

Inspectah Deck

"Tombstone Pt. 2"

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[Inspectah Deck] Still running your mouth, gun in your mouth, why you wanna start shit? With the hardest known, bad to the bone, fuck shit up regardless Modern day martyr, larger than your dollar bill Numerous groups are faded, the die hards holla still Killa Killa Hill, still build and destroy the track Deal is the boy is back, ya'll killing the thrill I deal in the field, walk my talk, talk revealing the real I do it for the spoken heard, those who feel what I feel And I won't let up the pressure, til the pipes bust, the mic's dust Strike up the cash, man, I catch you when my flight touch And don't play with the king, and don't play in the ring The body shot's brutal, leave you layed in a sling Now get your tombstone, before you're moved on Before your bird get distracted by the blue stone Son is a beast, come from the east, the mogul keeps it global Mountain mover, pounds of buddah, serving the streets the soul food Many'll call, few are chosen, few are hoping, few opposing Dude was joking til the ruger smoked him, exposed him It's more than a game, cats who hate rap, calling my name For that morphine flow, break a needle off in your vein

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