

Accusers Enemy

"Illicit Activity"

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[Eightball]

Eightball the Fat Mack came to freak a track with RSO
It's the illest realest nigga here to freak a funky flow
(Go in nigga) kick the do' in, the show begins
In the middle of the room when the boom infiltrates
In safes and all, stingin niggas mentally with the
melody
Committin hip-hop felonies
MC's fall in the dust when I bust like a canon
Pick em off at random, hand em
Animosity from the Mound by the pound or the kilo
I gotta drop it, Rhyme pick it up

[Tony Rhyme]

Yo, outta the cut comes that murderous MC straight
from Boston
Double-crossin niggas is how I'm livin
I be that brother that gets you open
No jokin, I blow more smoke than a burnin buildin
Dependin on how I'm feelin I go for self
And I'ma pop your shit if I have to
On the strenght of herb I straight up blast ya
And take your pockets after
Cause I'ma smoke this shit till I die
As long as I stay high I gots no worries
So I keeps my vision blurried
>From herb smoke, the minute I toke
I'm known to go for broke
I be the Microphone Wrecka
(Come) step into my sector

[Eightball]

The smoke has penetrated, now I'm illustratin with the
groove, see
I can move a crowd, and it takes a crowd to move me
Heavyweight, full-grown ballin walnut-packer
Fat-knacker, cheddar-stacker
Tickin like electriicty on hay
With the O.J.
In the D.P. flippin Lexi
Tennessee Rockin Shit On with Boston-ass niggas

Clicked it, respected, receivin love from mad niggas
Billboard signs couldn't define the lines I combine
One time for my folks 8000

[Tony Rhome]

Check it

My second side of me got beside itself
And decided wealth is what he had to get
And he got me trippin on some bullshit
He's lookin to stick this nigga
For two birds, and I've earned it
Got two Tec's under the bed
I'm puttin two inside his head
And I'm outta there, on my feet again
We are never to meet again
Till I'm payin for my sins
Now I'm rockin boardbed rims, '96 Benz
Head's bobbin as herb fills my shit up
Never caught doin pick-up's
I'ma fuck around and move my shit to Tennessee
And hook up with Eightball on some illicit activity

We got

Illicit

Too many muthafuckin

Activity

[Ray Benzino]

Surrounded by niggas that show no mercy on a day-to-day
In studio sessions with loaded guns, it be no other way
(Protected by dogs) they call themselves the real Doom
Dirty speakers omen while the smell of blunts fill the whole room
My niggas in the vocal booth been on my team a long time
Me and Tony rip when they rhyme
Don't try to come bangin with them niggas Eightball and Ray
You fuck around and you'll be hangin in the hallway

[MJG]

How many flavors can I kick within a compilation
It's best you come with some real shit, cause the flavor's taken
I'm breakin your ass up so damn nasty you can taste the real
The surgeon general got me strapped down with a safety seal
So don't you try to do the shit I do, or try to follow
The ride I took, because the ride I took was hard to

swallow

I had to do what I had to do, and I do what I have to
The shit that came with bein a man before I could be a
rapper

[E-Devious]

Yeah, it's the Mack Devil grippin steel
Then we build, cause I'm about to describe in chillin
detail
If they start it yo, my fury is methodical
You read the story, not my name in the article
He unloaded, re-loaded (exploded)
Macho bravado, young punk shit is quoted
(Fuck em) and the only suspect's a Mac-11
So get this big middle finger pointed toward heaven

[MJG]

When you step to MJG then (catch shit on my lip)
And ask yourself (I wonder why) because of the
funkiness that I flip
A mental strain to your brain, cause you can't see
through me
It'll take your team whole years of concerts before you
can even do that
Shit I be doin, trick, so back up off this pimp section
I got so much real shit to spit, my mouth got
indigestion
I'm leavin you guessin bout my future lyrical rhymin
twisters
And here's an is-not, MGJ gon' never fuck yo sisters
(goddamn, I miss her)

[Ray Benzino]

Yo, Mr. Benzino back up in this muthafucka once again
Representin these till my very end
That player MJG be flappin in this fuckin house
My crazy partner, co-defendant from the pumpin south
They puffin hay, I rides a lexus down in Tennessee
Suburban sittin low, in Texas sippin Hennessy
And when it's time for me to get my cash, I'm goin for
the kill
And I meet my niggas down in Nashville

[E-Devious]

Cause they keeps on inquiren about the criminal
Puttin it out there, but keepin it subliminal
It's minimal, my plan's too seminal
Plus I gets high off that gun smoke chemical
What's the remidal? i mean the remedy?
Ball and MJG, RSO legacy
It's Illicit Activity

Non-descript MC's get held up in captivity

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