

Gp Wu "Two Gats Up"

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Forty individuals Keep it on the low? keep it on the low, aiiight Yo, yo, yo, uh, uh, uh, word up

[rubberbands]

Yo with your departure let's start the execution Seems like everybody rappin's robbin and shootin Talkin real cheap

I got a record deal just to get away from the streets Niggas stuck up shit's creek with no way to escape When we bombard niggas get stomped hard like wine grapes

What the fuck you thought, g.p. connects when Majority of these rap cats don't even get a grin Never paid dues, actin like they vets on my set Til they get a reality check, niggas still wet Behind the ears in this rap shit Get blown off the face of the earth by the g.p. click

[down low recka]

Whoever wrote the book on hip hop we revised it Now adapt to the shaolin chapter The non-fiction, number one bestseller Project award winner (two gats up) Yeah, it's obvious you the sloppiest Got a glass forehead so you're bad when you copy this You could say we live for the winter Ain't no shorts taken, veterans, no beginners Constant winner, a born sinner Make you think your style is thinner You're too pary to carry A microphone across stage knowin that I'm on the other side

Ready to conquer and divide Holdin mine comes natural Formin rhymes outta thoughts with smoke and nails A real nigga never tells Real niggas know that fake niggas gel Get bugged, don't blow, perishable mcs got blinders

Leadin themselves into the storm It's the power of god, pg, parental guidance

G.p., unmistakably the finest

[june luva]

Non-commercial, universal, hip hop assassinator
Track killer, premeditated murder
May the force be with you

May the force be with you

When you go up against this record sellin burglar darth vader

Hit you up somethin terror

And I make you wish you never heard of a gladiator Secret spies tryin to steal grain data Hit em up with the steel, get the jackulator

[pop the brown hornet]

Ill fanatic, leave em con beat and battered
They all look at r, another hip hop star
Brown hornet, I got mcs cornered like a rat
I hit a homerun everytime up to bat
You could read about it, talk about it, ain't no doubt
about it

I get amped when shows are crowded
So come support me hold down the fort
I score everytime I touch a hip hop court
Watch me dunk on em, then hit a three on em
Yo he a punk, I knock him out and then I pee on him
Verbal gymnastic master tactics
Niggas styles is softer than a sixty dollar mattress
But I refuse to bend, I intend to explore the top ten
Don't try to analyze or comprehend
Accept it, g.p. connected
Niggas run for the bomb but shaolin style's intercepted
it

Have no fear the foundation's here Lettin party-goers know that we truly do care It's not all guns and violence, we like to fuck to try to act

Conservative

We love when johnny buck-buck

[rubberbands]

Lyrical combat better watch your ass son
I shines pretty like a double four magnum
The impact from the gat goes boom
So when I'm speakin I appreciate the room
My character erupt like a nigga
I'm stressed, baby and I'm down on my last trigger
One in the chamber, nothin's gonna change the
Infrared dot to your skull meaning danger
Duck, boom-pow, it's too late you're caught
What, raise up and act like you want it
I didn't think so nigga, you're fuckin with a major

Even x-men couldn't save ya
Yup I'm a new bad boy new york stalker
Crash mcs, they need therapy, then a walker
Fast talker, do the knowledge I lost ya
Justice prevailed, fucked around and who crossed ya

[june luva]
This is not a test
Hip hop is in a real state of emergency
If this had been a test you would not be bearing witness
To the hip hop saviors
June luva, pop the brown hornet, rubberbands and
down low recka
We now advise you to pump this loud
As we return to our regularly scheduled programmin

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