

Royal Fam "Mic Ammo"

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[movie sample]

You picked the wrong night to talk shit
'cuz tonight I'm a nigga wit nothin' to lose
I'm a very dangerous type of nigga' to fuck wit!

[Dreddy Kruger]

My Clan is thick like plaster
Bust ya, slash ya, Dutch Master rapper
White cracker slapper, twist darts like Cappa
When I smoke trees, before and after
Supreme rapper, jaw tapper
Track by True Mast' and John The Baptist, bitch
Nuttin' but classic hits from Miami to Bushwick
My voice alone attracts mothafuckas in masses
Fat asses with glasses, 85% of you hot dogs sound like
asses
You're soft like ashes, lookin' funny like rashes

[Timbo King]

I'm like straight up Oak, y'all niggas just plain panel
Guns from El Salvador, ask Mic Ammo
Crossfire, bullets ricochet horizontal
Brooklyn Bridge/Verrazano, niggas know the motto
So follow the path, acknowledge the craft
Swallowed a whole bottle of math since biology glass
Grand archery, bow and arrow split your grand larceny
Apple on the head, Robin Hood's robbin' goods
In these wild lands, a Desert Eagle in a child's hand
Your style's bland, my styles blend earth, wind, fire,
water
You never know, my son might fuck Mariah's daughter
Ill visions of victory without a battle
Breeze through tracks like cold winds throughout
Seattle
Sound travels through fiber-optics under gravel
Dominate it's 360 and it try to handle
Niggas try to handle

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