

Guru

"In Here (Feat. Timbo King, Killah Priest &&hellip)"

Visit "[In Here \(Feat. Timbo King, Killah Priest &&hellip\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ Black Jesus, Killah Priest, Timbo King

[Intro: Timbo King]

Yo.. +In Here+, +In Here+, +In Here+
+In Here+, yo, yo...

[Chorus 1: Timbo King]

You can smoke +In Here+, get loc'd +In Here+
Wanna bubble? Got raw coke +In Here+
Fucky fucky, bitches sellin' ass +In Here+
Got all my niggas up +In Here+

[Timbo King]

Eh-yo, fight like _Cats and Dogs_, rats and hogs
Watered down Naia shit, Niagara Falls
The nut buster, bust nuts at bitches' walls
Ricochet, watch it bounce off like kid-neys
The Y-chromosome, +Young God+ own a home
Picture my son _Home Alone_, I'm spittin' fome on a
cordless phone
My valium's high, Dark Denim's on, you can ask Karl
Kani
Attract urban cells, Colt .45 shells
Shotti shells, seashells in Fort Lauderdale
I love hella right, always smellin' right
Equester you my shit, fuck an express overnight
I'm from Poverty-ville, probably will
Cuz the prob' remain nothin', that's all, my revolver still
Kick fast, corporate thugs learn to kick back
Used to eat three-hundred thousands off a mis-pack
Of crills, who you know could back a deal
Quicker than you can say, "Yo, crack can kill"?
Murder one, catch a body off of self-defence
My mic rinse be my evidence
Yo, eh-yo, Royale, +Purple Rain+, what's my hood?
Y'all too easy to break, like plywood
Get high, Mr. Magic fly Tai wood
It's 'Bo King hood rhymes, up to no good
It's 'Bo King hood rhymes, up to no good {*echoes*

[Chorus 2: all]

You can I'll +In Here+, we can build +In Here+
We can spit gifts, kick real skills +In Here+
You can drink +In Here+, who you think's +In Here+?
God body with the shottis, when you blink, we're here

[Killah Priest]

Yo, poverty stricken, robbery, guns be clickin'
Forever burnin' in the furnace of affliction
Overdose and drug addictions, thugs who judged by
the system
Will suck the blood of the victims
Sacreligious, savage trapped in prison
Adapt the wisdom, they sit back and listen
To the old-timers, the beast out the clothes liners
Bullets claim the lives of miners, and 9-to-5ers
The nine'll find ya, in the line of fire
Skies turn black, I could see your soul, touch a ghost
Drag you through the holes, spit out blue fire
My heart turns cold, never stay true to liars
Imprint marks in your robe, I see black smoke
Dark clouds, I talk to ghosts
I spaz out when my spirit recharge like a volt
Electric eyes open up, ya could see the ebony skies
{*echoes*

[Guru a/k/a Bald Head Slick]

From hot corners to hotter chicks, hoopties to hotter
whips
Spit hollow-tip shit like Black Fist at the Olympics
For heartless cowards, time to meet your darkest hour
Allah reps power, one of these fours'll give you lead
showers
Faint whispers of hoes schemin' to dis-robe your
clothes
Catch you for your platinum, if not, for your white gold
It's all about the code that we were taught to behold
Although the world may be rugged, fuck it, we're
thuggin' to soul
Whether it's straight rapin' a hoe to straight makin' the
dough
It ain't worth it if you can interpret, yo
Understandin', calls for the best plannin'
Son just copped the best cannons, so y'all best throw
ya hand in
Standin' on the mountain top like Martin Luther
Rap tutor, no doubt, tap you the fuck out like Zab Judah
The promised land, here, ain't nuttin' promised, man
Just know how to tell a thief from an honest man

[Black Jesus]

For the love of the link I spit in your face

Gimme some space, the Lord assure to be on your tape
See we kill for pleasure, you war veter's and I hate your
guts

In any weather we can get it on and fuck you up
Livin' it up, you got big guns, enough jewels
Had ass before the cash, y'all niggas playin' the fool
Breakin' the rules, I put you where the sun don't shine
Buried alive, my nines make a walnut rhyme
Feelin' me, son? We all about revealin' the gun
Acknowledge the God and know this ain't no one-on-
one

It's us on y'all, you posin' wit ya back on the wall
Ready to fall, no mercy when we cut off your balls
Can you picture bein' food for the worms, gaspin' for
air?

You learned the hard way, not to come unprepared
See we sacrifice the weak, don't speak unless you
spoken to
Evaluate your life, dog, cuz your blood'll merk you

[Chorus 2]

[Hook: Timbo King (all)]

+In Here+, +In Here+, +In Here+ (Where? Where?
Where?)

+In Here+, +In Here+, +In Here+ (Where? Where?
Where?)

+In Here+, +In Here+, +In Here+ (Where? Where?
Where?)

Yo, all my niggas up +In Here+

[Chorus 1]

[Hook]

Visit [Guru](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.