

Squad Def

"No Guest List"

Visit "[No Guest List](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Keith Murray]

Yo hey yo I step out the shell like a black pearl

But come to destroy you of all worlds

I eat you inside out like stress

The best I never lose a rhyme contest

While troublesome black rolls flows

Bleed internal external like a bloody nose

Props grow like crops

Desert boot Clarks wit no socks

Parking space killer stay out my lot

You hear my voice you see my face you know my name

I take it out your ass and charge it to the game

I battle with words, go to war with ideas

You defeat me never in a million years

The factor of the rapture

Is that you either get killed, wound, or captured

They shoot you up so bad til the end you fought

But then you got caught up in my final thought

Nigga

Miss Thing, there is no guest list tonight (sampled)

[Redman]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

I get on the mic like badoobedut kick roundhouse

You the tightest motha fucka let me find out

When I pull mines out

I could gaffle Mr. Keebler for all his Chips Ahoy out the
chalk Town House

Give you static like your mixer got the ground out

Hug you wit my hands in your grandmas pouch

Im down south wit Outkast wit pounds out

Wicked enough to throw the gun in James Bond mouth

You know E and Keith when we brawl

I be in more hoods than that big fork and spoon on your
kitchen wall

And overall, on yall a protocol

My style is Kabal, finish him

For the Benjamins

Fools call me the Grinch

Cause I punch you in your face Christmas on two fifth

While the cops watch the Jamaican hide pot

When I stomp I leave the shoe size of Sasquatch

Miss Thing there is no guest list tonight

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, yo

Its E the assassin ANTONIO BANDERAS

Catch a few of my enemies by the bodegas

So face it, some of yall should go back to basics

Before the prom, before Sissy Spacik

Reevaluate whats right for you

From the start or was it something you wanted to do
fucker

I dig a hole so deep you cant return

And hear about the episode on Howard Stern

Im born wit heart I blast ya

Hit ya wit the fishing deep water and take your yacht
master

Playing me one time thats unforgivin

I got a body one count and we aint bullshittin

We be thick in the mix, milk wit Quik

In the business I work every circuit

Im bigger, better, and deafer

So however, wherever, whenever, heffer

Miss Thing there is no guest list tonight (4x

Visit [Squad Def](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.