

Tom Johnston

"Nighttime Vultures"

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Verse One: Havoc and Prodigy

Yo I rose early mornin, spread my wings yawnin
Vague memory of last night now it's all dawnin
Look down and see dry blood all on my garment
It stained all my Guess farmer's, colored enormous
I hopped up, outta my bed holdin my head
Flashbacks of gun shots shot past my head
I can recall an eight man brawl three men fall
Bullets flew I had to drug my man behind a wall
Left a wet trail, delivered these slugs like air mail
Directly at the cat that made my man blood spill
An eye for an eye you know my science of life
Is you man or mice thugs or the cowardly type
I kick the 98 shit for your ears to list
Nigga P where you headed it's time to pass kids
[what's the kids be doin' yo]
Kickin' rhymes that's true lies
Let me break 'em down to size minimize they air air
time
After this you never will go back to that which
Sit back an' write half ass shit
The last official takin out the artificial
Let me relieve you replace that shit with some lethal
Mobb, remember the name it's been along
That nigga's shook to death from the first fuckin song
Fluidly my mind flooded with jewels infinite
The kinda rap bandits in attics stuck on some live shit
Bear witness to this diligent street cat
I carry myself hold myself down in fact
This one dedicated to my niggaz on run
Holdin big gats go for your gun
Prepare to crush them we trust none
Man who ain't down with the clan
The Mobb dynasty apparantly you thought I was some
other type
Nigga you could fuck with you shit outta luck
Boss I break your compass throw you way off course
We buildin from ground up startin from ground zero
Mafia on da see the name upon the mirror
Durable physically fit raps articulate

You get your whole skeleton cracked somethin
ridiculous
Still facinated by my ste
Little P wanna be me, huh you no D

Chorus: Prodigy

One time son you know we be the illest in this
Push the shit back, QBC gat, plottin to move back
The big mouth cat ship'll sink to the bottom
Easily overthrowin niggaz, rollin over niggaz

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Yo crushed grills, dollar bills, swiss suit on
Screw on drysell nigga with his loot on
Watch this, gun glock less, fiends scopin out my rock
shit
Diamond on some H&R Block shit
Hear me, gets Larry and his sneakers are shot
Word to me Dunn, the uniform do mean a lot
I approach lit up cousin sit up matter of fact get up
What fuss on the bottom face slit up
Yeah where you from I'm from here
You know Brina and Javier, and Little Life doin thirty
years
Analyzin this wise guy a look alike first prize guy
Lit up the thai said riiiiight!
Emotionally playin him close like I'm supposed to be
Somethin spoke to me, it was this little nigga pokin me
I heard sirens now turn around about to hit em
Son was pro nine with the emblem
Grabbed my goose down the walkie-talkie
Foul I'm loose now shot went off knocked the juice
down
It ricocheted and hit a GS now here comes EMS, Dunn
was leanin near a ZX
Next time shit's parental, God slap fire out yer mental
Jet in a boat with rims to mental

Chorus 2X

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