

Jeff Timmons

"Code Red"

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[Intro: sample scratched up (RZA)]

"Code red -- danger!" - Inspectah Deck "Protect Ya Neck"

(Yo, aiyo)

[RZA]

36 crazy fists, Baby Chris

Kept a tray eighty, slip down near his ass split

Quick to spit, maybe hit

Anybody on the block by, he talk fly

Hawkeye, chalk lie on blocks, nobody's drop

Like hopscotch, boxes being drawn by cops

Maybe Chris, iller dealer will splat the skully box

Big head and his little seed Yaqub, terrible

So black he was blue, knew, when he grew

That he would study math, and learn to draw devil

And speak three toga, learn sheik yoga

Think with the force of Yoda

70 percent satisfied, 30 percent dissatisfied

So they fraternized and scatter lies

And build a brotherhood, with black hoods

We stack goods, livin' in backwards

Rollin' weed up in back woods

[Remedy]

Baby Chris got a cousin named Abe, he got the mind of a slave

Generous but the heart that's brave

Said he gave his whole life, came to save the kids

From the cradle to the grave, for what you think they did

On his praise to The Abbott, said he'd kill for the Wu

Started learning jujitsu, and kung fu too

Mastered and traits on how to rush gates

Learn to DJ and how to put explosives in crates

Now a few years past, wow, some learned fast

How to blast, quick dash, run and gun for the cash

Nothin' else mattered, paid his dues killin' crews that ratted

He was bruised and battered

With 2 twenty two's in his shoes, it's where he kept shit

cookin'
Waitin' for his time to attack, who wasn't lookin'
36 crazy fists, cousin' Abe, Baby Chris
That and this, nobody gave two shits

[Lounge-Lo]

Aiyo, I clapped with the best of the clappers
Rapped with the best of the rappers
And I snapped with the best of the snappers
Hold on dog, let me tell you how I be heglin' hackers
Fuck the machine, I rock jeans, can't fuck with slackers
Know them lame ass niggas label, pickers and packers
I'd rather stay in the game with them, stickers and
stackers
The kid fuck with building attackers, coke pushers
Dope felons, weed smokers and heat holders
Underworld street rollers, you know the rig
Throw a rock at the heads, who thought the beef was
over
See the life, but the streets are colder
Momma love, got to watch her back, because niggas
heats don't know her
But if it's indirected, it's gonna pop off in one second
And for the record, dog, best to start settin' it

[Solomon Childs]

My voice box of a thousand
And use for promotional use, for thugs who rep housin'
They can't name me, free Tommy Gunns, we pitbulls is
arson
Body Brighton, the black mask, I blend in the dark wind
It becomes a new line cinema
With preaches of a project minister
Cuz of the bloodshed, he made movies
Wifies with attitudes, look, we talk groupies
Bust our guns at the storm like big web
And made an offer to the rev
That by any means necessary, I'mma die for the bread
Front page criminal, startin' a clean spread
Until you faggots, see you muthafuckas at the
crossroads
With your heart wounds from me tossin' crossbows
And I ain't sendin' no cross codes
Believe when I tell you that
I got cats that'll hit you with the forty and open up your
torso
These permanent red stains on your body like up North
Pole
Reign supreme like I'm sittin' on Egyptian throne

[Outro: sample scratched up (Solomon Childs)]

"Code red -- danger!" - Inspectah Deck "Protect Ya
Neck"
(You heard, for real)

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