

## **Prodigy Blacck**

### **"Power Rap"**

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[Prodigy]

Power raps inside my skull cap like a brick stack, the  
kid is back  
I told y'all niggaz ninety-eight list that  
Yo, ninety-nine I piss on rap  
Two thousand where your pistols at?  
Dunn, we be the men in black fatigue  
Thirty-thousand dollar chains that swing  
Yo catch me in the street, popping that bullshit  
Catch a fat lip, hoes all over your shit  
Bust guns like, nuts all over your bitch  
Yo yous' a woman, tell me what the fuck you trying to  
do when  
you're growling all over the top, you get chewed when  
I touch that shit, not only that on the concrete  
We splash more niggaz than the wavepool did  
Check out my new shit, we blood spill, you still ice grill  
Mad cause your clique's shit is homo, the Mobb stay  
real  
You steady playing the field  
Nigga you sideline rhyme  
Customers complain they can't feel  
You cooked up a half-ass meal  
It's time for me to catch burn on the wheels of steel  
My shit fills, the appetite of the populace  
We could do it via satellites and such  
And show the world how that ass get bust  
Ever since a little youth, I had this lust  
to pick up the motherfucking pen and just rush  
like morphine beats, through the wires of the EPS plus  
you get penalized, for trying to rock with the utmost  
Get branded, for being weak the most, now be ghost  
The fuck outta here, with that bullshit you trying to  
share  
with the planet, you need to be shot rapping  
I got sickle cell I feel the pain all year, what's  
happening  
Fake thug wanna front like they contracting  
Numbers on my head, Dunn please, I'm here waiting  
You can't touch me, there's no fake love amongst me  
There's no fake niggaz that's run with me

Somebody gave y'all the wrong info, I ain't the Kiko  
You nympho, put me on to where you breathe at  
You 'sposed to taught that bitch much better than that  
I dwell, where the rest of my vets is at  
From, some to 'Ville to BX and back  
to the lab and the dungeon  
My house of representatives stay starving, beats  
thumping  
We unholy, cause there ain't a part missing  
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper  
Fucker.....(echoes)....Fucker....

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