

Bloom On "Handfull"

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[-=Al Pacino audio=-]

You recognize the M-O?

M-O... is that they're good

Which mean they knew our response time to a 2-11

Had our air, immobilized it

Entered, escaped in under three minutes

Once it escalated into a murder one beef for all of
them

After they killed the first two guards

They didn't hesitate

Popped guard number three

Because what difference does it make?

Why leave a living witness?

Drop of a hat these guys were rock and rollin'

[Never]

Welcome everybody delt the way you all

Stand tall while you crawlin'

I'm a watch you fall

Darkroom

Creepin' on a full moon

Four in the afternoon

Either way you're gonna meet your doom

Floatin' down a river

Understand I don't really give a

I'm a killa

So jump out this hell hole

But I ain't done

Never 1 a fuckin' handfull

It's like this

Come and try to step into my mist

Taste a kiss of the end of my brown fist

You should a known we were deeper than your
momma's crack

You should a known by my rep that I'd be comin' back

I brought some rope

A shovel and my Dickie golves

Black ski mask, and no mutha fuckin' love

Either way he can't be found

Take him outta town

Dig him underground

Too bad yo family did not know that you were playin'
games
But maybe someday they'll find your skeletal remains

[Sir Dyno]

Boom, Bam

Oh, Pow

Got you bloody on your knees

And I'm laughin' with the crazy smile

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha -=more laughing=-

You thought you had me knocked down

Now I'm goin' for the pound

Like I said we aren't hard lookin' in the dark

You know you better run when you see my cuete spark

I'm not the type to do a shoot and run

Best belive I'm walkin' up

And shoot you again just for fun

Man I won

Cuz it's all just a game

And no matter where you go

Man I told ya it's all the same

So don't try it

Just jump on the band wagon

Anybody left

I'm gonna leave 'em hangin' back up

Vatos comin' at ya five deep

Just a handfull of camaradas that'll make you bleed

BLEED, BLEED, BLEED

[-=Usual Suspects audio=-]

The greatest trick the devil ever pulled

Was convincing the world he didn't exist

[Mr. Ace]

Back in again

The Latin kid be bringin' you the boom

A handfull of MC's representin' the Darkroom

Five minds gettin' loose

With five kinds of flows

Here to keep you busta MC's on your toes

Never 1 is giving 'em Low Down flows

And who knows better than I know

My bro I know

We gettin' rough like a rhino

Fuckin' shit up

With the capital F

And we ain't done

Check out the one with nothin' left

And just when you thought

That you was up in the palce to be

That mutha fucka Mr. Kee

From the Sucka Free
Puttin' it down for the Darkroom Family
You can't dodge
You can't juke
Here to drop a nuke
That mutha fucka Duke
And if you still think you can fade the Ace
You a fool
There's many more up in the Darkroom
This is just a handfull
Foolios

[Mr. Kee]
(But I'm out to get loose on y'all right now)
I'm somethin' like a missin' link up in this game
Cuz suckas doin' the same old thang
Hand fulla criz-zack
Gotta watch my back for the buck-buck-bang
It never rains without the fog
I never roll without my dog
And if you slip
I'm jackin' you and yo bitch
Cuz it's a fucked up world
But I let these rules and regulations
Since a youngsta
On how to be a hustla
Crooked mutha fucka from the 4-1-5
And if your lame to the game
You'll never make it alive
And now I've gots to cut a creep
On this funky littlen base line
Smoke the blunt
Hook up the mic
Quickly commense to rap
So we don't waste no time
This hesitation will get you caught up in retaliation
Look at my fortress
And you'll see no type of penetration
Cuz in my kingdom
It's just me and my click
So when th crime gets organized
We're never trippin' off no punk snitch
We keep it tighter than the fist when it gets hectic
Expect the unexpected
If you choke you'll get neglected
Watch the chronic smoke exit from my lungs
Puff and pass
Your hoe's up on my dick
You better believe I'll tap that ass
Cuz I'm a bonified playa from the Sucka Free
Best to bring a Army if you thinkin' you can fuck wit Kee

Shit!

Wit bad intentions is the way I grip this microphone
You best to be quick
Cuz if not you'll feel the chrome
That's a handfull

[Duke]

(Shit I got a handfull of some hot ballons.
How much you want? I got some A-1 shit)
I got a handfull of A-1 hot ballons in my right pocket
That get you higher than my pussy standards
Off one hop hit
Most of my folks grind
And get their stacks stacker
The best costumers every year is them white crackers
I gotta give a fat ass shout out
To them esses and hicks
You mutha fuckas keep hustlin'
While takin' shit from the pigs
These days
There's only a handfull of folks that I trust
My number one potnaz
The Darkroom Family from the cuts
So all you shady characters
Get the fuck out my way
You bitches can't touch the 2-0-9
Or the Bay
The Darkrooom been runnin' this shit since '88
We control the Latin market
All over the Western states
We got over 20 tapes under our belt
Been throwin' game well since the days of "Freaky
Tales"
So I sit in my chair
Lookin' at placks on the mantle
You don't wanna see the family
That's got dope by the handfull

-=Duke talking=-

Hella dope
Nigga we the hop in hip-hop
So take a couple of these balloons
Go make yourself a tape and stop hatin'

[-=Kevin Spacey - "The Usual Suspects"=-]

And that was how it started
The five of us being brought in
On a trumped up charge
To be leaned on by half-wits
But the cops never figured out
What I know now

Was that these men would never break
Never lie down
Never bend over for anybody
Anybody

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