

## Klank

### "I'll Wait"

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[PMD]

Ah... yeah.. check it, 9-4 (yeah)

Turn it up one notch

Yeah, this goes out to the brothas in Brooklyn  
(Crooklyn)

All the brothas to the east coast, west coast (word)

Sittin in them cars, you know what I'm sayin' (word 'em  
up)

Ready to blow them amps, yeah hit them bass buttons

To all the get low posses, you know what I'm sayin'

Zone 7 in the house (word 'em up) Word bond

Got my man Lavell to the left, my man Roland Harris  
ridin' shotgun

And of course DJ Scratch on the 1 and 2 (yeah)

Yo, Lavell, you ready to flip dough in 9-4? Sic 'em,  
champ

[Lavell]

I'm snakebitten, spittin' venom infected with the  
outrageous

contagious spreadin', nobody's protected

Microphones floatin' freely through zones, crushin'  
clones

So don't disturb me and the Mic Doc, searchin' real  
domes

Push the button, helter skelter, guard your mental

Shit's past the point, on the brink not blinkin' is  
essential

Niggaz blast the joint, niggaz blastin' niggaz while I'm  
blastin

Spastically out of electric sockets rarely seen like  
Hailey's Comet

What was that? Bring it back. What was that? Shit was  
tight, fat

All that new vocabulary get the bozack

Squad, the Def Squad, your brain is numb

Lavell Bass, Roland Harris and Parrish Smith stomp that  
cranium

[Roland Harris]

While brothas swingin' they paws often, knowin' who it

is, it's teleportic  
Me, I'm Roland Harris, he's movin past the Lavell staff  
His only images of a god is, yo, when you see the  
PMD rolled a massive squad yo if you peter  
See me no jack joke to jack rope-a-dope, no no no no  
We got bloody palms suddy, fuckin' already knew that  
though  
Crazy is the peels the reals going to ace you over gills  
The most fucked up shit's about to hit the streets,  
which is worse, G, Me  
Oh, they givin' out guns, yo. Gun control bills  
But they called Big Ro ill, causin' our brothas to sit back  
and chill  
Until align the squad G, free the squad in me  
Fire exquisite looking feature, meager. And if anyone  
tries to  
Put out these flames our chairs we throw 'em, pistol  
smoke, then BLAST  
At last, you know who to hand the cash, the brotha with  
the black hoodie  
Brotha AR fatigued, should he, nigga play post rhyme  
Time me, 70 worst as we burst out in 84 contact go  
pussy  
And we out, G

[PMD]

I'm sittin' in the crib, wonderin' where a sunset's at (Ha,  
Ha, Ha...)  
I'm crosstown in the zone with my hand on the gat  
Yeah, I got this. That's why they call me Swiss Smith, no  
bullshit  
Strictly biz, not havin' it  
It's too many rap hits for niggaz to be checkin' me, I'm  
wreckin', see  
Zone 7 on the track with PMD  
Up after hours, gunnin' niggaz down at the watchtower  
Deep like Malcolm, deadly like gun powder  
Sat back strapped, while brothas try to attack  
Time to react, 'cause the Hit Squad ain't havin' that

{\*vocal sample\*}

Hit Squad in the house, Parrish Smith representin'  
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)  
Check check it out, check check it out  
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)  
(Is this the best that you can make?)  
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

[Roland Harris]

My niggaz making triple figures and we out to bring  
terror in all our pictures

I'm always lifted when I enter the 7-digit, I'm blistered  
I grab beats and break bottles and widely stick it  
I pull out brains and sockets and examine it, frizziness  
and wickedness  
Roland Harris' and his device is like a rifle, it's crazy  
vital

(Yooooooooowwwwwww!)

[PMD]

Back from the darkness, 'bout to spark this microphone  
Niggaz tryin' to reach me but no one's home  
I'm not that same nigga that bust that jam, that Gold  
Digger  
I'm in the zone, looking at the real picture  
Strike three, K'in' niggaz like a pro pitcher  
So take a look at daddy, 'cause I'm representin'  
From Brentwood, Long Island, Brooklyn to San Quentin  
Niggaz trippin', bitin' my business formats and  
techniques like rabies  
Juggle these, what, nuts, hard to fade, see  
Nuff respect to Russell Simmons, peace from PMD  
I'm out like Arsenio, that nigga's swayze

[Lavell]

I flip for those who lost their mind, must've crossed the  
line  
And saw the other side and tried to slap some rastas  
comin' to find a ride  
Normals dressed in jackets frontin' like it's warm. It's  
not  
It's hot. You'll sizzle internally rot, you stinkin' blood clot  
These rugged styles I flip a while  
And if I step into a different schizophrenic ego see  
those bodies file  
Body bags fill up, I kill crews and I abuse you  
Connivers and labbers I stick you with the Phillips screw  
Driver, why the violence trap, so I snap  
Hurl and unfurl with violence, fall out like hair on  
steroids  
When I'm p-noid, Like PS it's void  
I'm-a disperse a verse that's planted to bitch  
'cause that's the shit that makes my squad hit

{\*vocal sample\* }

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

(Is this the best that you can make?)

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

[PMD]

Hit Squad  
Zone 7  
Niggaz stay jeal'  
Hit Squad  
Peace Rockafella..

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