

J. 45**"No Ordinary Love"**

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Uhh uhh uhh uhh
While you smoke the lye (Shit uhh uhh)
I drink the brew (JaySon, Ed O.G. check it out)
You smoke the lye

[Big Juan]

Growin up didn't know enough, now I got the touch
Gettin sick on the mic like a nigga throwin up
Blowin up, while you holdin up, Juan roll it up
JaySon, Ed O.G., hate to see ya showin up
While it's hard for you to retail, I post like bail
on you, slept on, while you set traps we set sales
Bunker Hill compared to Yale ugh

[JaySon]

JaySon steal the mic, feelin it like a diddler
Rooftop ghetto fiddler, ill rhyme, riddler
Lyrical big pen, scribbler
In the middle of your cortex through your gortex
It stinks like raw sex, full page, in The Source
Next Porsche, Lex, baguettes, more fade than solarflex
Drunken style gotcha, stumblin
Mumblin, snap the ball, watch em fumblin
like Herschelle, ugly like Whoopie up in The Color
Purple
We form connects while you're in the wrong circle

[Ed O.G.]

Ed's puttin heads to bed like a Sealy
and clown on MCs like Barnham & Baily
Run around the planet like a comet named Halley's
B-52, Irish Cream Kahlua's and Baileys
Blowin up like a bomb on a Muslim to Israeli's, gettin
jacked like Hailey
You burn me? Eh eh. eh eh, really?!?
Denis like Leary, fist em like Fury
Hot like curry, reppin Rocks Very
It'll burn any Joe like Torre, so don't worry
End of the story, we blunt like Cory

Ugh, ugh, ugh

Mad love right here, murder pen Rocks Very
Death jester all year, got love for this
Who's comin with hits? Representin Bost-on
Ed O.G., JaySon, G-Squared, Big Juan

[Big Juan]

Falling down like James Brown with the cape around my
head

Lead me off the stage warm, gon' rap til he dead
I'm face red from the out-of-breath line I said
What we do to this get him open like a uterus in bed
True to this, my symphony'll get the gluteus
from the bootiest chicken to the Maybelline snootiest
Aim right, the same night, if your game tight on all
floors (What?)
Like Tela Rock warns "It's Yours", ugh what? Ugh

[Ed O.G.]

Ed O.G. started rollin with God and stopped rollin with
gats
Witta pack of wild D.O.G.S. never fuckin with cats
JaySon and Juan though, between us
over a billion served like McDonald's, drunken high like
sopranos
The stereo or on mono, we tell all
like the Bull Grivano, hit this, I hit the bottle
Got your mind in a boggle, you want us to fall
Wishin and hopin like Chicago but we play as we ball

[JaySon]

We date rape tapes like Cape Fear, sedate like Rufi's
Mickey's wakin and stickin, molestin mics
Ain't nothin pretty or bitchy, we bruise tracks just like
hickeys
You want JaySon, Ed O.G., Big Juan
The connect tricky like magicians
Pussy technicians, sado-masochistic
Positions, it gets better, to the letter
K period forever

Ugh

Mad love right here, murder pen Rocks Very
Death jester all year, got love for this
Who's comin with hits? Representin Bost-on
Ed O.G., JaySon, G-Squared, Big Juan

[Ed O.G.]

I break MC cyphers like rep's Mos def
We leave none left plus we hot like breath
Don't ask why like Clef, or get trapped like chess
To all you gangsta rappers I'm like Elliot Ness

Yo, get bag like a duney, from Dusk Til Dawn like
George Clooney
Findin wack rappers in the booney's
I shine like the sun while you dark and gloomy
My shit be air-tight while your shit be roomy
You can act bugged, wit you drugs or your thugs
But we on some real shit, no ordinary love

[JaySon]

You hate us like Dominicans and Puerto Ricans
Freak more styles than Adina, servin niggas like court
subpoena's
Who be the Treacherous Three?
Not Sunshine, Special K and Moe Dee
but JaySon, Big Juan, Ed O.G., check check out the
melody
Tellin me stealin beats should be, a felony
If you playin niggas, not payin niggas
It's like Deep Jack and legendary niggas
and payin em ordinary figures

[Big Juan]

This ain't no ordinary love y'all, this ain't no ordinary
love uhh
I show my ass like kids with A.D.D.
'83 told em ball, not all your soul's quotable
Big Juan like glass shots, empty em
G-Squared simpty em, from task cams to Pentium
Name anonymous, sex game mynogamous
Throughout this metropolis have em cummin like the
apocalypse
Shakin like a Motorola, I'm a gene-ral
You just a soldier, Juan Gotti, connect like cosa nostra

[G Squared scratches]

"East Coast" Who got love for this? Ugh what?
"West Coast" You got love for this, ugh what?
"East Coast" Who got love for this? Ugh what?
"West Coast" You got love for this

Mad love right here, murder pen Rocks Very (Yeah ugh)
Death jester all year, got love for this
Who's comin with hits? Representin Bost-on (yeah ugh
Ed O.G., JaySon (yeah), G-Squared, Big Juan
Kreators.....

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