

Harris, Emmylou

"Rich Bring 'Em Back"

Visit "[Rich Bring 'Em Back](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* If anyone knows who the first rapper is, let us know

Verse 1: ???

Check it 1-2, check it, undercover as I wreck it
Liver than a limb on a cripple, but still I rep it
The voodoo master, last of the Mohicans
Tomahawkin heads for my peeps that I be freaking
Despicable, I hit you with the quick blow
Stick you with the hyperdermic lyric in your blood flow
I reanimated the chip off your shoulder
Stick it up your ass, now you're the holder of a boulder
Mo' money folder, from the streets soldier
Flippin it on the 1-2, I twist, ya then I roll ya
I move on the d-l, conceal like a smuggler
Peepin out the process, and then I go for jugular
A misdirected man with the taste to be prolific
The person and the verbs that are droppin and I'm
lifted
So Rich, bring em back from the borough of the
Brooklyn
Folding all the dough like a hooker who be hookin

Chorus:

Bring it back on the rhyme
Bring it back one more time
Yeah, Rich chop the beat
Type of music that starts getting G's

Verse 2: Pete Nice

Who's that, the master of the ill flow
Heard him on a mix show, vocabs and lingo
I'm flippin around a dollar boy, I'm a check Bobbito
And then I get my dose, and I'm out to sleep benito
Full of bigger bats in my belfry because I'm Edgar Allan
Poe, like
This and like that and eh - please grab my dick right
My funk like the Groove Merchant label representin
Daddy Rich bringin em back, stingin em like a

henchman

So step, cause you never, never fuck with me hops
Sippin on a 40 as I listen to the dreadnots
What's that, you thought you got the heartbeat
But yo, I got misery for you and your punks, see
If I took three punks I do em like Chuckie doin Queens
Suckin on a steel, got em shittin out the beans
So Rich, bring em back, so we can smack em up
Yo, the track's the shit, so yo, I pick the slack up

Chorus

Verse 3: Cage

My cuts are hell! Leave a hooker strung up by the
ankles
Stripped in meaty chunks, all that dangles in the
bangle
>From a certain angle she's resembling my momma
I'm in it for the trauma, no comma can force my
bomber
I Timberland my limbs when I stick vics in
My kids are fistful of maggots ain't even my sickest
habit
Blood spat in my chest, pressed in my teeth
I feast like I'm a vulture, destined cannibal culture
So check this, you get to be another dead miss or
mister
With the pistol up inside your sister's belly
The master of a million molestings
believe you try and breathe and I'm a blast your ass to
jelly
I swear, with everyone's life in my career
That if my family was burning only joy would push out
tears
Leave me all alone up in the attic, I got an automatic
With three caps and two money for static
With my father, my mother, the lesbian for the other
On the side of me, two of my little sisters say goodbye
to me
BLAST! I'm burning in the middle of the Earth
Got no self-worth, I'm dragging pussies by the head at
birth
No retribution, miss my execution
You sucking out the hose of bad clothes you producing
Could wait to bite my way free from out the muzzle
piece
Spit blood in my 40, waste no ducats so I guzzle it
Strive to stay alive and I thrive on humans screaming
Got the semen of a demon, mom dukes is so
demeaning

Can't wait to spatter my bladder I'm on the drinking
No play fair, your bloodstains be in my sink and
Two rats is acting me deaf, don't be a fact to me
The misses gets a hystorectimy for disrespecting me
Fiddle with a spell until my grandfather fell
Swell, I'm looking forward to burning in hell

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.