

Inner Circle

"Grand Finale"

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[Vita]

If ain't rough, it ain't me
Tales of the darkside, grand finale

[Ja Rule]

Ready to die, cuz only I know where it's in
And if lie to dough, then it's kill in my soul
For my love and dough, don't make it no better
Mami, don't flirt wit the iron and hit 'em whoever
A nigga that flips the weather, any Rule, J-A
Fuck wit me, it's Murda, I-N-C
Feel her, nigga, feel a hole to meet
(if it ain't rough, it ain't me)
Holla at me, my real niggas, get down, ready to kill
niggas
We don't touch no more, we kill niggas
Give me what it takes to throw my guns together
Fast up, hit 'em up, towards the hot beretta
You should know better, when obviously they don't
So the shit, sure to get you one in your throat
By the time, you realize that shot's the truth
It's too late, they reminiscin' over you, my Lord

[Method Man]

Watch them young guns that take none, nobody safe
from
The Friday, the 13th, ghetto Jason
Itchy trigger finger achin', snatch your ass out that S-
Class for fakin'
Forty four blast, it's a bloobath, take your first step
down a thug path
Ain't no love here, just slugs here, kids know the half,
you get plugged here
That's just impossile, for the weak to last, now behold
the unstoppable
Third eye watchin' you, watchin' me
Throwin' rocks from the penalty box, cop a plea
Young g, we was born to die, don't cry for me
Just keep the heat closely, and ride for me
Cuz we family, for better or worse, you and I
From the dirt, you snatch purse, so hard it hurt

To be here, and each year, I'm pourin' out some beer
For deceased peers, holdin' fort
Police line, do not cross, they found his corpse
In the loft, wit the head cut off, and butt naked
Homicide, the crime method, add another
Killer verse to the murder record, the grand finale

[Nas]

Hot corners, cops wit warrants, every block is boring
Friday night, gettin' bent, lick a poem
My dog, not even home a month yet, and blaze a girl
in the stomach, he robbin niggaz who pumpin
Lil' Blood got popped, by the Group Home cat
Everybody nervous in the hood, pullin they gats
Fiend yellin out, who got those? Go and see
shorty snot-nosed, he don't floss but he got dough
Thug faces, fugitives runnin from court cases
Slugs shootin past for the love of drug paper
Queens cap peelers, soldiers, drug dealers
And God'll throw a beam of lightning down cause he
feel us
May the next one, strike me down if I'm not the realest
The Mayor wanna call the SWAT team to come and kill
us
but, dogs are friends, if one see the morgue, one'll live
to get revenge, and we ride to the end
Bravehearts blow the lye with Henn, and still rise
Took alive with live men, my man got three six-to-
eighteen's
and only five in, the Belly of the beast Didn't wanna
hear the shit
I tried to tell him on the streets
It's irrelevant, the beast love to eat black meat
And got us niggaz from the hood, hangin off his teeth
We slangin to eat, bringin the heat
Bulletholes, razor scars is the pain in the street, huh

[Chorus: Vita]

If it ain't rough, it aint' me
Down for dice, is what you told me
If it ain't rough, it ain't me
See, chick from the other side, grand finale

[Vita]

My dogs for life, call for life, now who be the job like
fuck Totti
Slim weight, petite, body, down for my niggas, quick to
pull a shotty
Sprayin' everybody, lacin' the whole party
Holdin' wall when my niggas hung, wit I rush
Like boys that I do know, it's me I trust

Now watch how I tie bust, guarantee I be sittin' down
Waitin' to hear up, wit the blast
Got you niggas snitchin' weed in my stash, high flow
Over the bitch who knows to stash weed
Cold for you bitches who try to oppose me
Hot Totti, same chick in Belly
Ooh, if it ain't it ain't me

[DMX]

Uhh, I've lost my grip on reality or so it would seem
Pinch myself to wake up, cause I KNOW it's a dream
Niggaz that don't know me see me and think I'ma rob
em
Niggaz that know me well see me and think I'ma
problem
I'm just a nigga that's misunderstood
But word to God I turn your last name to Underwood
Cause if I see it, I'ma take it and run with it, that's me
What type of bullshit is this nigga on? That's D
The dog come and getcha outside
The more blood flows, when I plug holes with the snub
nosed
Gun blows, bullets whistle, wouldn't miss you
Hit you all up in your mouth like it tried to kiss you
Drama, it's right here, how MUCH YOU NEED?
Beat you down with gat see how MUCH YOU BLEED
How MUCH YOU PLEAD, for your life, you was a killer
And all the bitches comin up out that ass you feelin,
gettin realer
Now beg for your life, one more time, one more crime
one more nine, c'mon cry nigga
It's over! This is the shit, that hits hard
You either the last one standing, or the last one to fall

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