## Keith Whitley "Don't Try This at Home"

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"You Have Agreed, Not To Try This At Home. Anything Else"

[Proof] Who am l?

I'm a basterd, I stolen off ya and blast at ya Smokin' more blacks than the part time wars in Africa I'll ?? out the martyrs for beef Rest in piece alot of you reef(?) designing your greef By snatchin' your brother, smackin' your lover Paralizing your cousins, smokin' your mother's husbands A dozen chosen showguns to shotguns Roll up on you with no guns but still pop one I bomb like napalm from the curb to your house And "Please God" the last words out ya mouth No affiliates, just dogs and troops Most lyin' death than this morgue and roots All we choose to beef, I bring spatulas Flip it and throw it back at ya, so bring your gat with ya Spectacular murder manufacturer, fuck binacular Only heaters talkin, I'm trappin ya just to flattin ya Hop in the accura, roll up on the back of ya Chill out in 5, and then them niggaz act alive I smoke branches from off the tree tops I hang with real niggaz, PA's, PK's and Pete Rock Y'all niggaz with pre-ops, spill blood and Reeboks Don't discriminate blastin rookies on the e-box(?) Your streetforce envolves just for excitement Like if you wasnt you never heard of enditement I sum it up quick so that you can understand me Fuck you, your crew, your bitch and your whole family

## [Bizarre]

Bizarre's a villin, bitch I ain't illin I'll pull your fucking head off while your ass is winddillin' Go heads the triggers of the penot scott villian(?) Vericons(?) march, atleast shoot a million Dirty Dozen the first week? at least a billion If not, it's back to robbing and stealin' Bizarre's the illest, the shitty is the worst A thousand dollars for any nigga that can last longer than a verse And what's the worst is I don't give a damn Offer Garth Brooks a stolen grand am Come to your record label, take all your doe Take your rap name and have your manager booking you shows I don't gove a fuck if we don't get along Bitches know my name without the Slim Shady song, bitch..

We in this bitch with DJ Butter Who gives a fuck? We in this bitch with Wallstreet and we don't give a fuck about nothing

"You Have Agreed, Not To Try This At Home. Anything Else?"

[Royce Da 5'9]

Yeah yeah..

What's my motherfucking name? Royce Nickle Nine A messiah of all, much higher than y'all, undeniably raw

Quick to blow the fuck up and reform again The bomb threat re-occured, re-warn your men I promise you get toared up and re-torn again Not one slur or word will be re-born again As long as the shit cracks and they turn a loop up I spit it until it's pitch black and burn the roof up Better step the fuck up for the shit getting spit Turns to whips getting lit, turns to tick-tick-tick Niggaz be rapping just for the clubs, just for the love That hit you had in the club sound like shit in the truck That's why I love that nigga X, cause he raised my brow With every rhyme, without having to take my style It'll be a cold day in hell when these two soldiers lay in hell

Talk to me

[Billy Nix]

Billy Nix, I'm really sick of this silly shit Rappers, get on the mic, swearing they're really spit But you really fake, tough guy stop at your thirty-eight Drop your gloves and get taped, stop with your murder rate Alot of kids listening to you

Wishing they you, wishing they was in a position with you to piss on their crew

Buttfuck all your sickness, we got the medicine

I'd rather piss on the capital, shit on the president X-Government, still flowing, still showing I know where you niggaz come from, know where you niggaz going We was all raised in the same dangerous cell Understand I ain't a stranger to hell, I just don't like it Rappers say the same thing getting retired So I write something I like and pray that you bite it Take an old gangsta rapper and make him retire Take a young conscious rapper and keep him inspired Black man, where you at man, take a stand They taking this rap shit like they took our land Fuck America that's right, you ain't hear me stutter Wallstreet, Dirty Dozen with DJ Butter

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