

## Krumsnatcha

### "Incredible"

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f/ GangStarr

[Hook: DJ Premier cuts & scratches]

"I guess my time is here" "Suppress my fear I'm ready"  
-> Krumb

"Boston, state of mind stay sick" -> Antonio Twice Thou  
(Made Men)

"Live rounds, five pounds of heat" -> Antonio Twice  
Thou (Made Men)

"Incredible"

"I guess my time is here" "Suppress my fear I'm ready"  
-> Krumb

"I like to let my rhymes flow" -> PMD

"Ain't no doubt about it" -> Keith Murray

"Understand this?" "Word up"

[Verse One: Guru]

You pussy niggaz, we incredible

And don't push us, to put led in you

We 'bout to be them niggaz on top, instead of you

The Beantown beatdown, unbelievable, see now

Push ya dough up, we want more than some G's now

Watch us comin up in the fast lane, Henney'd up

Never worry 'bout beef, fire arms already tucked

What the fuck, niggaz been about to the Don

And give it up to Krumb, I live it up for my son

And you industry niggaz, you really lost it

First you slept on Boston, then you kept on flossin

Shouldn't do that, around us hungry niggaz

'Cause we the chosen godly warriors, tuffer than rugby  
niggaz

Live lovely niggaz

Although the time's is harsh, all my soldiers now it's  
time to march

All you punks, huh, you better find a heart

[Hook]

[Verse Two: Krumb Snatcha]

A child with a destiny, ain't no testin me

Mental menu, send you a recipe

Chef like Rae how I bake a track

Give the streets mo' yeast until the cake is back

Stack to my own bakery, why niggaz hatin me

Can't see this fake industry makin me

Anti-flossin, poppin at the bar

This is ashy-ass knuckles and razors in the jar

Far from the norm, so they say son strange

Temper so short, turn ya face to a gun range

Switch it up, nice chain, lift it up

Too much talk about juice, is y'all bitch or what

Like vanity, shine with your rims and ice

Until a hooded figure come through to dim ya lights

Timbs and mics, all a nigga need

Just to proceed, to make another rapper bleed, indeed

[Hook]

[Verse Three: Guru]

Sleep? Nah I wouldn't do that on no one

Creep? That's what I like to do like a Shogun

Load one, buck it, cold one as fuck it

Colt two, loads of power U but let's not discuss it

Babylon got us holdin on the tephlon

We deaded some but we gon' spit, 'til all the rest gone

Respect to your hood, I know the O.G.'s there

Yo I dare when we fear none, play low-key here

[Verse Four: Krumb Snatcha]

Yo, me and the God expose frauds frontin hard

The type wanna fight get jumped in the yard

Any odds oppose, get the deadliest blows

In the form of these toxic flows

Pumpin the glock, send shots through your clothes

Incredible game how we knock y'all hoes

Stop all foes, dead in their tracks

And since niggaz got mouth, give head to this gat, for real

[Hook]

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