

Jed Madela

"And So It Burns"

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[Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

Yeah

You frontin' style to me

It's war when the beat drop

Just anotha mothafucka gonna see pac

You the type that'll run when the heat pop

The type that'll hide a gun when he see cops

But not me, I'll aim a thirty-eight at the crown

Show up the next day at the wake and frown

Yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow

Then my man stoupe blast through the window

Foul when I was young but I survived karma

Drop bombs like a b-25 on ya

Yeah, it's vietnam in the trenches

Just keep my seat warm on the benches

I run with wild puerto ricans that hit L's

And study classical verses by *Big L*

We came up in the game at the same time

And read one-hundred-fifty rappers with the same
rhyme

Yeah, yeah, uh huh

(break: when I touch the microphone I usually rock it...)

I'm a mothafuckin baboon

Hit you with thirty seven stab wounds

Bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb

You scared of the rain, you fear weather

I'm hardcore like pall-bearer in sheer terror

I'll be ready for war with suede timbs on

Y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone

Won't stop till you dead in hell

Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy (eh-grendel?)

This bread we fail, yeah, because the beast in all this

I was rockin' Diadoras while you was eatin' porridge

I was listenin' to the *Hilltop Hustlers*

While you was duckin from sounds of popped mufflers

You was playin' little games with your fathers

I was robbin' mothafuckas for they Starters*

You a novice, and I'm a old vet

And I was there when the heavens and the globe met

Break

Yeah

You ain't safe if the bomb exists
So I side with the Vietnamese communists
If you wit me mothafucka raise your arm and fist
And we can bust a fuckin' cap and see if God exists
I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor
If it's Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour
And it ain't safe no more
Ain't safe in the mothafuckin' place no more
Get laced in your upper-body, face and jaw
You the type of fagget we ain't got the patience for
We break the law, while we pay our respects to Allah
But if it's beef then we be sprayin' your neck with a four
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop
So protect your fuckin' neck like a cough drop
I let the four shot, from different latitudes
So keep it movin' like a bitch that got an attitude

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