

Inspectah Deck

"That Shit"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Wu, Shaolin, yeah, yeah
Lets stand up y'all
What up, we on the rise
10304 types
Move with The Movement
Its like Roy Jones said
What's that son
Y'all must of forgot or sutten word
Yo INS

[Inspectah Deck]

We love fast cash, trickin' on a few girls
Spazzin' like the yellow cab, through the new world
I walk slow, slaughter order like new kicks
On some Wu shit, two chicks shootin' my flicks
Might creep through ya town all wrong
Half a bone, twenty inch chrome
Illuminatin' off ya dome
Like OT status, the one to get at
Never sweat that, I'm focused at the X on the map
Treasure chest stash, the guest house attached
Forty acres and a mule with the sawed off gat
Fuck the media hype, I'm into Stereotype
Name ya price, then let me get my hand on the dice
All my life, nine out of ten involved in the heist
Only for ayallytes with the target sliced
Now the parasite blinded by your neon light
Tryna eat right so maybe I can sleep nights, yo see

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Heads get ripe off-a this
Thug all night off-a this
Ladies fight off-a this
This is That Shit
The Projects flip off-a this
The trees get lent off-a this
Crash your whip off-a this
Cuz this is That Shit

[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah yeah, niggaz stay showin' they teeth, knowin' they weak

We supply you with the fire son, cope with the heat
Roamin' the streets, slowin' the Jeeps, ownin' the beat
No sleep, chasin' papers, stay focused, it's deep
Keep an eye on boy, he gonna rise like the crime rate
Vibrate the tristate, I make ya jaw aque
Been around the world, put a house on the hill
But still greasy like the corner store grill
We roll like Vegas dice, pay the price
Watch me roll straight strikes in this game of life
See me, yankee hats, John John, blue boots on
Movin' in the Ucon, schoolin' all the new borns
Mommy get ya groove on, ya bustin' out ya outfit
Lovin' how ya move on the floor, baby bounce it
Big boys step through, they all step aside
They all mesmurised man, y'all recognise

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Heads get ripe off-a this
Some will bite this, Rebel INS your highness
Screamin' high pitched, survivalist you bare a likeness
In the pits where it's high risk, I work the Nightshift
Like this, like that, put pressure on rap
Cheques stack, watch a sex trap
Shorty through an X in my 'yac
Caddy stretched black, don't question the fact
I lay my head back, spazzin' off a new Meth track
Count weed, bag green, blue, purple and brown
Crown King with my down Queen lurkin' the town
Circle round, get a glimpse of the kid gettin' big
Feel that, I peel back, heavy into ya wig
For the fugitives and big timers throwin' bricks
Plus the plot thugs locked up proven to this
Son hit it like Arabs, the world don't curb haters
Don't quit ya day job, ya girl know the words

[Chorus]

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