

## Escape Club

### "Solidified"

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[Prodigy]

Yeah you know the shit don't stop, never, never  
As we continue on  
With more of this drama for yo' ass  
{ "She asked me why.." }

You niggaz always startin somethin  
and beefin with rappers, why our music so violent  
and so dramatic, where's the love?  
Why y'all go so much static  
Is it real for real or all for sales?  
I'm like, "Shorty you must be sick"  
We been gettin burned like the Waco kids  
I don't need to diss rappers for recognition  
You better check the files: Infamous, Hell on Earth,  
Murda Muzik  
You can't be SE-RIOUS  
We created this drama shit, we set the trend  
We taught you niggaz bout diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways we choose to earn funds  
We veterans, we got a decade of albums  
Niggaz done came and went, and we still poppin  
Our name is carved in stone  
Even the new blood know, we ain't no joke so

[Chorus]

Let us solidify this - what's that?  
We been solidified this - but of course!  
Lot of new rappers and young kids - uh-huh  
They all love +The Infamous+ - but of course!  
We been for this music Dunn - c'mon man!  
Who do it better than us? - c'mon man!  
Who continue to bang and bump? That's right  
{ "She asked me why.." }

[Havoc]

I ride around the crib 'fore I get out twice  
without the headlights, case niggaz know my  
whereabouts  
Wanna, snuff me out, I ain't finished with life  
I'ma, thug it out, front you payin the price

And I'm a nigga who can roll the dice, put up the crib  
Won't sweat if I lose, bet your ass won't live  
to collect this splurge of mines, never that  
I'm a sore loser the (?), reverse with hammers  
Hit your mans up if they press the issue  
Some dead, the other half crippled, and I'm a monster  
with led  
Lodge a slug in your abdomen, puts in the 7  
Knowin in the stash box a rapper's best friend  
Get it twisted and you WILL get twisted with chrome  
biscuits  
Make no difference my nigga, we handle business  
So please with the questions they right in, front of your  
face  
Homey stunt he gettin to' from the gate, so

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

Nigga that you used to click with turned on you  
Idiots you used to rap with hatin on you  
Did you really get juxed for half a mill' in jewels  
at the video shoot? I tell you this boo-boo:  
My stick-o's still my stick-o  
My stick man be my stick man 'til the tombstone (mmm,  
mmm)  
You got rhymes? You got stomach for the Mobb?  
You got stomach for P? I get my rocks off

[Havoc]

Believe nothin that you hear and only half of what you  
see  
Niggaz never cooked in the kitchen and never clapped  
heat  
Niggaz wanna be thugs but on the inside so sweet  
Niggaz butches on they records but they never handle  
beef  
Know nothin bout golden seal, seein your P.O.  
Gave a dirty urine now you're snuffin a C.O.  
Fuckin right, I'm a man of the people but I will kill you  
If you cock-blockin the paper the shit'll get real dude  
(so)

[Chorus]

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