

## Escape Club

### "Stomp Em Out"

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The midnight murder, two cop bodies on my heat  
Walk the street with a motherfuckin straight face  
Little shorty flip the script, huh  
on any punk ass nigga or bitch  
The little brown skin buddha sucker, little motherfucker  
I dwell, in Juvenile Hell (yea yea)  
I got the shit that make you wanna catch a body quick  
Fuck em up, bust em down, Queensbridge style  
Street corner thug, my title neighborhood partygoer  
Noreaga was my idle (yea)  
So what you wanna do nigga  
My knuckle game brought me fame in the project  
hallways  
I got mad props, for killin cops  
Little shorty hood, a little nigga no good  
My twenty-five weighs a ton so run  
I'm cockin back on your black ass B and it's like that

Stomp em out kid, stomp em out (4X)

Throw on my hoodie, when niggaz lit the Phillie  
I put a fuckin cap in the neighborhood bully  
What now, coward ass nigga - you ain't tough  
Fakin jax, I'ma call your motherfuckin bluff  
Niggaz that violate get me vexed  
Son got the mac, Noyd got the tec  
I'm catchin body baggin niggaz like deez up  
Town ? the ki's, flippin twenty-three G's  
Around the way bustin pills by the fuckin pound  
(??) Yeah kid, you know I got dat  
Jump in the hooptie, countin up my loot deep  
? on my vest in case niggaz wanna shoot me  
Niggaz blazin at my ride, but I don't give a fuck  
cause I retaliate, with the bullshit two-five  
It's only right, that I represent  
Sip on the E&J, straight fuck around and get mega bent  
Me and my crew, wild for days  
Burn up the stage like a motherfuckin heat wave  
Learn to maintain, less stress on the brain  
Niggaz try to front, but they know my motherfuckin  
name

Straight from the Bridge, yeah, you know my style kid  
I have you shook like a twenty-five to life bid

[ragga chatta - can't make it out]

[Big Noyd]

Blowin niggaz out the frame, yes it's part of the game  
If your style ain't fit, you need to flip the script  
and get on it, you might think it's all about that bullshit  
But shit get real, with a mac and two clips  
Niggaz with a hoodie, hmm, somethin's up  
Thought you heard a scream, and next I heard a buck  
Bow, I knelt down, one knee on the ground  
I pull out the glock and Twin pull out the four pound  
Shit is real sprayin rocks on the block  
If you wanna carry G's you got to carry a glock  
and go all out, get down for your crown, don't fuck  
around  
Nigga tried to front, believe me get beat down  
and turn around get popped with the glock in a sec  
while your man got the tec to his fuckin neck  
You know my style kid, you know I'm wild kid  
Don't try to front that make me flip and catch a damn  
bid  
Representin from the 'Bridge, you know how it is  
My name is Big Noyd, stomp em out kid

[Mobb Deep chorus while Big Noyd speaks]

Knowhat!msayin? Big Noyd in the motherfuckin house  
Representin from the Queensbridge housin  
My man Big Twin, knahmsayin, Vic Nice  
?? like that  
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin  
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin  
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin  
Keep it flowin check it out  
Shout out to my motherfuckin Goodfella  
We got my man ?, Rapper G  
??, knahmsayin? Stomp em out, stomp em out, stomp  
em out

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