

Curtis Catie

"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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