

Escape Club "Quiet Storm"

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In broad daylight get right..
Just been through it all man
Blood sweat and tears
Niggaz is dead and shit {*music fades in*}
What the fuck else can happen yo?
I don't think much more son, word to mother yo
We done seen it all, and been through it all yo
Let y'all niggaz know right now
Word to mother, for real, for real
That shit is the truth
I'm not lyin..

[Prodigy]

I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines
I'm the "Quiet Storm" nigga who fight rhyme
P yeah you heard of him but, I ain't concerned with
them
Nigga I pop more guns than you holdin them
Make my route while the sun's out and scold your men
Unload ten, in broad daylight, get right
Fuck your life - hop on my ninety-eight dirt bike
You try to stop mines from growin, I'll make your blood
stop flowin
Take affirmative action, to any ass if he askin (yeah
aight)
Now here come the mack 10
You're a dick blower, tryin to speak the Dunn language
What the drilly with that though? It ain't bangin
You hooked on Mobb-phonics Infamous-bonics
Lyn to the Pop Dog like you got it
You ain't no wildin out for the night fist thrower
Rusty shank holder, we live this shit

Chorus: Havoc

Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the
real)
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you
bump this
(hip-hop *echoes*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw
uncut

Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough
It's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the real)
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you
bump this
(hip-hop *echoes*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw
uncut
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough

[Prodigy]

Yo the P rock forty inch cables, drinkin white label
My chain hang down to my dick, my piece bang glass
tables

Diamonds and guns before the fame Duke
A nigga like me hold teecs, are you the same too?
Goin through the emotions, of gun holdin
Long shotguns down my pants leg limpin
Killer bee who still livin, even my pops too
He taught me how to shoot when I was seven (yup)
I used to bust shots crazy

I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to
scare me [POW!]

I love my pops for that, I love my nigga D-Black
I'll take the life of anybody tryin to change what's left
And through all of that a nigga ain't scared of death
All y'all brand new niggaz just scared to death
I spent too many night sniffin coke, gettin right
wastin my life, now I'm tryin to make things right
Grand open some gates, invest, in Iraq business
Do things for the kids (the little Dunns)
Build a jungle gym behind the crib, so they can enjoy
youth

CBR's and VCR's

ATV's and big screen TV's, nigga please

Don't make me have to risk my freedom

We worked our whole life for this, you get your shit
beat in

For real.. (yo)

Chorus: Havoc

Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (hip-
hop *echoes*)

Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you
bump this

Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut

Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough

[Prodigy]

It go one, two, three to the fourth

That nigga P-Double got that shit

for y'all's peoples to rock to, stirrin up pots of brew

in hell's kitchen, I chef the impossible
To serve hot plates all across the unified states
Sit down and sup with top rap reps
We the streets that's watchin boy move diligent
You better walk like a nigga on the tight rope do
Infamous first infantry, first division fourth mission
First assignment -- give em that shit they been missin
My new edition's way bitchin
Those that listen, get addicted to my diction
Fuck rhymes I write prescriptions, for your diseased
generic rap's just not potent like P's
One-thousand one-hundred CC's on the throttle
I peel off chest naked on Katanas
Spaghetti head Mobb niggaz is full bred
Fully blown melanin tone, I rock skeleton bone shirts
and verses, but thirst for worse beats
So I can put, more product out on the street
Get respect and love, all across the board
We've been adored, for keepin it raw, nuttin less or
more
I score everytime for sure
while the rest of y'all niggaz just nil
(To the real..)

Chorus: Havoc

Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (hip-
hop *echoes*)
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you
bump this
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough
It's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the real)
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you
bump this
(hip-hop *echoes*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw
uncut
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough
(the real... hip-hop *echoes*)

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