

**M****"Quiet Storm White Lines"**

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[Prodigy]

I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines  
I'm that quiet storm nigga who fight rhyme  
P yea u heard of him but I ain't concerned with them  
nigga I pop more guns than u holdin them  
make my rotweiller sons out and scold your men  
unload ten in braw day light get right  
fuck your life hop on my '98 dirt bike  
u try to stop mines from growin  
I make your blood stop flowin  
take affirmative action to any ass if he ask it  
I become the mack-10  
you's a dick blower tryin to speak the dun language  
what the drilly with that though it ain't bangin'  
u hooked on mobb phonics infamous-bonics  
lying to the pop dog like u got it  
you ain't wildin out for the night fish blower  
rusty shank holder we live this shit

[Chorus]2X

[Havoc]

It's the real shit nigga make u feel shit[the real.....]  
bump it in the clubs shit  
have you wildin out when bump this[hip-hop.....]  
drugs to your ear drum the raw uncut  
have a nigga OD but it's never enough

[Prodigy]

Ay yo the P rock 40 inch cables drinkin white label  
my chain hang down to my dick my piece bang glass  
tables  
diamonds and guns before the fame duke a nigga like  
me hold tec's  
are you the same too  
go in through the emotions of gun holdin  
long shotguns down my pants leg limp in  
Killa-B you still livin even my pops too he taught me  
how to  
shoot when I was 7 yo  
I used to bust shots crazy

I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to  
scare me[POW!]  
I love my pops for that I love my nigga E-Black  
I'll take the life of anyone who tryin to change what's  
left  
and then through all of that a nigga ain't scared of  
death  
all y'all brand new niggas just scared to death  
I spent too many night sniffin' coke gettin' right  
wastin' my life now I'm tryin to make things right  
grand open some gates invest in the rap business  
do things for the kids[the little duns]  
build a jungle gym behind the crib so they can enjoy  
youth  
CBRs,VCRs,ATV and big screen TVs nigga please  
don't make me have to risk my freedom  
we spent our whole life for this  
you'll get your shit beat in.....[The real]

Chorus 1X

[Prodigy]

It go 1,2,3 to the 4th  
that nigga P-double got that shit for y'all  
people to rock to stirrin up pots of brew  
in hell's kitchen I'm chef the impossible  
servin' hot plates all across the unified states  
sit down and sup with top rap reps  
all across we board move diligent  
you better walk like nigga on the tight rope duke  
infamous 1st infantry 1st division,4th mission  
1st assignment give 'em that shit they been missin  
my new edition's way bitchin' those that listen  
get addicted to my diction fuck rhymes I write  
prescriptions  
for your disease generic rap's just not potent like P's  
1,100 ccs on the throttle I peel off chest naked on  
Katanas  
spaghetti head mobb niggas is full bred full blown  
militin tone I rock the skeleton bone  
thirst for verses and thirst for worse beats  
so I can put more product out on the street  
get respect and love all across the board  
we've been endured for keepin it raw  
nothin less or more  
I score everytime for sure  
while the rest of y'all niggas just i'll

Chorus 2X

