

Happy Head

"Eyes of the Underworld"

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Blocks want my soul, cops want me on parole
So they can watch and control
My activity livin in captivity
Still ain't free until I see the next nigga's liberty
Plan my death for me in your laboratory
Trapped in a laboratory, you faggots told me
My humanity, poverty eat my sanity
And you rap niggas sellin fantasies
I sell reality before you see it happen
Closed caption, solo mashin, askin no permission
So sickenin, load quickly or your soul's liftin
Or maybe fallin, shots left the coffin closed
Lord knows the holes left in his torso
It was more so his decision
Had to taste the street livin
Sold coke, deal antidotes to sow blocks up
So when five-o's spot us, no hot pursuit
We got the scoop, niggas couldn't move this speed
I think of strategies before I proceed
First things first, prepare for the worst
Is bound to come, fightin with niggas for crumbs
Greed never made a nigga think below me
I handle drug money, cops can't touch me
Friskin me, hopin they get lucky
Nothin on me, premeditated
Predicted the interrogation
Before they commenced to investigate
I know the celebrate when they catch us
Still niggas on stretches
Paramedics make a killin a ghetto
Channel my energy to a higher level
Feel the fires of the devil's hell
My caliber demands a federal cell
Behind bars still a threat, peep my bio on the internet
FBI can't intercept my network intelligence

The eyes of the underworld, what do I see?
Greed, injustice, corruption, tragedy
Ties to the underworld, what's expected of me?
Honor, trust, guts and loyalty

My knowledge is outlawed, it ain't hard to tell
With distribution I'm as infamous as a drug cartel
Ran by the CIA, need I say more?
I'm in the game like EA Sports
Harrisburg PA a force to be reckoned with
Penhead the specialist in this rap shit
I (?) hustle, give you trouble
It ain't simple to smuggle the truth in music
With the integrity of a revolution steady movin
Infusin capitalism in the gameplan
Fat dividends exchange hands
For the niggas that's incarcerated
For the injustice served in court rooms
And biased arbitrations
Code of silence (?) nation lie the questions
Swore to the killer's oath, pray that niggas know the
limit
Bein too curious could be dangerous and also fatal
If you saw a tornado, would you walk towards it?
Of course not, the streets is scorchin hot
Therefore my temperature's off the Richter
Don't fuck with malt liquor
Unless you willin to deal with the after effects
Which could be disastrous
Not takin heed was the catalyst of some tragic shit
God knows my heart and that's all that counts
Won't be satisfied till we all ballin out
Talkin 'bout large accounts, 8 zero status
Behind any number, baby, it doesn't matter
If you ain't cuttin edge you ain't a fuckin factor
Plus these buster-ass rappers is not the answer

Destined for greatness, forever we paper chasin
My team's players, so they'll never be player hatin
We're gettin bacon and gunshots is everyday shit
Shocked to see a man's hancock givin em statements
Snitches get stitches and these bitches get the Trojan
Don't tell em your business cause these bitches will shit
on ya
Keep dough rollin, foldin till it's swollen
Low key cat, no rap if I don't know ya
Punks got me strapped, relax showin composure
Young cats be blastin, you have to treat em like grown-
ups
Tryin to be high rollers, showin out for these hoes
Top dollar fo' do's ballin out of control
Hope you got your stash tucked for when your cover
gets blown
Black man can't have too much without the government
knowin
Just when you're rollin the pigs come for your head

Some give em what they owe em, others run for they
bed

My criminal empire divide me just like a lion's teeth
When we charge like (?) time to listen to Malcom's
speech

My demeanor keep it calm not sweet
When it's time to speak with action, then we talk with
heat

Don't get your body found washed up on a side of a
beach

My technique is like Gotti's, furniture made by the
mahagony tree

Thoughts is like a monster appearance
Don't know that it's the monster they breed
When I pull out I squeeze

Make sure don't give you an option to breathe
We heavily armed without the fatigues
Swore right hand (?) no need to go across seas
Bin Laden's on every street corner and Saddam's under
siege

When it comes to guns I got more arms than the
Scorpion King

Poison niggas with the torturous stings
See the business that the (?) bring, get charged to the
game

Q and [Name] is my two henchmen, I'm the boss of the
thing

Flossin a Beam, game the drawers right off your queen
They heard my flows on the street, that's how I popped
on the scene

Prosper move, ninja suit and packin my tool
Stick up dice games on the daily's how I copped me my
jewels

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