George Clinton
"Payin' Dues"

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[VERSE 1: Keith Nut]
Holy Christ, I leave rappers' souls as cold as ice
I'm like a poltergeist when I strike, turnin men to mice
Breakin the law, city urban tower without a four
Bringin the raw homicidal lyrics that clear the floor
Niggas thought they seen the last of this
Project poet assassinist
Whose status is never havin to clappin clips
Have to black-on-black some shit, attractive accentes
Life luxury ??? crackin it
Runnin with drugs and dealers
Thugs and killers, slugs in villas
Black gorillas and million dollar billers
Microphone nemesis, murder affiliate
Lyricists get dissed, dismissed, thrown off the premises
Poetically mugged, pedigree's incredibly
Movin steadily, thoroughly
Clippin you somethin terribly
Keith Nut, one of the last to go
One of the last to flow
One of the last niggas to blow

[CHORUS: Armageaddon]
Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? (Keith Nut)
Now who them niggas that be roamin the town
Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down
Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? ('Geaddon)
Now who them niggas that be roamin the town
Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down

[VERSE 2: Armageaddon]
I'm here to reclaim my respect
Reppin the set that be bangin my chest
T.S., the God's medaillon, tombstone and begets
Alone and wet I blow my own Tec
Ever had beef with 'Geadd and hold no regrets
Then you was no threath
I go to Death blessed with God's heed

And drop a gem on your melon so hard it make you knock-knee
And my plot's greed, my theme's murder
My climax is when the heat from the burner
Blast me the wings to go further
Nigga, the century's turnin and I went out of patience
You think you hard, that .44 blast, it clouds your concentration
Again, think about it, before my gun hollers
And kill everything around em even if you bought the album
Enforce the power with guns, dollars and politics
Start a baby apocalypse when my .44 ??? spit
Pops in and out your skin, breakin through sound and wind
Piercin the meat and [edited] back out again

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Keith Nut]
Next nigga treason's gonna meet the demons
Left for his mama grievin
When I squeeze the Desert Eag' and cease his breathin
Wreck your set, make the average rapper wish for death
Clap him at the chest, bless him with the Wesson, hope you got your vest
Keith's the last to test, the last to gasp for breath
Send you on a crash course to death when I blast the Tec
Terror faculty known for fillin cavities gradually
Stackin g's, sippin D'Acquerys, livin happily rapidly
[VERSE 3: Armageaddon]
I don't give a fuck, all I could do with my life was pitch my luck
Act sheist when they look at us, that's the price when you cruise a truck
And I'd advise you to analyze us, find out who you can trust
Rival me plus memorize the eyes of the dudes you bust
You never know when it's over, rise up out of the tomb and dust
The movin slug was smoothly touched before you recognized who he was
And I recognize ??? for doin the shit that stupid does
My cats gon' shoot them slug, send them things right through yo mug

[CHORUS]