

Grant Amy**"M.U.G"**

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[O.C.]

Penecilin on wax, the cure for rap
Crooklyn Dodger number two back on the map
Perhaps you thought I was gone, well surprise nigga
Not physically, but I'mma massive figure
Al Pacino status, the baddest, exotic
Repition like a automatic, can't stop it
High floatin, po satin like coke snortin
When Ise a fetus, moms thought about abortin
Important, am I? gotta ask myself
But then I think twice like a gemini
Authentic, percentage, calculating my mind state
Eat foods and fit it
Bizarre pa, ain't it, flow you thru like draino
Lava, from a volcano
Scorchin, torchin the microphone I lost it
Poppin shit, who got my back
Freddie Foxxx with the twin millies
Burn a temperillo
Aiyo Foxxx fuck these niggas
Slice em up like an ox pop

[Freddie Foxxx]

Yeah

Ok, it's time to bring these rap cats from Fantasy Isle
I bring it to these fake niggas with a quick and a smile
You know my sty-ile, America's most feared entertainer
Yeah from New York to Cali, I'm called an acid rainer
While you frontin like ballin, son I stays in the mix
Same bullets in your burner since '76
Act like you can't tell, shit be live as hell
Bustin so much shots,
When my shells hit the ground it sound like "Rock the Bells"
Call me Bumpy Knuckles cuz my hands be swell
From knockin niggas out from the lies they tell
Oh well, I bet you feel me all up in ya chest
I make the saucest nigga catch a body blame it on stress
And if he snitch, I bail him out and murder his bitch
And then sedate her with my four pound clap

Shit's only rap
But I'm livin like that
So when while niggas be talkin dogs, and walkin like
cats
Niggas mouths were gettin way too fat
But O.C. & big Fred-Oxxx, we bought to bring it back

"Let's go back"
"I'm tellin it just like that"

Chorus: O.C. & Freddie Foxxx
We be money under ground but you can't get none
Cuz if you step into my round, you be one dead son
We get love where niggas be scared to come
And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want none

[O.C.] (Freddie Foxxx) {both}
Any nigga play high post, I'm runnin over
O.C. weigh tons like a fuckin Range Rover
(Tellin niggas to they face that the fassad is over
Now it's time for this real nigga shit, can you feel this?)
No question, we manifestin, what we feel
Bust up in your session, smack niggas up like adolesce
(Like a D&D, I can't see a gang, no motherfuckin body,
seein me
That's just pure fantasy)
True indeed son, we ain't the one
While niggas goin out like that, we bring it on like
Scarface
(That's means murder case, I bring highs to any base
Disrespect the prosession)
{So all of these beats and these rhymes attached}
(Mean that real niggas on the mic, bringin it back
It's mad potent, like good crack, it's type addicted
All up in ya mind, you don't wan't hard times)

Chorus

What?

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