

Lead Into Gold

"Clientele"

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[Intro]

(The mic is contacted I attract clientele)
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(The mic is contacted I attract clientele)
What's up my niggas?
(The mic is contacted I attract clientele)
How y'all feelin?
(The mic is contacted I attract clientele)
Check it out
Yo
(The mic is contacted I attract clientele)

[Verse 1]

Yo
Niggaz need ta quit it actin' like they betta
Before I wear em out like a fitta wit a matchin sweater
Plus I'm wantin shoes, I'm runnin through cools wit
cheddar
Makin em crack like leatha unda tha rainy weather
Y'all best ta get it together before you step into Dirty's
domain
This cold game got you switchin identities and code
names
I went from enough ta mo game, growin like rogain
Keepin my face posted up in dope frames
I throw flames then I tame em like a fireman
And put a grip on this industry like supplies can
Y'all don't understand I'm a wiser man wit a hot hand
That'll drop and permantally put you on a Kaizer plan
Stretch you out in a stretcher for thinkin why me
I'm thinkin why these why me didn't know where tha
poison is like IV
It's drive ta handle hands like Allan Ivry
Hand in tha B-ball's, even though tha odds be ivory
I'm lethal, I put holes in all types of people

>From asian ta caucasian, I'm dazin em wit no sequel
No one is equal ta tha 3, that's a pity
Just stay on your mattress packs and watch us on Rap
City

[Chorus]

Ice man spit gold, bullets, and diamond shells
(The mic is contacted I attract clentele)
Contagous tha MC, ill it in sickle-cell
(The mic is contacted I attract clentele)
Pronoun'll lock it down so MC's can't post bail
(The mic is contacted I attract clentele)
Dirty pop rounds and stomp grounds where lions dwell
(The mic is contacted I attract clentele)

[Verse 2]

Yo

What?

I'm an assasin blastin, brothas talkin out they ass
And flashin a .45 colt to yo throat, leave in yo casket
Rockin mo ice aspen, diamonds tha size of aspirins
Walk wit a Dirty limp, I talk wit tha Dirty accent
Way my rhymes a touch ya like sexual harrasement
50 percent violation and 50 percent on cashmen
Faster than Nascar, pull like a tow guard
I flow hard, chargin by tha minute like a phone card
Disquinshed gentlemen, sweatin brothas like penaltints
Smokin middle tin, blackin mouths, clockin benjamins
Rockin timbalands, lockin down tha dirty premesises
Cake time is unlimited, from championships ta
scrimages
So fly, we defy tha laws of gravity
Anatomy of a king so u can crown me like cavity
Nigga that's Pronoun, Dirty Unit historical
I answer to nobody, keep questions rhetorical
Wit mo action, whippin ass like Joe Jackson
If you see it contain jus, remain tha future attraction
Main event offense, you can't contain tha prevent
Concrete for a line of defense that's hard as cement

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

I rip tha mic wit tha force of a black hole on a intergalactic plateau
Tha rhymin weapon, spittin faster than bullet shadows
I smack clones, divorcin my thoughts wit cracked bones
And when I rhyme I give more lines than tapped phones
Damage ya beach, burnin tracks wit flamable speech
Tha rappin atangible beast with animal teeth
Battlin me is like goin to hell askin for heat
Cause I'm rougha than leatha and tougha than african feet
Walkin these scandalous streets like an evangelist priest
Keepin it heated like Cool J and Canibus beef
I rip your vocal cords, put a body in every morgue
Wit heavy metaphors hittin harda than every George
I hurt you perpatrators wit fire ta burn you hatas
I'm bigga than Pun, wit more guns than a terminator
Tha astronaut, spittin more watts than a Magnavox
Wit more data in my memory bank than a Macintosh
I'm so ill I could take a bath in hot lava
And not even botha ta break a sweat, you facin death
Goin against Dirty Unit, Sway and Tech, tha world famous
Colaboration break your necks

[Chorus]

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