

## 3LW F/ Lil' Wayne "P.N.C"

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[Tek]

Grab a hold of your heart and visualize it's a kickin  
A hollow point slug comin outta black biscuit  
You ain't just from death, we round to the corner,  
comin quick  
We method outta minds and just don't give a shit  
God damn it, gun shots we bust from the clip  
Wicked bad boy, snatch the burner on my hip  
So feel ya hopes and get dead Mr. Buster  
Cuz we ain't got love for none of y'all muthafuckas  
Chief the black Bar Hard, to do a Rabbi  
You're too leary to live, but you not wan' die  
All these MC's wit they fancy names and games  
I know from the heart, that them not mean a thing  
Big up to all the real heads, wit the knuckle game  
Rest in peace to all my niggas that was murdered and  
slain

(talking)

[Steele]

All heads realize, recognize, Smif-N-Wessun on the  
rise  
You better recognize, I'm beamin each and every  
individual  
Who listen to that voice in ya head when it be kickin  
truth  
The heads that represent around the way  
Showin and provin, keepin it movin, until they break  
day  
Realize what's before ya eyes  
Then see if you see the same real as we  
When I say Smif-N-Wessun, this is what I mean  
Nothin alive, of rid dreams could never come between  
Original Klik, roll thru the thin  
And when shit got thick, we still manage to stick  
Doing crimes wit deceptagons, up inside of the times  
Help me at times, and keep our minds organize  
So our knees won't bend, for the enemy  
Tek and me, crime partners til the end

(talking)

[Steele]

From the heart of where it all started  
Bucktown, Boot Camp representin for all the dearly  
departed  
Next, we comin to speak to the real MC's  
Cuz the weak MC's, will win the breeze  
Smif-N-Wessun hold the remedy, runnin wit the Boot  
Camp  
On the search for the enemy  
And the crew happens to be amongst we  
Fuck this, we bring them to court and serve justice

[Tek]

See me and my Clik got a thing going on  
True to the game and the love makes us strong  
For every day trials and tribulations  
You try to stop us, get rocked by the nation  
See my forefront of soldiers, ready to blow ya  
Leave ya back broke and ya body slumped over  
The war is on and the stakes is gettin high  
You kill 'em on dead, if them shit where them lie  
It's the code of the streets, when you out wit ya peeps  
Bumpin on the beat, be on point for the sweeps  
Pigs, harass that ass for the drug cash  
Armageddeon soon come keep the gun stash  
But for the meanwhile, cess ease the stress  
Takin gun shots through the nose, through the chest  
Bless the sensee, that get me irie  
And all praises due to all mighty

(talking)

[Steele]

Before I go to bed, I take a L to the head  
Reminisce over words that was once said  
By my man, God rest his soul, I was told stand bold  
When under pressure, don't fold  
To my brother, my nigga Rambo, you know we love ya  
I wish ya was around, to see us rip through the  
underground  
Smif-N-Wessun dedicate this to my man Sean Grady,  
the R  
One love baby

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