

Escape Club

"My Gats Spitting"

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[Verse One: Havoc]

Is it real like niggaz claimin', "stay to this"
Let me answer that question while I'm aiming this
Hear them one good time, is he faking kid?
Not bleeding like that, he gonna need a shit bad
Lay the fuck up, suck it through from a tube
a million dollars won't even put my feet in his shoes
(check it out)
Niggaz lose they life, hear as nature
and niggaz die when...tryin', I'm gangsta, niggaz
Straight pussy, I can smell that shit
There's only one way that I can duse that shit
Slugs comin' through, better move that shit
He was gangsta but he died tryin' ta prove that shit
Them QB niggaz, too grimey for y'all
We stick together, fuck what you heard in the song
The 41st Side, and that love go long
Niggaz screamin' out, "dunn"
and we put y'all on...

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

So fuck y'all niggaz
Buck y'all niggaz
Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz
Try my nigga
Die my nigga
All y'all niggaz...my gats spittin'

[Verse Two: Infamous Mobb]

Aiyo
You feel my niggaz when we come through, thuggin' it
You lovin' it, the way we at ball like the government
I'm 1/3 President, the AB, the medicine, we OD
heavenly
You fuckin' with veterans who's better than us,
The In-fa-mous,
We crush crab niggaz to dust and sweep-o-mop
When the heat raise up,
ain't no ifs, ands, or buts
The most scandalous, make your blood rush

through your body like it ain't never did before
We the mall, and we guarantee the realist of all
My spirit is torn
My guns is long
My team is strong
We king kong niggaz when the heat is on
And no matter if I'm wrong or right,
believe me, I'm right
If anything else, nigga prepare to fight
like, nuckle up, get your face bowl up
or, buckle up and get shot the fuck down
'cause we got 4 pounds that don't make no sounds
Real creepy, so be careful when you see me, breathe
easy
Believe me, it's far from what you see on tv,
It's real life drama, you wouldn't want to be me...

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

So fuck y'all niggaz
Buck y'all niggaz
Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz
Try my nigga
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[Verse Three: Prodigy]

Aiyo,
There aint no niggaz on the face of the map, fuckin'
with this
Infamous, y'all, that dominant mall
Just park your attention on my dogs, it's us
We the ones with that dope shit,
that cold crush
We burn 'em up, turn it up, it's on
We gonna do it 'til it death us, fuck yo' thoughts
Niggaz be plottin' to dead us, they move in veine
Get they head bust open, it's not a thing
So rap fo' these niggaz
My team is tough
It's not a game, motherfucka
We cleanin' up
Gettin' that money, motherfucka
You king or what
We use your head, dunn, it's right there
Get you some
You lack strength, motherfucka
Better get you some
For's me, I'm more than a family, dunn
and we handles our business
and continue to bang

and chump niggaz
Grow and get bigger, flow and get richer

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

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Buck y'all niggaz
Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz
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