

Inspectah Deck

"That Ni**a"

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[Inspectah Deck]

Four wheelers, pop the hatchet, blast that hitter

Honey times, money hurry, snap that picture

I wanna see the walls come down, if ya'll bout it
For New York, I cover the sport, like Marv Albert

One, two, when I exhale, the one-two
Lock it down, similar to Denzel in John Q.

Fire the semi, with no ice, no Bentley

I'm just low fitty, throwin' limes in the Remy

There's so many fraud, how could you call that real?

I supply fire that'll forge the steel

Can't ignore the real, yeah ya forced the deal (With
who?)

With that nigga, that kid, you're sure to feel
Big money, big guns, big cars and all

Rock tally on the floor, at the Monster's Ball

Underdawgz, U.D,'s, the unsung heroes
From the 718 to the 310

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

They see me in the streets they be like (That's that
nigga)

Rebel I.N.S., ya'll know (That's that nigga)

Girls of the world be sayin' (That's that nigga)

All across the board they goin' (That's that nigga)

Girls of the world say (That's that nigga)

All across the board they goin' (That's that nigga)

They see him in the streets they be like (That's that nigga)

Rebel I.N.S., ya'll know (That's that nigga)

[Inspectah Deck]

The Movement, follow my lead, clock my speed

Number one with a bullet, that's cocked to squeeze

He's artist of the year, who can touch me son?
Like Jimmy Casta, trust me, I've just begun

My dogs be, rockin' them chains, poppin' the same
And I won't stop, hoggin' the lane, droppin' my game

In the distance, hawkin' my style, talkin' loud

Non-believers wonder how I'm talk of the town

Hate Me Now, like Puffy and Nas, I uprise

Never thought big guns would survive, but surprise

Now what nigga? Only drugs sell quicker

Been chained in the dungeons of rap and held prisoner
You'll find me, cruisin' the Ave., tool in the stash

My tomb blast you in the smash, movin' the mass
I'm comin' like the taxman for all their business

I'm bound by my honor, so ya'll bear witness

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

A Titan like Steve McNair, be prepared

For the Top Gun, smokin' like weed in the air

Please beware, the Underdawgz roam in the yard

Postin' hard, approachin' get you closer to God
This is real life money, not a scene from a movie

U.D.'s tighter than the jeans on a hoochie

The groupies crowd the 6 point o
If it's like that now, wait til this joint blow

Tell the world, the prophet has come, problem for
some
The masses, holla for son, hot as the sun

That keep your eyes open don't you get caught sleepin'

Your boy get you bouncin' like a six four leanin'

[Chorus]

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