

Rampage "Talk of the Town"

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Rampage

Yeah motherfuckas is talk, bullshit Saddam
We hear that, we gotta take these niggas to war
I'm wit ya, Flipmode, check it out
Fuck the jacks

Rampage the talk of the town
The stalker of New York that fucks up the underground

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I split yo spleen, clean ya body with Listerine
Microphone fiend, Boy Scout on the winning team
All y'all niggas, yo we take all bets
Yo I'm killin brothers on the train like Bernard Yes
Yo I'm crazy, motherfuckas got me vexed
You some frontin ass nigga in your feet up blank
You need to take a back seat, before my crew brings a
heat
We can go man for man, or street to street
Yo I heard it thru the grapevine, you Rock Steady
(You just a butter knife, I'm a machete)
I co defend you, reck ya squad that defend you
Check the menu, 'cause I'm so far in you
I burn out ya conplex, or with the fuck
Here comes my body blow, here comes the uppercut
I got the rhymes that make you pull out ya guts
Flipmode Iz Da Squad nigga, hold ya nuts
96 To 2000, Boy Scout nigga what
Stickin the dick in the fat bitche's butt

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I marks the spot, My Flipmode niggas up in the dark
Back in the days, I used to spark in 181 park
I'm off the hook, you can see my whole outlook
I'm just another rugged Scout straight out from Brook
New York Ave is where I chill with baress
Representin mom dukes, gettin shit off my chest
Got the 4 pound, Desert Eagle, Smith and Wess
It's Boy Scout nigga, you know rockin wit the best
I'mma hold it down, a hundred dollars a pot
I won't stop, I drink it to ya very last drop
I smack you in the face with a bunch of banaid
Got so many styles, I fuck up you and your sensai
I'm So So Def, I'm bout to plan my escape
My Flipmode niggas, we like Planets of the Apes
I won't stop rockin till I get my platinum plate
My group is shuttin shit down like ATF and All State
I'm showin brothers it's my time to roll
Because I am so cold, cold, cold

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The twin tower, I got power to devour
A saba emcee that's so depth
Lyrical expert that fucks up your urban network
Rip off ya t-shirt and ya concert
You fade away like Son of Berzerk
Boy Scout's an outlaw, I tap ya jaw
Flipmode take 'em to war
I'm on fire, yo Saddam past the papaya
The stakes is high, I gag him with barbwire
He's a liar, bullets still rest up in his tire
It's up on Empire, he singin notes like Mariah
But what he don't know, Boy Scout is the illest
I'm on the scene like Bruce Willis

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Bling bling, ah ah

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