

**Bettina Wegner****"The Corn"**

Visit "[The Corn](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Bloodshed]

Yeah, yeah Bloodshed  
My nigga Mase Murder, the deal  
Big L, Killa Cam  
Let 'em know where you been Killa

[Cam'Ron]

I went to Texas people, caught wreck with people  
Who had injection infected needles, some terrorist  
people  
Baby burst the desert eagles, killa slices  
Cold as the icisis, one of the trifest  
Hypest to shiestest y'all run like mices in a crisis  
Y'all never hear nobody did me in  
I be in Lebanon with Libyans, now it's just Caribbean  
I blow fucking tally on, cause I got money pals on tours  
Selling big thousand on crack, smack and Tylenol  
All I got's the crack option, 031's what I wrap boxing  
In '89 when I was slap boxing, now I box on padlocking  
And gat cocking and gat poppin', doing drive bys out  
the black drops  
I ain't little but vicious, guns no misses  
You feel me, kisses or wishes, before I break you up  
like dishes  
Fuck your bosses, my forces, it tosses  
To kill all your sources you niiggaz best be cautious  
No losses my fortress, is Jaguars and Porsches  
Ride the OTB to check my money on the horses  
My horrors is flawless, my block one of the broadest  
Off the main attraction on the mighty ass chorus  
That I tosses, it scorches, with out no remorse  
Leave their bloody body to be counted in Mount Morris  
Harlem leave you scoreless, I shoot your bitch and  
leave you broad less  
So if you want we can start the static like a cordless

[Mase]

I'm only getting what I'm bless with  
All that good and Guess shit, connected  
With kis, caught the country out respected  
Leave stake, while in each state, in my peep's waist

D's while they ducking these, trying to keep Mase  
Good fiend a police take, only seen my D's face  
I'm running from some beings with a million in my  
briefcase  
Navigate, passed the state, with half a cake  
Let's placalate, my continents in any placid lake  
Blast holes for Gs, and G's is what my chest holds  
So much ice on my neck, I might catch a chest cold  
Vexed are varyin', I'm known to scare vary' man  
When I bring beef niggaz like be vegetarians  
Take them opium, when the glock hits the pen  
He better watch out his peephole, my people come to  
see him  
Fuck the drama, all my niggaz bring that on the reg  
And infra-red beam is on your head, by time you see it  
y'all be dead

[Bloodshed]

I run with +Wildcats+ like +Villanova+  
Y'all smoke crack and kill Jehovah  
Before you bump into this villain sober  
Causing the controversy that niggaz be illing over  
To have the children who be killin, in your building killin  
My skills is trife as hitting scriptures from Hitler  
And if I'm out to get ya give ya mom a picture  
Cause she'll miss ya, I roll with sniffers that annihilate  
So if you try to violate, I have 'em under pressure like a  
trail date  
Even if you tried you couldn't get with it  
That last nigga that tried was crucified with his shit  
splitted  
I pull the plug so all the chest get going  
Cause my tech be blowing  
So hard it leaves vest and large intestines showing  
God I peeped you, go ahead and try to set it  
But don't act speedy, or get beat, cause I can't stand it  
like a diabetic  
Peace to hustlas, with integaras and cellular  
And 1-80 scars across their jaws and their jugulars

Visit [Bettina Wegner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.