

Lil' Cease

"Future Sport (Feat. Redman, Mr Bristal &...)"

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[lil' cease]

Let the mony out (yo, yo)

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monkey noises

[redman]

Yo, yo, this funk doc

Straight up, nigga, lay down

No time to play now (uh ha)

Brace be around your hip from the waist down

Keep it calm and don't react

Cognac be the zodiac

Lo, we back, cock, so these cats won't relax

You see the face through the open mask, body

Open gash, hoes throw me cash

We gon blow, front row, do tash

I'm a what you call a dog *dog barking*

Fucking girls that do hair in mini-malls

Lunatic when doc spit, four patted walls (uh ha)

Sick therapy got you back in the raw (uh ha)

Cocky mass, i put the axe in the door

Massacre, seminars off branson jars

I'll strip your hoe, strip your benz

Even strip that black line on your master card

Card, card, card

[joe hooker- chorus]

You're 'fraid to say what you mean

You're just too scared to say what you feel

You're afraid of us

You're afraid of us

[mr. bristal]

Bk niggas, hold it down correct (uh ha)

Been a long time coming, niggas better start running

Do more than top-gunning

Dumming like a fifty-dollar sum

And y'all cowards don't mean nothing (uh huh)

Kept it real with this rap shit while you try to go pop

I got the maz' flow down on the schemes and plots (uh ha)

If i want, nigga, i could come and take your block

So call them, the first one to call the cops

Like a lesbi, strictly platinum status nigga, let's see

I don't wanna test, b, niggas don't impress me

Who got you gassed like ghetty, funny like eddie? (uh
huh)
Bris' flow deadly, cuttin' niggas like a machete
Done, i die tech when it's indirect (c'mon)
The home team woulda n

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