

Frankie Cutlass

"You and You and You"

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Featuring June Lover Sadat X Redman]

Intro/Chorus:

You and you and you clap your hands

I want you and you and you to clap your hands I want

You and you and you clap your hands

I want you and you and you to clap your hands

Verse One: June Lover

Make a hole niggaz up comin through blastin

Who's reactin I would like to know where's the action?

Can I get a piece? If so point me out

To your livest MC, without a doubt

Hey I gets down for mine haven't you heard

Breakin niggaz off somethin real proper word

You can't see me, and as I appeared on the TV

Representin Stapleton's click known as GP

I'm bad news, rippin clowns in twos

Take a minute to adjust, pump the Reebok shoes

And I'm Swayze, leavin niggaz misty and hazy

Fuckin like a mad Russian from here to Haiti

Ladies, I keeps em locked down like bikes

Game uptight like a boricua in some bikers

Shorts I take none that's word to my mother
Reputations, really makes people wonder
Can I take em, shake em, one time
But I won't lose composure, freeze when I froze ya
Thirty-two below just-ice sacrifice
to the Gods of rap, true indeed infact
You couldn't handle, acrid pain of insane
thoughts of seven and a half ounces of brain
Wisdom gained nuff respect due to the righteous
Who be building in the ciphers, clap your motherfuckin
hands

Chorus

Verse Two: Sadat X

I got the soul of James, with the flames on the horn
I'm at Carnegie Hall, with a fist full of dollars
The heavy man sings while the caged bird hollers
From, lyrics to birds, guerilla tactics like the Serbs
The kid wanna be at the bar with the big boys
I'll serve that ass a glass, this should be a blast
I rhyme real fast, but I can still reach the mass
Oh you got some heads with that lime green grass?
Put it in the air, in war everything is fair
And violent off the hoarse, you don't file for divorce
On the grounds that I left a pound around in your crown
Now Rule rip, but also Boogie Down
I be the man on the stage like the man on the wax

The blue collar MC with the blue collar job

Walk around on the streets with my blue collar mob

Train wrecks couldn't cause more damage than a runaway X

Two-one-five line is up in your behind

I rock from one-oh-six, all the way to one-ten

Black puerto rican and dominican

I came to rock for all my people and my uptown fans,
c'mon

Chorus

Verse Three: Redman

I endeavor, clever, Funk Doctor brings the storm
weather

you ready or not it's time to set shop up

Lock up your doors while my metaphors make your
glock pop up

Chief unique Rocka, bitch knocka

Fuckin up the place with unseen extremes

Disaster that Freddy couldn't possibly imagine

Beatin down beats like BeatNuts bruise crews

Damage your conscience, totally fuckin your sleep up

I need that OJ Juice in my system

That make us income, of the victims

Freaky deaky, blow your Platoon to Twins with
Dangerous Minds

I'm the expert mic cord strangless

Bang the head like a car wreck collision

My reefer, thick like boricuas, I love hittin

The submission, go through thirty packs of rubbers

Frankie Cutlass, use the cutters, fuck ya

Demolish, leave most MC's jobless

Boxin, apple cobblers, at Roy Rogers

I make it happen, freeze Alaskans, with my
armaggedeon

Plus make Martin, get to steppin

What cha wanna do when I'm comin for you

Run through your fuckin crew like the flu, check it

Chorus

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