

Master P "I'll Wait"

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[PMD]

Ah... yeah.. check it, 9-4 (yeah)

Turn it up one notch

Yeah, this goes out to the brothas in Brooklyn
(Crooklyn)

All the brothas to the east coast, west coast (word)

Sittin in them cars, you know what I'm sayin' (word 'em
up)

Ready to blow them amps, yeah hit them bass buttons

To all the get low posses, you know what I'm sayin'

Zone 7 in the house (word 'em up) Word bond

Got my man Lavell to the left, my man Roland Harris
ridin' shotgun

And of course DJ Scratch on the 1 and 2 (yeah)

Yo, Lavell, you ready to flip dough in 9-4? Sic 'em,
champ

[Lavell]

I'm snakebitten, spittin' venom infected with the
outrageous

contagious spreadin', nobody's protected

Microphones floatin' freely through zones, crushin'
clones

So don't disturb me and the Mic Doc, searchin' real
domes

Push the button, helter skelter, guard your mental

Shit's past the point, on the brink not blinkin' is
essential

Niggaz blast the joint, niggaz blastin' niggaz while I'm
blastin

Spastically out of electric sockets rarely seen like
Hailey's Comet

What was that? Bring it back. What was that? Shit was
tight, fat

All that new vocabulary get the bozack

Squad, the Def Squad, your brain is numb

Lavell Bass, Roland Harris and Parrish Smith stomp that
cranium

[Roland Harris]

While brothas swingin' they paws often, knowin' who it

is, it's teleportic
Me, I'm Roland Harris, he's movin past the Lavell staff
His only images of a god is, yo, when you see the
PMD rolled a massive squad yo if you peter
See me no jack joke to jack rope-a-dope, no no no no
We got bloody palms suddy, fuckin' already knew that
though
Crazy is the peels the reals going to ace you over gills
The most fucked up shit's about to hit the streets,
which is worse, G, Me
Oh, they givin' out guns, yo. Gun control bills
But they called Big Ro ill, causin' our brothas to sit back
and chill
Until align the squad G, free the squad in me
Fire exquisite looking feature, meager. And if anyone
tries to
Put out these flames our chairs we throw 'em, pistol
smoke, then BLAST
At last, you know who to hand the cash, the brotha with
the black hoodie
Brotha AR fatigued, should he, nigga play post rhyme
Time me, 70 worst as we burst out in 84 contact go
pussy
And we out, G

[PMD]

I'm sittin' in the crib, wonderin' where a sunset's at (Ha,
Ha, Ha...)
I'm crosstown in the zone with my hand on the gat
Yeah, I got this. That's why they call me Swiss Smith, no
bullshit
Strictly biz, not havin' it
It's too many rap hits for niggaz to be checkin' me, I'm
wreckin', see
Zone 7 on the track with PMD
Up after hours, gunnin' niggaz down at the watchtower
Deep like Malcolm, deadly like gun powder
Sat back strapped, while brothas try to attack
Time to react, 'cause the Hit Squad ain't havin' that

{*vocal sample*}

Hit Squad in the house, Parrish Smith representin'
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)
Check check it out, check check it out
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)
(Is this the best that you can make?)
(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

[Roland Harris]

My niggaz making triple figures and we out to bring
terror in all our pictures

I'm always lifted when I enter the 7-digit, I'm blistered
I grab beats and break bottles and widely stick it
I pull out brains and sockets and examine it, frizziness
and wickedness
Roland Harris' and his device is like a rifle, it's crazy
vital

(Yooooooooowwwwwww!)

[PMD]

Back from the darkness, 'bout to spark this microphone
Niggaz tryin' to reach me but no one's home
I'm not that same nigga that bust that jam, that Gold
Digger
I'm in the zone, looking at the real picture
Strike three, K'in' niggaz like a pro pitcher
So take a look at daddy, 'cause I'm representin'
From Brentwood, Long Island, Brooklyn to San Quentin
Niggaz trippin', bitin' my business formats and
techniques like rabies
Juggle these, what, nuts, hard to fade, see
Nuff respect to Russell Simmons, peace from PMD
I'm out like Arsenio, that nigga's swayze

[Lavell]

I flip for those who lost their mind, must've crossed the
line
And saw the other side and tried to slap some rastas
comin' to find a ride
Normals dressed in jackets frontin' like it's warm. It's
not
It's hot. You'll sizzle internally rot, you stinkin' blood clot
These rugged styles I flip a while
And if I step into a different schizophrenic ego see
those bodies file
Body bags fill up, I kill crews and I abuse you
Connivers and labbers I stick you with the Phillips screw
Driver, why the violence trap, so I snap
Hurl and unfurl with violence, fall out like hair on
steroids
When I'm p-noid, Like PS it's void
I'm-a disperse a verse that's planted to bitch
'cause that's the shit that makes my squad hit

{*vocal sample* }

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

(Is this the best that you can make?)

(Weak ideas irritate my ears)

[PMD]

Hit Squad
Zone 7
Niggaz stay jeal'
Hit Squad
Peace Rockafella..

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