

Squad Def

"Countdown"

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featuring Jamal PMD

[Erick Sermon]

For she's perhaps quite clever

On the mic I'm Wizard call me Chris Webber

Scary wise I'm way past terror

I make like Jay Z then Roc a Fella

Rock 'em out the club

Then buy 'em a bottle of champagne

From the bar compliments of E Dub

I be the one to cause the confusion

Twist your mind to pieces

Make ya think I'm losin'

Yeah niggaz try to provoke me

But I'm a tower god

So, there ain't no hope

Bitches like dope E

So, I resume, If they step

I Buck-a-Shot like I'm Black Moon

Let me ask you's, Y'all Feel That like Erykah

Control the states and make a Def America

My styles legit, peep the steez a bit

It's official, like a licensed .45 pistol

Word to the Preacher's Wife

I got the power to annoy ya

And keep them shiesty folks on point

I'm the butler, servin' MC's

Because I love to

N-O, quote, You're a Customer

[Redman]

I put you in your right mind and frame

I de-rail tracks and rappers like Doc designed the train

All aboard with the Def Squad, if you can hang

My name be precise range, when I aim, I flame

Fuck a gun, when I was twelve, I was bustin' 'em

Young, just wanna have fun, like little Just' and 'em

But, Doc never trusted them hoes, double crossed me

Foes, I take it to the nigga, started you hustlin'

Whether it be weed, dope or coke

My athlete flow make Doc show, soak his toes

Make niggaz bow down, when I'm drunk off Gold Crown

Pull out the pound, bust off my ro-ro-ro-round

Jump out a tree, land on your neck

From the moment you start pumpin' Redman in your
deck

You be like damn, that's what I ride for

If I apply more pressure, it'll snow on July fourth

Son spark the spliff, bark the fifth

The tracks make acrobats lose their arch and shit

If you came to brawl, we love to get involved

My squad lickin' hard for all white people to jawl

[Chorus x2: PMD]

MC's it's the final countdown

You look tired can you go the round

If you can, I'll slap your hands and give you credit

If not, I'll turn around and say forget it

[Keith Murray]

Yeah, nobody rock harder than this

Closed jaw, stoned face, mic extremist

And, I doubt it

You could kiss my ass and make a love song about it

Cause, I'm 'bout it and their livin' without it

Yeah, wantin' to battle with me, as hard as it gets

Get niggaz in jail watchin' Soul Train

Turn off the TV, lyrical vet

Flippin' twenty-six letters of the alphabet

You talk shit, you deserve what you get

I'm heart-throb, leave you dead as a door-knob

Not a hip-hop cop and not down with the Mobb

Capable of handlin' multiple responsibilities

Simultaneously, with communication capabilities

From high-class to mid-class to low and greedy

I will instantaneously bust an MC

The non-forgetter, hit you with the one hitter, quitter

And make you exercise your shit up, nigga

[Jamal]

These niggaz is ridin' dick like rodeo, their homos

Who wanna toe-to-toe, fuck the studio flow

Def Squad click, a thug nigga, chug a lot of liquor

.45 slug sender, half spreader, cash getter

Represent for the real gangsters and drug dealers

Know half your little rap and I'm cappin' and slappin'
niggaz

Same niggaz takin' this squad shit for a joke

Pull the pistol 'bout to smoke, they choke, blood spill at
the pope

Their cowards, gettin' rained on like a shower

Live form NYC, E, Red keepin' me, Mally G

Master the ceremonial, off the meat rack

Call you weak, keep gats, pandemonium

Phony tough Tony ones, we dip dip die in the place

House, that was some hardcore rap

Realer than black, black baseball bats and black gats

'Bout to black out on all you wack cats

[Chorus x2: PMD]

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