

Chris Howland**"Friday"**

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Who dat?, what?,
There they go, there they go
There they go
The same motherfuckers,
You know nigga it's fuckin' Friday
We doin' it like last Friday
(Niggas ain't got shit to do)
(So we gon' get fucked up)
Who dat?

[Verse 1]

Bert and Hussein, back to back now that's flammable
Smokin' ya brain, attack the track like we some animals
Mechanical, live wire jaw, rap cannibals
Fire force survive behind bars, like we unhurttable
Swervin' through Jerz emerge and serve you don't
deserve to pull,
Another breath of oxygen,
Has is known for oxin' 'em
Kool Kas' chrome be droppin' 'em,
Killa Kane be lockin' Philipane
Drip from a toxic tongue
Get done wid it,
Out of control like we begun wid it
Bricks explode, licked you out the show
That nigga Bump did it
I block, like Murdock, army fatigued and,
Bout to store blocks an' Fort Knox ya minor league shit
Breathe this, ballistic, shell like Khadafi
Bringin' the blizzards when I make bail you can't stop
me,
In jail all that I can see provoking hell,
Chokin' at a third rail velocity
Obviously ya men have, been barkin' up the wrong tree
Microphone strong deep bomb first
Ya mind burst within a rhyme verse
Dirty Bert rehearse the worse of me,
The black clip's burnin' me
The cat who act fraternity
The landscape's redded,
Fuck it ya man said it

Ya shoulda never let it escape
We won't wet it,
Squeezing, leavin holes in ya crew,
Maestro can stand through,
When I pass the Mac to Rock that nigga brand you
When I pass the Mac to Rock that nigga brand you

[Hook]

Ten out of ten
No ya chance is a ninth
We do jail wid no bail
Losin' half of our life
Livin' the life of the poor
Losin' sight in the war
You can slice it down precise
Shit's trife around the board

[Verse 2]

We in this thing together
Tryna build the same cheddar
It's strange sometimes I think paranoid clutchin' my
waist
A fake couldn't relate to,
Drugs and honeys,
My hugs are funny
And thugs blow slugs for the money
Gunshots, mobbin' up quiet late nights
Walkin' down New, you betta think twice
This shit ain't right,
It's all wrong,
NARC's we slide on
It ain't safe season
Say it's strength in numbers
We rolled the whole precinct
Rev the whip up,
We live '98 stick-ups
Loadin' clips up
That flimsy ass vest we rip up
New Jerz, come check us
But don't test us
Oppose, we throw holes in ya Lexus
Act whatever, clap whatever
When we clap we clap together
Leavin' you cats on the stretcher
O.N.S. and the Embassy,
Outlawz and Pentagon
If it ain't that,
It ain't shit to me
It ain't shit to me

Hook

[Verse 3]

Fake lies, close ya eyes,
Nigga die in the dark
You little hip hop cop,
Playin' spy in the park
We turn schemes to cream
Cause we fiend for green
Wid the cops and streets watchin'
Ain't no need to dream
Codine my team,
Full beam on ya knotty
Killuminati to ya body
Got mooned wid the shotti
Getto star you for Amaru,
Yak see you tomorrow,
I know you here,
These other niggas be like where are you?
The Henny'll start you,
Dirty ever semi I borrow,
No confrontation or quarrel
I can't shake up or startle
The time taker
Tying 'em up like Ron Baker
Here to shake and break 'em down
Like the LA Lakers
I see through 'em
Ain't no tellin' what I'ma bout to leave through 'em
While he lay there I stay there
While the paramedics'll breathe through him
Squeeze through him,
Put the E to him, hit 'em up
He gon' lay there shakin' waitin' for y'all to pick him up
Ya outta there,
Quick as you squeal, I'll appeal
It's kill or be killed,
In this world of free steel
Every crew's a game,
Wearin' blues is strange
From how you move you'll be named
For what you doin' who you claim
You might, think it's a game
From bein' critically acclaimed
A war winner for pitiful game
Fuck wid Hussein

[Verse 4]

From cops got our feet tired
Everybody split up anybody get caught
Son just keep quiet,
These C's watchin' me,

Two CDS' of armed robbery
Terroristic bread and possession of stolen property,
Keep to myself that's how I got to be, cats acknowledge
me,
For the simple fact I live everyday of the week
periodically
Premeditated robberies, how could you possibly
Mistake Imperial S for a mental or methology
I'm realer than the cats that shot at me
I think I'll probably, ride by and let 'em sample the
varieties,
My hollow ain't easy to swallow,
Like them five dollar bottles,
Kill or be killed's my motto,
I do it cause I got to,
I'ma, straight up commodity
I thug in this society
On the side ah me's my niggas that'll die for me
Would you ride for me?, or get rode on?
Been in this game so long
I kick slick shit in every sentence
Y'all have to grow on,
Throughout my hard times my vision was blind
Hustlin' dimes fake niggas wanna beef wid me
I ain't puttin' it in my rhymes
You ain't worth it,
Wid out contact I catch perfect,
Had the heart in front of the crowd
But in your eyes you nervous,
Now start chirpin',
The .38 special start squirtin'
Leave two holes in ya shirt
And put you on the side street hurtin',
Now that's for talkin' out ya person,
(Muthafuckaz)
Fuckaz

[Outro]

Fatal Hussein, Fatal Hussein
Ayyo, (recognise)
Tell somebody come get me
(O.N.S., Outlaw)
If not I'll be home in like 5
Hahahhahha
Motherfuckin' Friday
(Tick like time)
For all y'all niggas that wanna fuck wit me
Before my shit come out,
It's about to drop too bitch,
(Y'all don't know O.N.S nasty new)
Hey Ric where the fuck the Henny at

Three hundred and sixty motherfuckin' three days in
the Waker
Ahaha, yo fuck that calender
I ain't for that shit.....
Yo A-rock man,
(Moddy Bang)
It's on for them niggas
(Killa Black)
Killa Black.....

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