

## Side Effect "Knockatomi Plaza"

Visit "[Knockatomi Plaza](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Side Effect]

Man, you got cats that you know do a lil of this  
Got cats that do that, but this is how we do it  
Side Effect, Stress, Snowgoons, let's go, yo

[Chorus: Side Effect]

They all come and go, I seen it all befo  
They tell you what they heard, I'll tell you what I know  
Just from my swagga, you can tell I ain't no phony  
rapper  
Watch me tear this bitch down-Knockatomi Plaza  
They all come and go, I seen it all befo  
The difference is they tell you what they heard, I'll tell  
you what I know  
Just from my swagga, you can tell I ain't no phony  
rapper  
Side Effect and Snowgoons, Knockatomi Plaza

[Side Effect:]

Yeah, I smoked a lil bit back when I was jobless  
Popped in a listerine strip and passed the swab test  
Pitiful, hypocritical, some say  
Strip club on Saturday night, Church on Sunday  
Philly murder rate is off the hook, it's so nuts  
Youngbuls poppin' cops up in the Dunking Donuts  
I used to go in there and not expect to see blood  
Meagan use to work in there she hooked me with free  
grub  
In my alley I hear people bust their gat off  
My street is littered with trash and Lotto scratch-off's  
No winners, all losers  
I'm even playin', prayin', for the day that I can go and  
call up the movers  
Yo, my cousin got caught, hustlin' by the FEDS  
It's a different 'tween quittin' and quittin' while you  
ahead  
New Jacks tryin' to do the same things  
Nino done Philly the City of Gangstaz  
Just wait till the Casino's come

[Chorus: Side Effect]

[Side Effect:]

Yo, I'm from Philly, the City that's so gritty and raw  
Where before we say our name we always say the word  
"bul"

This the bul Side Effect, sharp as a knife always stickin'  
out

With over 30 years of real life shit to spit about  
Whole truth and nothin' but the truth, you can't deny  
me

Even if you neva met me you would still recognize me  
Cause I'm so real, emotional rap that you can feel  
I hug the mic the same way B.B. King hugged Lucille  
Bare with me, I'm a work in progress

None the less I got my knee up ya neck and I won't let  
up the pressure

Cause soon you gon' realize, you need me, no avoidin'  
Cause the cure for the snake bite is made from the  
poison

Spit venom over tight loops and terrorize it  
That'll make you turn ya mic booth into a prayer closet  
Realize I'm a marketing genius with this rap shit  
I sell the same products I just know how to re-package  
it

[Chorus: Side Effect]

[Side Effect:]

Ayo my name rang Liberty bells in every hood  
From Philly I write street literature like Teri Woods  
This is Terrence Wood, no relation  
Watch the company I keep cause of association  
Brings on participation  
Rhymes I spit receive full paid scholarships  
To the most prestigious Black Universities  
Majoring in Mic Circuitry and Emcee Surgery  
Heard of me being taken out verbally that's absurdity  
Seth Brundle flow, always on that fly shit  
Me and mics we like dogs and fire hydrants  
Attractions un-avoidable; it's definitely a sight to see  
I've met a lot of mean rappers none of them is nice as  
me

I will sign you, neva release you  
Bind you to a contract, make you regret you eva tried  
to...

Rhyme in the first place, you bore us  
Your wack ass verses are just devices used to space  
out your chorus

[Chorus: Side Effect]

