

## Crosse Clay

### "Magnum Force"

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Intro/Chorus: all together

This goes out to my Magnum Force  
When we lay a nigga out they come and drag him off  
May the Force be with me and if not our fault  
For LIFE, fuck alla y'all

[Ruck]  
Yo you can't manage this (manage this) the bomb  
scandalous  
from here to Los Angeles, Ruckus tossin the random  
shit  
But can you get, with the nigga Tall Sean manuscript  
Man you shit, all up in your pants when the cannon click  
Man I flip, on niggaz for no apparent reason  
Squeezin shots at you heathens, to stop you from  
breathin  
When the cops come he bleedin, I think he need some  
CPR  
See we are the illest niggaz out that's on your TV pah  
So when you greet me pah, better have your fuckin shit  
straight  
Your fifth make, nobody move, I think your shit fake  
You fishcake, whatever the fuck Ruck dictate  
The shit great, higher than shows made by Rick Lake  
You'll lick eight, shots at them niggaz who be fuckin  
with  
international irrational beat got you Ruckus bitch  
Enough of this, bullshit talkin let's start wettin shit  
Peep the etiquette of a nigga that's known for settin  
shit

Chorus

[Rustee Jux]  
When the weather get free yo I hate the scene, drinkin  
seagulls  
V.O., novacainin my sufferin through the strugglin  
Easin the agony, postponin the misery  
Smoke some weed, blank out my memory momentarily  
Calculatin my every motion, cautious coastin

I see the blue and white scopin, slowly approachin  
Eyeballin me and my sons, like we the ones  
with the stashed guns, hopin we run, like the last ones  
So they can get they rocks off, sound they glocks off  
Light my blocks off, gangsta nab niggaz bump cops off  
Drunk from red scotch, got a dead shot  
Jamaicans in the dread spot'll blow a fed top  
Chop a pig into hamhocks, got it on slam lock  
Hit the SWATs with a cinder block off the rooftop  
Regulatin, livest motherfuckers on this side  
Bitches dick ride, stone soldiers with brick eyes

Chorus

[Rock]

Keep on talkin aight? Get more than your style rammed  
up  
You see me? Don't say shit like Pink Panther  
You Talk Too Much like Run'n'them and your breath  
smell like Pampers  
Get knocked the fuck out by Dr. David Banner  
DJ at the bar be act like records got dandruff  
Makin niggaz scream "Oh! Oh!" and throw they hands  
up  
You know this man's ruff, so my man Ruck could do  
stand up  
So who wanna battle? We'll learn you some manners,  
god damn ya  
You niggaz make me sick as cancer, I slam ya  
Whole crew of emcees, DJ's and your dancer  
Half-steppers can't run, panic catch a tantrum  
Teared a new hamstrung, I stick niggaz for ransom  
? again now they got front, I slap cats at random  
Deflate your egos you too gassed off the Mylanta  
Take your dough and hoe and dissapear like The  
Phantom  
Send her back pullin her hands up, singin the M.F.C.  
anthem  
Man dem, strong like Samson, shorty and Jux  
Cause I'm that nigga Rock from Heltah Skeltah plus I'm  
handsome  
But scrape that, bring handguns, my crew sorta  
bananas  
like plantains, any questions boo-YAA your answer

Chorus

[Representativz]

Aiyyo I'm movin through this life shit with the only fam I  
got  
My Triple R rated niggaz steady blowin up spots

You think not it's Little Rock we bust shots at your car  
and leave you stretched in your ride like these fake rap  
stars

This shit right here I'm handlin' I'll leave your head  
scramblin'  
All that panickin' I'll get your shit ran up in  
I can't stand it when MC's get caught ramblin'  
Have crews abandon them from slugs that my cannon  
send  
In this land of sin where they break fool for the chips  
over jewels and whips pack my tool and my clips

So when we start to bust clips on y'all, niggaz assume  
the straight, dead position when my lead go BOOM  
Embeddin this tune, all into your fuckin doom  
We move through these evil streets steady holdin  
chrome

My Rep niggaz stay mashin, big up my thugs on ?  
Forever gat snatchin everytime we see the cops passin  
Your team is has-beens, gaspin from the ass slashin  
The Repz baby, time for action, action

\* "what's" uttered by various BCCers \*

Chorus 2X

[Rock]  
Throw y'all middle fingers up in the air  
Say, "Fuck y'all niggaz, we don't care!"  
Word is Bon Jov', oh oh  
We run up on foes, oh oh oh oh oh  
Niggaz think they fuckin with my Magnum Force  
Cause when we lay a nigga out they come and drag  
him off  
May the Force be with me and if not our fault  
For LIFE, FUCK alla y'all  
Hehehehe, see  
Slogan is made of Force be with me  
Not our fault  
You can't fuck with that? Fuck you all  
Word is Bon Jov'..

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