

Ivy

"Reactions"

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Uh.
Mobb shit.
Uh, uh.

Hop in the Broham
cousin man we rollin stolen
stay focused go get the calico quick, we fearin no man
the program
you juss a dead man walkin
you all done witnessed The Sickness, it's only of the
chosen
he said often
that money would change a fake nigga
you can replace me an mace me
but cant erase me off the rictor (rictor)
like hundred-percenter right through ya set
to settin standards like Tony
Montana, look at the picture
go figure
mutha fuckas'll go juss like the Lotto
gustafos an noreados
I oops along an follow
the not-knows
when the glock goes through ya Polo's
in my dreams I was hated an was told to go solo.

Chorus 2x *(Bart)*

My Reactions, like tuff actin' Tenactin wit the Mac-10
makin sure my money stack in fractions
juss follow my lead an watch me mack it
only way out of the situation is the savage.

Verse 2 *(2 Scoops)*

When will they let 'em G thee
I feel the fresh air, but I dont feel free
an what I wouldnt give to live the way I thought life
would be
Mobb muzik, my only key
mass artilery, prayers from mama

combined to grant the serpents soul to brace for
drama
they experienced the hardtimes, it all made sense
then came the secrets of a gracious bitch
my crooked ways wont straighten
I'll chop these dogs
wit a hand full of hustlas, but I'm on my own
reachin for prime real-estate, on the banks of Rome
one day... all my worries they'll all be gone
anger expressed wit empty shells, introduced to livin
well
real niggas out to prevail
my guarantee
smokin bomb from dusk til dawn, my simple wishes
shreadin through the darkness of seekin my fuckin
riches
the wild west, cuz it'll make it wit out a vest
hard blows an hoes the test, your last request
decendents of vengance
the out-done cant run from repentance
my story wont go untold
the rocky roads
hurt peers to the dirt to uncover gold
set up shop, you cant be stopped nigga start livin
you aint gon soar wit the eagles if you run wit the
pigeons.
Uh!

Chorus 2x

Verse 3 *(Bart)*

I'm disconnected
theres no execeptions, I shoulda stayed in school
playin baseball up on the tube
instead of bein on the news
I see it all out my Donna Karans
constantly drinkin thinkin "FUCK MARRIGE!
I love this life I live
who gives a fuck if I die or live
my only thing in this world is my kid
my baby mama full a pressure
I see our love growin lesser
that's why I'm crumblin' herb up on my dresser
naked wit out my vest protector
two in the morn kickin ya doe down
its goin to the floor next to your four-pound
prepare the Greyhound
I'm in the hood wit the homies
all black wit no mask, Fuck they saw me!
We throwin up that EASTSIDE! (EASTSIDE!) worldwide

an stay high
it's Murder & Kamakazie an I....

Verse 4 *(2 Scoops)*

Celebrate, I scorched you when its crucial
shame wit bliss
drop the Mustang in neutral, an swang that bitch
got a piss test comin up, smokin kill
chasin ??? go get balance wit the golden seal
these songs are hymns that can seal my wounds
empty clips for my dead ones, the Outlawz too
or til, my concious can be content
until I make the ends so I can cover this months rent
defining moments of my life
defeated opponents too strong for my mic
glimpse at the corner of pushas an pimps
layin dead for the luxuries of lobster an shrimp
see in the district, statistics wit phony fathers
enter the realm where the Kool-Aid is Holy Water
look beyond the Valley-Jo, I got a job!
Call my mom an let her know, I'm in the Mobb!
(In the Mobb! In the Mobb!)
(Uh, uh, Check it out, check it out!)

Chorus 2x

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