

## No Authority

### "Some Shit"

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"Yo, this shit right here, is some shit, some serious shit"

[Canibus]

Yo, the fact that I'm down wit Def Squad's hard to determine

Till you see me hoppin out the Coupe wit E Sermon  
Or hoppin out the Keith Murray Suburban  
Or hoppin out the Lex Land wit Redman, wildin and cursin

My thought process is mysterious like the Lochness  
My furious mindset is complex

Killin shit like a carnivorous militant prehistoric monster

Comin to stomp all over you hip-hop conference

Landed in an Unidentified Flying Object

Turn you into an unidentified frying carcass

The smell of raw flesh make you nauseous

Acidest arsonist, burnin your bones to carbon and phosphorus

My metaphors sting like after haircuts when

The alcohol is applied to the raw skin

So whoever wanna battle get blasted

Get your teeth enamel shattered, shitted on like Pampers

You had a bad bitch, I left the back twist

I stuck my dick in everything from asshole to the nasal passage

Dug her out all day, then changed my sperm DNA

Now she got nobody to blame

I been spittin raw, what the fuck you think I'm livin for

Throw me in jail, I'll do a prison tour

For wannabe hard niggaz, insecure niggaz

Wit they heads to big for they neck to support niggaz

Three in the Squad plus me equal four members

An extra addition for any special force mission

Man listen

[Erick Sermon]

Ain't these niggaz on some shit

Keith Murray, Canibus ain't no stoppin it uhh

[Keith Murray]

Let me draw a brief description of what happened  
I was rappin, niggaz got the scrappin, guns got the  
clappin  
Three-fifty-seven degrees I was separated  
Have bullets deflected metal, bodies decapitated  
GUSH!! a nigga got struck as I look  
I caught the next guy runnin by wit the metal hook  
(BOO-AHH!!)  
Blew his back open, blood gushed on my face  
A bitch fainted cuz she seen I enjoyed the taste  
The case is that I split your melon  
And feed it to the jigga-boos wit fried chicken wings  
I'm wildin for Long Island, I turned and took Charles  
Ferguson  
And open fire on any trains now  
You may never know who's in your shadow  
You punk ass niggaz just best stay shallow  
And hollow, if you wanna live to see tomorrow  
Cuz ain't no sun comin out tomorrow  
Yo, I might do something y'all niggaz might regret like  
Blast you in your face and disregard your vest  
I'm pissin and dissin off of recognition and niggaz to  
listen  
Just to let you pussies know how I'm livin  
Cuz I Return like the Jedi, wit my dead eye  
Leave niggaz to die, peace to niggaz up in Bed-Stuy  
Oh-ah, this that type of shit that make them niggaz  
wanna wet it  
Word up, got me ready to set it

[Deja Vu]

Seems I steps wit aggression  
To any bitch who think they nice in this profession  
What? what you think your wrecking?  
I break your stlye down to little fragments  
The pain is permanent, so spare yourself the  
embarassment  
Buck-fifty 'cross the face  
Followed by knife wounds to the chest for you attempt  
to retaliate  
I noticed all you bitches flows is based around clothes  
But Deja Vu got something for you stankin hoes  
Studio gangsta bitches I diminish ideas of bringin beef  
Before the thought even finishes  
I wanna see red, blood from a chicken head  
'For I wild the FUCK OUT like the Grateful Dead HA  
This wild style must run in my genes  
Because my sister's in the county  
And my brother just came home from Green

I strike like the black widow, through the underground  
radio  
?Kitto? and still stack dirty ditto

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