

## French Affair

### "Mic Ammo"

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[movie sample]

You picked the wrong night to talk shit  
'cuz tonight I'm a nigga wit nothin' to lose  
I'm a very dangerous type of nigga' to fuck wit!

[Dreddy Kruger]

My Clan is thick like plaster  
Bust ya, slash ya, Dutch Master rapper  
White cracker slapper, twist darts like Cappa  
When I smoke trees, before and after  
Supreme rapper, jaw tapper  
Track by True Mast' and John The Baptist, bitch  
Nuttin' but classic hits from Miami to Bushwick  
My voice alone attracts mothafuckas in masses  
Fat asses with glasses, 85% of you hot dogs sound like  
asses  
You're soft like ashes, lookin' funny like rashes

[Timbo King]

I'm like straight up Oak, y'all niggas just plain panel  
Guns from El Salvador, ask Mic Ammo  
Crossfire, bullets ricochet horizontal  
Brooklyn Bridge/Verrazano, niggas know the motto  
So follow the path, acknowledge the craft  
Swallowed a whole bottle of math since biology glass  
Grand archery, bow and arrow split your grand larceny  
Apple on the head, Robin Hood's robbin' goods  
In these wild lands, a Desert Eagle in a child's hand  
Your style's bland, my styles blend earth, wind, fire,  
water  
You never know, my son might fuck Mariah's daughter  
Ill visions of victory without a battle  
Breeze through tracks like cold winds throughout  
Seattle  
Sound travels through fiber-optics under gravel  
Dominate it's 360 and it try to handle  
Niggas try to handle

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