

I.O.S. "Cardboard Box"

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Verse 1: (Havoc)

41st side nigga, them thirsty side niggas
number one pick, gutter litter, leavin' 'em bitter
how the fuck a nigga figure he can come through this?
with no worry at all and ice on his wrist
plottin' to get it, poppn' them slugs
one in the mug, leave 'em in the morgue, keepin' it
gangsta? we keepin'
it thug
makin' albums, washin' that dough made from
narcotics
you know the mob brolic, gats we got it
like a bitch on her period, don't even wanna see you
unless you got what I need, and we sure not peoples
only niggas that I fuck wit' could hold what I bust wit'
a one minute nigga, hit 'em like when I nut quick
got a bad ass bitch that'll fuck your clique
ass so fat, make the illest nigga dry snitch
it's time to stretch on these cats 'cause my dogs is
restless
the number one sinner mothafucka, repent this.

Chorus -

Fuckin' wit' us will leave you in a cardboard box
fuckin' wit' us will leave you leakin', callin' the cops
with nothin' to bust? we'll leave you in a fucked up spot
and you don't even wanna be that nigga claimin' a
spot.
(repeat)

Verse 2: (The Jackal)

Play stupid, 32 shots nigga, looped it
64 troopers, Tim boots and Rugers
show and prover, Q.B. maneuver
pure breed grower, flow gives brain tumors
holla at ya dog, movin' units
ain't ready for the onslaught
try to knock the Don off

not too much talk, niggas just pop off
got that feelin' inside, who willin' to ride?
aight here, take this Four-Five
cardboard box these niggas off sides
rap nigga live, rap niggas alive
that nigga high, gangsta stroll, stackin' to the sky
poppin' his collar nigga, tossin' that dollar
act up, blood clot his throat, make it hard to swallow
used to pitch times holdin' trotters
now I pitch 16's with the culture power saga
you sorry, don't bother, Q.B. to Carter
Rucker, Nino, Goodfella, Godfather.

Chorus x2

Verse 3: (Littles)

Came home after 5, stood on my own two
I learned to seperate Men from Boys and crews
I toy with dudes, now I'm just annoyed with fools
I'm a pimp on a track with another Mans food
I refuse to be whored by another Mans rules
It's a pimp and ho game, you gotta respect the
business
but I only mob with thugs and gangsta niggas
it seems nowadays snitches get respect
ya'll don't know a real nigga 'till he's layed to rest?
ya'll lucky I ain't come home chasin' necks
arms, legs, chests, blazin' tecks
'cause I love to snap, crackle, and pop them hammers
rock bandanas, cop wanna knock and jam us
watch and slam us, locked up, box and canners
'cause when I start lickin' all you niggas start snitchin'
bitchin', little niggas start missin'
we provide ya'll with the truth and facts
ya'll don't wanna give me burn with these ruthless raps
shit, I'll bounce ya'll ass straight off the tracks
plus I roll with gorillas and I'm true to cats.

Chorus x2

Verse 4: (Nature)

All I need is a kick and a snare, ya'll niggas scared
my name speaks for itself, it rains as soon as it hits the
air
got a wicked stare, one eye crossed
in Queens fiends returnin' every gun I toss
every dun I corpse, my religion is none
I figured once I lay it out niggas 'll run
I could type it up e-mail

and give it to you, when you're done you're comin' back
for a refill
grade A shit, like the taste of the haze and the dro
I rock the same Guess jeans five days in a row
see my Thirty-Six waist is now Thirty-Eight
quick to help a nigga up to the pearly gates
makin' sure every other live nigga heard of Nate
guaranteed to boost the murder rate
if it don't it will niggas, chill just give it some time
how much pain can a nigga provide?
ya'll niggas rhyme?

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