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Basket Case "Connections"

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[Mr. Q]

Yeah, yeah. Check it out. Yo, yo, yo

[CHORUS: Mr. Q]
It's the connection

It's the connection

It's the connection

It's the connect son

It's the connection

It's the connection

It's the connection

It's the connect son

Mr. Q and Mikey Styles, shit is live

Yeah, yeah, yo

[Verse 1: Mr. Q]

So watch the story of a young thug

Niggas is busting

Niggas is trying to get they hand on our cheddar, but

whatever

Part of my mission, is to reach my destinatino

Son, you with me? Aight, then let's make it happen

Yo with this rap shit, I'm in it

I worry y'all niggas stick it and bring it

A lot of niggas talk about the next nigga

Is kyou real or are you faking jacks?

Y'all niggas ain't live

The whole way niggas is standing in the pair of fly ties

Niggas bringing the drama

My niggas Deeper than the Mobb

Bring the shit like you want it

You can't bust me

I'm like the holy son, the son of Jehovah

??? niggas puch your Range Rover

Put y'all to sleep

You try to creep after seeing niggas freed you

I'll leave you with a death wish

Your peoples miss you thinking you're alive

My niggas kick your ass for a ride

Now you gone, dead

These niggas took your head

Instead of fucking with us you better get with us
And be the last nigga thinking that you got through
And defeat you, you feel offended, then money bring it
I take no shorts, I leave you niggas on a crusty cross
While your priest bother calling

Has a sly trade of where my crew is from

The heart of Bushwick

I bring it back to Allah

'Cause niggas make you cry if you front on some

But still you fronted

Now you bump heads with real niggas

You don't want it

But yo, you got disrespected

Hit you on the spot, must respect it

You got rejected

That's what you get when you fuck with rap

With the real niggas

Nigga you get his cap peeled, shit is real son

Yeah, yeah, yo, yo

Thug bust a slug

Niggas don't give a fuck son

If ya want it, then you bring it

Yo, yo

Thug bust a slug

Niggas don't give a fuck son

If ya want it, then you bring it

[Verse 2: Mikey Styles]

Welcome, on the East side of things

We 'bout the dookie links, diamond rings and things

Head come around, try throw foul swings

Back stabbing enemies, claim defending

Never shake hands with a crooked wanna be

Only real niggas feel the true energy

So feel the vibe nigga

Hit ya kind of red

Represent yours, time to make this shit shine

'Cause rappers that be looking from the side

Then they go and party to heads that's always live

Ain't fakers whose be down with us, because we bust

Criticize the rappers have had enough of what we say

Mad love to niggas who live what we say

East, West, North, South niggas all day

We gonna bust your ear drums

Call you dun, son

You know how we do

[CHORUS]

[Mr. Q] Mr. Q and Mikey Styles, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yo, yo young thug busting slugs

Niggas don't give a fuck
If ya want it son then bring it
Young thug busting slugs
Niggas don't give a fuck
If ya want it, then you bring it
[Mikey Styles]

Yo, yo

Let's take it to the streetside, the real side So don't move an inch, don't even flinch

Just grab you bag of money

Now it's time you represent

Ain't nothing changed, the crew is still snatching ends

I'm chilling, sipping Shon Dom's(sp?)

You know how we do

I get my buzz on

[Mr. Q]

It's the connect son

It's the connect son

It's the connect son

It's the connects

It's the connection

It's the connect son

It's the connect son

It's the connect son

Niggas know better not to run this nigga Q

My shit, is lyrical when I drop it on

This shit is ludicris, I plant them in tears

So a lot of niggas out there don't like my style dun

Fuck a man, I'm going underground

So listen to my sound

Word is bond son, niggas is dumb

Pass me the gun, fuck ya beef and ya speech

Come clean in every scene

Try to make it on my own

Dukes throw up, they say she try to lose me

I got crazy drama

Can count on my mama

I'm going insane, got fucking hoes in my brain

Trying to maintain, buy yo I still a fucking mess

I'm stressed, now I'm smoking cease

Reality got my mind, you know what I'm saying

It's the connection

Basket Case Connections (NY2MTL)

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