

Laam

"I Got U"

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[Chorus:] X 4

One, two!!

Achoo!!

Bless you!

I got you!!

Caught you and taught you!!

[J.D.]

Matter fact, here take two

Pits of flesh, political palm picked and gone

Spooks with Uz', ice picks, blades and tools

Listen fool, the revolution is cool

We leave clans in pools of blood

Let 'em all scrub to thug

Bustin' for love, (?) and mud and bloody rugs

Screamin' on cats, we spit in your face, blast back!

The Spooks put politicians in bags and (?)

[Hypno]

Ay yo my crew chased you down, outside your
compound

Now we got you in the four point hold, on the ground

Whoop, hand me that barbed wire, now your arms and
legs are bound

Hey Vengeance, pass me that scalpel now

Relax! Close your eyes as the sound of my voice
penetrates

Submission is your only choice, to avoid the pain

'Cause I don't want no lip as I slip this microchip in your
brain!

[Water Water]

Go 'head, look, I know you're thinkin' "Who's behind
me?"

"Oh my God it's Water Water and no one's ever gonna
find me!"

I got your brains pushin', head in the frame

In a case not far over, head of the flames

Hangin' over the fire, I know y'all hope I retire

But all y'all gettin' is open fire!

Ga ga! Spray down, stay down, lay down

Y'all niggas said we was commercial, what y'all gon'
say now?!

[Chorus] X 4

[J.D.]

Rectangle, sugar Shane pound mc's and mangle
Bending you back and bitch spank you!
A Grammy?! Fuck you talkin' 'bout? I'm tappin' your
chin!
See you at a club for no reason, tap it again
This ball bully mc's, we buildin' 'em Greek
Large like Tiger Wood's teeth when chewin' on beef
Take you 'round the block, bring you back, tie the knots
He bitch man, slap your whole block, moms and pops

[???

I ain't gon' lie though, brothers got a lotta bravado
But can't back it up with the skills, they playin' lotto
With they careers, when they step to me on the streets
On stage or over beats you can't engage the heat
>From this ethereal thriller, mysterious serving guerilla
Stalk you with the sick precision of a serial killer
Record your routine, I watch you from the day to the
night
Calculatin' when it might be the best time to strike!

[Water Water]

They keep callin' my name!
Water Water, come smack the whack in the back
With a Louisville Ax Slugger
Then slash the jugular
Hit your back rawdog with no rubber
He's a dirty mawfucka!!
Won't last long, that's what my momma turned and told
my daddy when I was born
I got your neck in a noose, damn right I'm flexin' my
juice
Shut your mouth nigga, that's an excuse

[Chrous] X 4

[???

What?! Which one of you manufactured rappers
With the materialistic, naive, egotistical fan base
Has the nerve to be offended?!
What you gon' do? Dis me?
Go 'head, rhyme, kick a verse, I dare ya
Oh I know it scares ya
A bangin' beat, a empty room, a full pen and a blank
pad

But don't get mad cause you don't know what the fuck
you doin'
Go 'head, freestyle punk, wait, before you start
I know somebody done told you that a freestyle's the
reciting of a rhyme
That hasn't been recorded or put on the market
But when you write that rhyme down, that's a record of
the rhyme
That rhyme's been recorded, so don't even start that
shit!
A true freestyle's a rhyme or verse kicked from the
dome
Simultaneous and timed to a beat
Where mistakes are made, you got bleeps and (?) all
the time
But these are the things that makes a freestyle so
unique
>From a precorded, practiced, or writen rhyme
Now what you gon' do?
If your response is "I know he ain't talkin' about me!"
I'm talkin' about you!
So fuck you to a break beat, bitch, I Got U!!!!

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