

## Flash

### "Shut 'Em Down Remix"

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Chorus:

This is it now,  
You get shut down  
Official Naz got the whole game locked down  
Noreaga, Big Pun holdin' it~ down,  
This is it now,  
You get shut down

[Verse 1: Noreaga]

Yo, aiyyo I smoke weed from housin pa, Phillie is hot  
one  
Niggaz betta stop dunn, or catch a hot one  
I'm like the Top Gun, Mohawk Shit  
Rock my hat back, as long you don't fuck with Onyx  
Then You safe in Iraq, I like to dubba(??)  
All of my niggaz, we tear the cover up  
From Iraq to Bal-ti-more  
We do a song keep the shit fuckin ghetto like a hood  
see-saw  
So what what, fuckin dick, what's the recall for?  
Yo, every other week you got a brand new law  
Yo them crackheads not, knowin what to do wit they  
time  
That's why they really wanna focus on Iraq crime  
So what what, fuck you nigga yo we takin shine

[Verse 2]

Shut 'em down second wave desert Bx style  
We rep wow  
Up(??) hoes be ya mom's dead child  
Fucked up  
Like blowin fed trial  
Its set now  
Get blown down  
You sped  
Blow,  
Exile  
My cartel drop shells  
Burn a 100 L's  
You frail  
We raise hell

You Niggaz get blazed well  
You get closed now  
Hosed down  
Verbal semi mad a cap  
With a Henny habit  
Amurk any static  
Like a madman,  
Goin Postal, Postal  
Touch Mics  
Froze you fuck it  
Son I Gosu(??)

[Verse 3]

Word Up,  
Im not a killa I just bust a lot  
Run in the spot,  
With a rusted glock  
Then I bust a shot  
Its not a game  
Don't be in it for life  
Shit is hot son  
Send em to Christ  
Surrender ya ice  
Criminal life is dangerous ill  
Trained to kill in the stainless steel  
You're brain spilled  
The game is real  
You playin wit death  
Got grimy niggas that'll label you West  
And lay you to rest  
South(??) Suicide wake the dead  
Hate is spread ??  
Spread three eights and let it raise ya head  
Jail bound eternally hell bound  
22 shots of shell round rock ya head in the ground

Noreaga: So what what

Chorus:

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[Verse 4: Big Pun]

Yo I'm the livest nigga alive, watch me show you  
I'll blow your head of your shoulders your own mother  
won't know you  
My squad is supernatural

Don't make me blast you with a rubic(??) capsule  
My crew will capture you and trap you inside of Koopa's  
Castle  
I turn ya soon to statue like Medusa's lookin at you  
Produce the future raps  
Or subtract you like dudes in math do  
I'm always moving past you even when I use the  
bathroom  
Wipe my asshole with pages straight out the book of  
Matthew  
Im lookin at you with my third optical vision  
I hop out of prison and find me a hot little tropical  
woman  
Now I'm locked in position ready to rock with convictio  
chewbaka's descendants blasting you with cosmical  
weapons  
You might as well listen cuz you out of suggestions  
Tied up submission of you can't stand the heat get out  
of the kitchen  
Peace to Onyx I miss them for they knowledge and  
wisdom  
Pay homage and listen to hip-hop's newest and most  
volatle addition  
-Breaks In

[Verse 5: Sticky Fingaz]

NOW Sticky Fingaz, I'm still alive  
that mean the greatest rapper of all time ain't never  
died  
I'm underground  
Too hard for the radio  
MTV won't even play my video  
They scared to death motha fuckas tryin to ban me  
I'm the one who told Ol' Dirty to shut down the  
Grammys  
You think they thinkin kid well me Stick  
I burn all o' ya  
I don't care if Puffy do ya remix!  
I'm crazy, runnin up in Def Jam with a handgun  
Fuck a royalty I'm a hold Russell for Ransom  
I'll make you sleep where the worms do  
I couldn't care less if you ate shit and died and turned  
blue  
Niggaz like us gonna bring the game back  
There's so many wack rappers out here I don't know  
where to aim at  
I swear to God ain't nobody touchin me  
Next time you see me gonna be the last thing you ever  
see  
Word Up

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