

## Little T

### "Beasts from the East"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

Yo, we come through like bulls, nigga take two puffs  
and pass,  
nigga, watch your back once you talk out your ass  
I back up 3-80 and my stash for protection,  
family is raged, the world is acting crazed  
I never thought I'd make it, it was hectic when I  
scrambled  
on point like a knife I'm takin' life as a gamble  
And living in the rotten apple, yo where every core is  
rotten  
all my niggas rest in peace ya see you gone but not  
forgotten  
now my main wifey, dead as shaded chicks,  
official Lost Boyz since the year of 86  
And fuck these crooked niggas I could kill em with a  
passion,  
at times I feel like slashing in Jamaican Queens fashion  
You think you can fuck around, but kid you're just  
thinking  
It's over when I'm sober, imagine when I'm drinking  
Without blinking man, I'll tare your crew like pages  
I'll rip you from the backyard of ? ...

[A+]

A plus the lyrically superb one, spittin rhymes  
Off the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums  
Rotten shit, make the opposite team call a time out,  
knockin niggas three times my size out  
The crowd loves me, so when I aint around they ask for  
me,  
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy  
For the fast money, I get up in that ass money  
the fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me  
I leave crews fed up, like handicap niggas tryin' to get  
up  
Emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pillars,  
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock  
I speak through a mic my voice peak out at a hundred  
watts  
Who wanna cipa, I get dumb

Word to my mother the father the holy ghost and Rev.  
Run  
When it's all said and done, I end the service  
To cop the type of verses that average emcees seem to  
worship

[Redman]

My style is Milk of Magnesia, clutch divide speeding  
bust  
the more the merrier, secure the area, my life familiar  
is ultimate superior we dont jack cars  
we jack for aircraft carriers  
I bounce like trampolines, when I be blowing the feces  
to pieces  
hymn em like sewing machines and Jesus  
When the shadows of the barrel pointing out my (?)  
Camarro  
I get punished like pharaoh for splittin'  
You're better off singing Christmas carols for  
Christmas,  
because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment  
The president of chicken head conventions  
I give you a deluxe Ku Klux lynchin'  
I got a headache from the stress, success not wearing  
a vest  
5-11 for being dirty and quarts of 9-30  
Yo, Mr.Cheeks, I made this bitch call police  
she tried swallowing a nine piece  
forgot the warrantee on false teeth  
I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's  
assault and battery like my palms was ever ready  
sharp as machete's  
matter of fact I slap (?) ...

[Canibus]

Canibus brings the sickest drama,  
fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor  
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through a condom  
Playing with the mic is something I wont do  
my only concern when I approach you, is to roast you  
I smoke you and whoever you standing close to  
and make every man in your crew deny that he knows  
you  
defeating, niggas like Segal Steven,  
putting Emcees in, positions to prevent 'em from  
breathing  
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever  
believed in  
by peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers,  
What's the matter with ya'll, I splatter ya'll  
against the mutha fuckin wall with these raw lyrics I

catapult  
None of ya'll got the balls big enough to battle,  
I go On & On like Erika Badu  
a hundred times nicer than the best there is  
twice as African as KRS is, who wanna test this  
Fuck yall you dont impress me and no one can test me  
An Emcee so ill, I got AIDS scared to catch me  
All that shit you poppin will stop, when I put you in a  
headlock,  
and apply pressure until I crush your mutha fuckin  
noggin  
I grab mics and push niggas to the left  
so fast their hearts end up on the right side of their  
chests  
My hypothesis, is that nobody can see this  
lyrical genius, I got it sown like a seamstress  
But if you want to battle, I'm down,  
If you got nine lives, I'll take eight of them off your  
hands right now  
Step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear  
If you survive, then you can cover your scar with a  
beard  
I'm the illest from Queens to the new Jerusalem  
briddicks  
anyone who aint feeling my shidick can suck my didick  
You need to quit it, if you aint spitten  
more than 50 bars per minute cause you aint in lyrical  
fitness  
kickin' boring raps with metaphors that's wack  
all of ya'll mutha fuckas need NordicTrack  
to get ya weight up, fuckin with Canibus you get ate up  
get beat down and sprayed up, just for bringing my  
name up  
been rockin longer than niggas twice my age  
back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin a fade  
before Honest Abe signed the paper that freed slaves  
before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves  
I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin lifted  
stickin dick to Eve before she was Adams mistress  
Before Christ created Christmas, I been in lyrical  
fitness  
The Canibus is spitten till' he's spitless  
50 bars of total sickness, you wont forget this  
I'm puttin' every wack Emcee alive on my shit list  
verbally vicious, tele-connectically gifted  
took you a minute, to exhibit that I'm sick wit it  
Now you tell me who you think is damaging shit  
going once, going twice  
Sold to that nigga name Canibus  
Me and Mr.Cheeks, A-Plus, and Funk Doctor  
hopping out the Hue helicopter to suey chop ya

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