

## Eightball

### "Drop it Heavy"

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[KRS-One]

That's right, on any beat we sale  
Don't put your money on bail, put it on Full Scale  
Ha ha, never fail, KRS

I'd rather have a hundred-thousand true heads by me  
Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me  
I keep it grimy, chase me, you will never find me  
I take you out in two or three minutes, you can time me  
You the dopest MC? I leave that ass sizzlin  
I'm givin more rhythm than gang rapes in prison  
You small time, you ain't a pro  
Yeah you kick the raw rhymes, but your show and your  
flow  
That's all mine  
Oh silly me, if I call on my lyric ability  
I'll bring it right, straight to your jaw, free delivery  
Get wit me, now I spit rap  
I represent peace and knowledge, but I will contradict  
that!  
Click-a-click clap  
You don't wanna battle me, you wanna scat away  
I battle Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday  
Wait, let me check the schedule again, Saturday  
I think you oughta follow your squad, they ran thataway  
These rappers be played out, spaced out, no format  
Now why would you place your money on that?  
I drop more bars than Sing-Sing, cha-ching!  
Real teachers teach real things  
I brings knowledge and skill, you should try to get with  
it  
Challenging knowledge only means that ya ignorant  
With the Sword of Justice, your throat I'm stickin in  
Gossip and scandal, I don't put my lips in it  
Grow up, I'm movin like a U-Haul truck  
You all stuck cuz you all suck, duck duck buck buck  
buck  
Forget the cut hops, your luck stops  
I bring it to your buttocks, with nuff glocks

[Big Punisher]

Yo, my squad is honored it like Elijah Muhammed  
But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this  
heart of violence  
Hard as diamond but I'm in the ruff, listen up  
If you ever see me wit the Feds you can bet it's in the  
cuffs  
Ain't no snitchin us, bitchin us  
Unofficial-ness, everything we are, side you wish you  
was  
Official thugs in the drug profession  
Drug connections, drug addictions  
Still seein the judge for drug possession  
The four-D's, all these is more reas  
To either get big, leave or let live  
We the best there is TS, ain't nobody else  
We probably Dove cuz we all way on top of the shelf  
I'm lockin your wealth wit the master keys, freeze  
Don't try to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast the back of  
your knees  
Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster  
My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarosta  
You're gettin closer to death, Reaper's got a hold on  
your breath  
You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your  
flesh  
You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed  
Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick  
Now what's the problem, you ain't nuttin like you said  
on your album  
I thought you was wildin, bustin your guns and runnin  
the island  
You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college  
credits  
How pathetic, did it to get out of the collasthetics  
I'm dianetics combined wit lyrics  
My matureness is my insurance, kill my appearance,  
I'm a shinin spirit  
You gotta fear it, cuz every last gem is poison  
You gotta cheer it, if you can't win you better join em  
I'm head-annointin niggas like the Holy Gospel  
I'm the only voco to walk and smoke you wit fire-blowin  
nostrils  
Watch for the toast, when you see it you better draw  
yours  
Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[A.G.]

Now check flacco, siete quato rocks in my music note  
It don't take a lot for you to go  
There's a lot that you should know

Like I rock the future flow  
I can't be stopped, refuse to go, and still great, Show  
Dug in the milk crates, so we label this cream  
Plus my vocals, now we able to gleam  
A's-Team used to be local, now we get love from  
mainstream  
Rock from Shanghai to Beijing, stay high's the main  
theme  
Used to have a crush on Regine when she was Tudy  
Rappers actin fruity, tryin to black and blue me  
He must be actin a movie  
I'm dirty, like double-platinum in a hooptie  
Now let's double back for these groupies  
Back up behind the ropes, Show and A come through  
We the real Killers, y'all Replacements for John Woo  
This is "Full Scale" shit here, the weak disappear  
They only eat in our off-years, check the CD, it's all  
there  
You'll be bustin the speaker, puffin the reefer  
Can't spit like I spit so you get hype and bust your  
heater  
Heard your chick's on my dick, I would love to meet her  
Hit it, and toss it like it ain't nuttin either  
And catch you on the rebound like Dennis  
My sound sells in and out of town  
This a chemistry and I got it now  
They wanted Six's for the Range but I got 'em down  
To twenty and a brick, now I'm out wit this money and  
shit

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