

## **Pete Rock "Verbal Murder 2"**

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Yo, Terror Squad, Pete Rock collabo'  
From git-go, yo yo

Aiyyo it's such a shame  
All these dick riders tryin' to corrupt the game  
But what it bring, nuttin' but pain  
and one in your fuckin' brain

Ain't nuttin' changed since the album I'm still whylin'  
I'm still violent I've been waitin' for this moment  
like Phil Collins, for all my life I've been trifer than trifer  
Hyper than hype, when fightin' to fight  
It's like, tonight is the night

And I ain't even tryin' to let a nigga slide  
I've been dyin' to get a gat  
I dared to try now prepare to die  
I rush your crib like Jehovah's Witness, blow up any

Soldiers, infants, hold up, did you notice my heroic  
entrance?  
I'm so relentless in this field of rap, everything is real in  
fact  
Fully backed by bullies who be peelin' caps  
I sack the rapper like linebackers, play my rhyme  
backwards

You can hear the Devil  
Speak his mind with fine graphics  
Things get drastic, Express for my plastic  
I pack clips, between my nuts and my fat dick

Grab a hold 'cause you never heard a  
Verbal murder like this  
Cash comes before soul, so watch your shit  
Every cat wanna be enormous  
Plottin' on the next one  
Murder one

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Aiyyo my whole circle, make you feel it like the color  
purple  
My niggaz comin' through and still hurt you  
Wipe y'all Kleenex cats who stay full of germs  
We hit Fifth Ave, while y'all still hit Stern's

Don't really care 'bout y'all, really hear 'bout y'all  
Yo on our side we do our thing, play the cut  
Let the phone ring, Pete Rock connect team  
From M-V to L-C, my thugs straight thuggin' it  
Snatchin' niggaz out of the booth, unpluggin' it

Strange Fruit, my niggaz live to shoot  
Yo it's a strange thing, a nigga never had a suit  
Yo so bust what happen?, Remember the unknown's a  
clap-man  
Cat stackin', move out the hood that's in Manhattan

Got big headed, misleded, then dreaded  
Yo the beef deaded, his whole squad afraid to set it  
Yo I heard son, son is rockin' iceberg Dunn  
Got up out the hood, wouldn't believe that, this cat  
would

Head mad swollen, flamboyant this man golden  
Yo the Senator, crime sinister, John Dillinger  
Better respect my words or I'm the minister  
What?

Verbally I catch bodies  
Let's separate the men from the boys, guru  
Verbal attack, Cappadon  
Big Pun, Punisher, Noreaga, nore, Pete Rock  
Common Sense, com

Yo, we just begun the story, Com, Pun and Nore  
Look to the sun for glory as time runs before me  
I'm after the day of judgment I'm still before the  
Jury, explainin' why I was in a gun orgy

He was fuckin' wit me, I ain't no duckin' MC  
With the knowledge there's a little thug blood in me  
This stud bumped into me, beef it was fin' to be  
My appetite for destruction is finicky

He was an industry type, influenced by magazines and  
snipes

Rocked Adidas but he had no stripes  
I could tell in high school that he had no fights  
Hold dick better than he hold mics

He spiked his punchlines  
With current events, called for backup  
Like one time when he heard it was Sense  
That deliver words with intents to kill

Whether the hip-hop type, country rapper, or big wheel  
I peeled some raps back, that peeled his cap back  
Fucker thought I was Abstract  
Now his life is backtracked

In the center of the party  
His crew identified the body  
Left him signin' the wait-list sayin'  
"I can't take this fake shit"

Yo, Yo  
Big Pun, Noreaga  
Com Sense for the nine eight  
Get it straight

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