

Moxy Fruvous

"8 Iz Enuff"

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Yo

My crew is in the house

Terra, Herb McGruff, Buddah Bless

Big Twan, Killa Kam, Trooper J, and Mike Boogie

And I'ma set it like this

[VERSE 1: Big L]

Aiyo, folks who quote what I wrote get choked

You better surrender before you get smoked

You niggas be thinkin this kid is a joke?

I put chumps to rest fast, when my Smith-Wes' blast

So just dash or trespass and get your chest smashed

Rap New York rules, I sport jewels and extort crews

Don't get me pissed, I got a short fuse

I go bezerk when I put in work or do dirt, jerk

So stay alert, no smoke, cause these knuckles hurt

I'm from the alley, not the valley

I'm hotter than Cali, wicked like Harry

And fuck Sally, I rather marry Halle

I revive crowds with live styles

Don't hang with jive pals

Adios, ghost, I'm 5 thous'

[VERSE 2: Terra]

Well, I'm flav, and I was down with the crime wave

Now it's time saved, yo, cause now I'm a rhyme slave

In '87 I sold cracks, collected some dough stacks

Hold gats, a joker got his soul taxed

N.O. rated, rappers you no-made it

Tell the Terra to rotate it, his raps are gold-plated

This nigga Terra is past butter, sharp like a glass cutter

Ass brother, I leave your rhyme trash gutter

I'm more rare, the MC in this warfare

Put you in a morgue where it's too late for that Lord

prayer

Power struck, Terra drops the follow-up

Sour luck, niggas got and popped and swallow nuts

[VERSE 3: Herb McGruff]

For those that don't know, yo, I'm Herb McGruff

I'm on some murder stuff

And when I talk every word is ruff
Front on this and get beat bad
With big bats that bruise, break bones
Then wind up bloody in a bodybag
MC's are live, but I'm mad liver
Aiyo, my rhymes are more funky than a Afghan cab
driver
Step to this and get sliced with ease
Ate up like rice and peas
(Herb, can you fight?) Yo, I'm nice with these
Ask the nigga in my last bout
He thought I just was on some gun shit, I had to knock
his ass out
Microphones I gotta tear
Peace to Big L, straight from hell
I'm the fuck up outta here

[VERSE 4: Buddah Bless]

Aiyo, it's time to get drastic, but God bless the fantastic
Herb passed it, now I melt the mic like it's plastic
I rag crews cause I'm bad news
In a mad move I'm servin brothers quicker than fast
food
Step to this and get your body blown
Cause I'm a ?nomaticom? for poems I slide the hotties
home
Here's some advice, I'm mad nice
Aiyo, I'm quick to lick the mag twice
And cold take a fag's life
My swellin melon got niggas jealin
Aiyo, fuck bribes, I'm takin niggas lives like a felon

[VERSE 5: Big Twan]

Yo, I bust chumps like a glock 10, when I drops in
The top ten is rocked when it's locked in
I just abuse the flow, don't need a fuse to blow
Bruise the groove slow, when I rhyme I just kill the show
I got lines that's deeper than a jail
Been no frail, kids get nailed and read braille when
they fail
Yeah, ain't I nasty, too nasty to trash me
Bash me, aiyo, that's dead, so don't ask me
You'd get bumped off if beef ever jumped off
I never come soft, I gotta pump that sawed-off
And when I let slugs out, you will get rugged out
For dissin, you come up missin like a cup scout

[VERSE 6: Killa Kam]

Rappers be funny like flesh, cause they section's 80
slaughter, son
Talk about nines and teecs, and never shot a watergun

But Killa Kam, I get erratic when it comes to static
There you have it, a trigger fanatic with a automatic
Increase the peace that cease cause once I release
My crew from the east, we leavin at least
20 police deceased, it's the beast on attack
So make tracks, I break backs
I jack with def gats and black macs
On Lennox Ave. ain't no light looks, you fight crooks
Left and right hooks, if you front, get your life took

[VERSE 7: Trooper]

I'm havin nail-sharp pains in my brain like a hellraiser
I'm blazin trails from jail cells, so a trailblazer
Who find crime and fill the nine with nothin but lead
Boom-bye-bye, dem find another batty bwoy dead
In backyard alleys, but I call em crackyard valleys
And I pack more rallys than riots back in Cali
And people wanna know the reason why I blow my fuse
I'm in a daze and I'm so confused
>From seein heads shake so many times the lead
make
And Mike Boogie's next up, and keep my head straight

[VERSE 8: Mike Boogie]

I should never rhyme cause every time I step into a
contest
Kids evacuate the premises like it's a bomb threat
Cause they know when I start droppin poems
That I be knockin domes, poppin bones and sendin
niggas hoppin home
Word to God, it's kinda hard for a fag to touch this
So if you're comin to see me, nigga, bring a cask' and
crutches
And niggas, I dont' need a gun for you, none of you
Cause I can kill you dead with the lead from my No. 2
And it's death in every paragraph
And niggas learn when I burn they muthafuckin ass to
ash
No need to question am I nice, cause it's a fact, friend
I shoot the gift like Santa Clause with a Mac-10
And niggas ain't half as nice, so they get sacrificed
And sent to the afterlife, they ain't no match for Mike
Now I'm bout to skate in a rush, just finished makin it
tough
Peace to Big L, aiyo, 8 is enough

True, true
And before I get up outta here
I gotta say peace to D-Whiz and Short Man
Brothers that was there since the beginning
What's up to Rockin' Wheel from the Hard Pack Crew

Peace to Mase Murder and the B.B.O. Crew
The Best Out Crew, the M&M Crew
And all the other crews that's representin in Harlem
You know what I'm sayin?
And last but not least
I gotta say peace to the 139th Street NFL Crew
My crew
Word up

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