

Poison Clan

"Action Mike Fresh Nasty Mix"

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Intro:

[Rasta verse by Likkle Wicked;

most of his verse is indistinct]

Now rudeboy JT from Poison Clan

come in wit dem lyrics and kill the gangstas!!

JT: Ahem! Hello everybody this JT Money the Bitchizer...

Verse 1: JT Money

Yo I can get fly like a plane and then wreck shit

Stomp on Compton and flex through the exit

Uhh rainin' on punks like a cloud

Punks get devoured 'cause no punks are allowed!

So step up if you think your shit's strong

But be prepared to get your whole crew flipped on

'Cause I flip niggas like coins

And once I get gone I'm in they ass like hem'rhoids!

Niggas get done, but then so many try

To be like JT motherfuckin' M-O-N-E-Y

I get busy like 5pm traffic

Punks get they ass kicked when shit gets drastic

Uhh, niggas don't want none of me, see

When I get hot, I burn they ass like VD

I stay hard like Capn' Crunch, suckas get capped

And crunched, or dissed if you're rappin', punk

Most of y'all can't understand me

You'll probably say "That nigga that can't be from Miami!"

I hate punks with a passion

Hey yo, hoe, tell them niggas what I want!

Chorus (4x)

[I want action] MURDER!! MURDER!!

Verse 2: Uzi

Lights, camera, action, it's on

Uzi is the brother on the mike, word is bond

I'm talkin' to all the fallin' niggas, the kinda creep niggas

Step up and get beat, niggas!

'Cause if you try the PC, it gets fucked up

We always strapped with the gat, so just shut up

And if I pull, you better pray 'cause you is dead, black

Test me out and you'll see just where my heart's at

That's how it is, fuck you, and motherfuck your crew

I roll with JT and Big Ram too!

We livin' phat, matter fact, we gets ill, see

And when we roll, we just rippin' up your posse

So if you talk shit, talk it under your breath

'Cause if I hear ya, your ass'll be marked for death!

Best believe niggas' heads I be bashin'

And yo, you know what's next!

Chorus

Verse 3: JT Money

Check 1-2 for a nigga who step to this

Step up and just wait for my lefts to miss, uhh

Before you get a chance to run ya mouth,

I shoot them thangs to ya ass so you're down for the count!

I beat ya bad asses wit a bad-ass gang o' niggas

I'm from the Clan, so of course I be hangin' niggas

No matter how tough you feel or you might look

Drop yo ass with a right hook

I stick out like a saucer, niggas say I'm awesome

Wreck your little 1's 2's 3's and 4somes

The B-I-T-C-H-I-Z-E-R,

When I step up you see how I

Keepin' niggas in check, approachin' with the tech

The old-fashioned way I earn my respect

Been down for a minute, did a quick bit

Came back knockin' about the box like (?) did!

So chumps run up and get ran over

I'ma take the USA and Japan over

I'm the one-man wreckin' ball that's werckin' y'all

Here's some advice: I'm wreckin' all!

You motherfuckers stop talkin' trash and

Shep the fuck out my way 'cause ...

Chorus

Outro: Likkle Wicked

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