottle  
Just as sure as four quarters make a dollar  
Ten dimes do too and I ain't takin' none shorter

Pay attention to every quote we say  
'Cuz I got this here like it's in stores today  
Holla, ready to rock, when he step on the scene  
'Cuz shorty stay clean like, shicka-ding, shicka-ding

Well, I can be that and you need that, freaky D that  
And if you want your monologue and open come and seek me  
A few done fried man or we can bligh man  
I'm the guy that kill ya cat and I dare you to defy me

If you can time me, I promise in sixty seconds  
You'll be intrigued and overwhelmed and obligated to rewind me  
That reminds me and my name is the divinely Human Cee and I hope you had a freaky time fuckin' with me

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