

Exist

"Tommy's Theme"

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Made Men, motherfuckers (motherfuckers)
L-O-X, motherfuckers (motherfuckers)
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Yeah, yeah, yo, yo

[Jadakiss & Styles]

Runnin' your mouth, I'd have you with a gun in your mouth

Two in your throat, look now, your son is in doubt
Whether or not he should think of pulling his glock
Matter of fact, my nigga got a gun to his back
Squeeze three, turn him around, and he gave him a smack

Take the joint off his waist and hit him with that
Shit is for real, so niggas better get in and chill
It ain't the bullets that'll kill, it's a nigga wit' will
Just give me the word, all my niggas get it with birds
I'm from the 'hood, so I stood on the curb, nigga, ya heard?

Die in the war, I'd probably resurrect on the floor
Then get up, yellin' for more, bangin' the four
Nigga, we made, touch more niggas than AIDS
Bust my gun at the sun just to sit in the shade
We livin' it up, got big niggas shrivelin' up
Sick in they house, dyin' with they dick in they mouth
Pitch and I swing, you oughta be kissin my ring
I'm doing my thing, lawyer money, outta the bing
You gonna either be a coward or king, cream of the crop

One phone call and the Neena's a pop
Lovin' the wealth, fuck it- I'ma do it myself
For my juvenile niggas (what)
State Penn niggas (what)
LOX niggas (what)
And Made Men niggas (what)

[Sheek]

Run in the truck, hit the dashboard, turn on the lights

(uh huh)
I hit the switch twice, some shit come out (what, what)
Descendin' your life, we use revolvers, no shells
Who the fuck gon' tell?
If for the big crews, I let my shit go
Parat-a-tat-atat at y'all fairies
Watch, I make a POW like the World Series is won
I told y'all about fucking with son
Steady my guns, from the biggest to the littlest ones
.22 behind the ear and the big shit that we kill deers
with
Be on the roof, on some Dead President shit
Long scope, barrel open to the public, I love it
Fuck it!
I hafta take a rifle home and hug it
Whatcha know about that, love? Black gloves
No back up, only this vest
Only these teffs, only these lefts
Fishermen knives that cut in your chest
If I get jerked, it's like on nigga in the Army fuck up
The whole squad gon' do pushups til somebody page
me
But instead of calesthetics, y'all gon' push up daisies
You crazy?
Now, what the fuck was y'all thinkin?
I leave your body where your boys be at for a weekend
Niggas comin outta the store like what the fuck is that
stink, bitch?

[Made Men]

Word, I stay strapped with the Platinum gat
I stay raps over hangman tracks
And make hot wax, nigga, with the Lox cats
Bad Boys and Made Men matinee mayhem
We'll leave you all tied and shot up at the Days Inn
Sprayin' rounds in you from heavy level caliber
My calicos, automatically mechanical
Botanical Garden, douja, fuck a sergeant with my
folder
Roll like Red October over Small Soldier
You're flack-jacking, won't react when I splat shit
Your domes gon' patch it off my laser beam gadget
Steal your bitch like a base in a game of baseball
And don't sweat, lookin' for heat, I can't wait to face
y'all
If my names carved out, y'all niggas gon' fall outta
position
Cuz punk MC in this light snitchin'
Get hung from third tier, in your underwear
Pour lighter fluid in your hair, spart it up for the New
Year

With eight pounds of Heavy Metal like a rock star
Twin Baretas, I owe vendettas, postions locked down
I'm with the Lox now, you better play your block now
My gat, in average, slay a thousand, a major league
I make ya bleed, my aim's bueno, we play no
Gamed with you niggas cuz you small pressed (small
pressed)
I clap you in your hallway, run you for all your riches
While bums fucking all your bitches
I played it back, press playback, you know that
My team wanna hear that
They blood thirsty, certainly kill those who hunt me
My Made Men worthy, putting slugs through your derby
(yeah)
Benzito make you fanito (what)
You're all done (what)
Don't trust a nigga in the back while you ridin' shotgun

I get you wild criminal, skill to kill when the beat spill
Spark into a windmill, cold hearted- feel the chill
In a nationally known, nationally recognized
Locally accepted from my peeps on the streets
Cuz they know I rap it
Don't get caught in the path of something that is Man
Made
Something Hell raised, breed, twisted niggas sideways
It's wild all over, they startin' out young
The shells come and Hell come, they kickin' dust from
(dust from)
The South's dirty dirty, up North is filthy
The East is a jungle, the West is wild
Feel me?
So, I spit the hot shit like glock clips symphian
You feelin' and receivin' what the expression of other in
Jesus got the strength of 20 men high off the Henn
Got no other way to live my life but to live it in sin (in
sin)
Cuz Rosemary's baby got the Devil within (got the Devil)
I make it hot when you wanna blow the spot
Say when, or say Lox and Made Men, nigga

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