

Guardian

"You're Not Sure to See Tomorrow"

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[Lil Knock]

Come and say laugh time is comin love
And give 'em one
What? Dickin in the bed fiend
Say ow, licka fam
My style don't leave one and gal
Here come Black Stal'
What? Them never know me
So strong, gal
Now, I just wan' get rid of action
Me not gon' rhyme, ya use protection
Soften up ya lips for this
We come fonder, we come sounder

[M.S.]

When I do my thing, I move the crowd like aura
M to the period S, it spells horror
Makin others in my space take deep swallows
Sorta like a barber, step in my parlor
Gotta stick wit the nicest, so I light this
Light that bulb in my head, just off excitement
That trifeness I don't deal with, because it stress me
You wouldn't know how to act, if you wasn't S, g
All my M.F.C., we mad thorough
For years to come, our shit will bump through your
borough
And stay, while pay, the stack like couch
If you don't know by now, you never figure it out

[Top Dog Big Kahuna]

Aiyo, once my niggas start feelin vibe, they pull out
they nines
Do think it's body bulletproof, I'mma show you his spine
Get loose one time, hop back the 4-5
Whoever think they clappin, can't happen, handle your
B.I.
Cuz once I call my M.F.C., they wild out
If you don't wanna be a part of this, then just brake out
You don't got it all
To many M.C.'s claimin they harder, soft like my balls

[Doc Holiday]

Chew on this

And if tomorrow never comes, fuck it, I'm wit my sons
Blazin buns in the back room, with D.O., Cal and Ones
Got my mic check by Cleo, C.O. bitch from Riker's
Met her on the Av., tight hold the top wit biker
Short, pussy fat, first place, I chase the cat
That brakes his arm, word is bond, D-O-C is holdin heat
Wit the force, no doubt, to knock your ass off your feet
The choice is yours, hospital or the morgue

[Chorus 4X: Lil Knock]

You're Not Sure To See Tomorrow

You're Not Sure To See Tomorrow, whoa-ho

[Louieville Sluggah]

This be that bomb shit, strong arm shits in your
garment
If there is a problem, I'mma see you into promise
Truly yours, 'Ville Slug
Got your shorty, pissy off the Henny, then she drop the
drawers
G.C.'d all day, even by my lonely, all ways
Reppin full stretch for the pay

[Starang Wondah]

I take off my coat, pass Sean Price the L
Bitches on the side, sayin "Starang nice as hell"
We shit on these rappers, they in hell, twice the smell
My niggas in jail, forever screamin life is hell
I might as well pick up the cell, call my bitch Rakel
Who used to be my shorty, hop friend, now it's hard to
tell

[Louieville Sluggah]

They say we cock-eyed, Eye of the Tiger, just like Rocky
Can't help it, when we ride shit like a jockey
Non stoppin, hit the stage, rockin and shockin
In stealth shit, for them bitch niggas not likin

[Starang Wondah]

Aiyo this is the Boot Camp show, I'm your host
I love French toast and bitches that's high post
My M.F.C. back niggas down that try and get too close
Me and Henny gettin high on flights coast to coast

[Louieville Sluggah]

And once we touch ground, shit, that better be on flow
Grand tour, had better be ready to roll

[Illa Noyz]

Ready to roll, whether rhyme time or hold stroll
Slay Mongol, here to let you know tomorrow's not show
I blow, sure to bogust, that thing ain't so tough
Like any 4X4 on doughnuts, you better hold up
Show guts, I'mma spill 'em, hot letta drill 'em
Lyrics evolve around your dome, like Chuck you chillin
I'mma slave to the rhythm, they know how I hit 'em
Noyz is the undersea, circumstance niggas become
victims
They know I'm gon fix them, up with the meth
I'm fed, I mean, I'm dope like heroin on the scene
You should come clean, rhymer says you get hit with
something
I'm headhunting, like football players when they
crunchin
All that for frontin, you should learn to listen
Showin ya acts, your dead like Apollo in exhibition

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