

## Alis

### "Showdown"

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{\*sirens\*}

[Intro: Beretta 9 (Lord Superb)]

Aiyo, in the place to be  
Be B-E-R-E-Double T-A N-I-N-E  
Aiyo, check it  
(Aiyo yo yo aiyo yo yo  
Lord Superb up in this shit too)

[Beretta 9]

Aiyo check it  
We super-precede that that, recede that  
Might need that, take that bitch  
Won't give it back, no, time is of the essence  
Rap murder fashion on parking lot cypher  
When I go first, go last  
When I'm aimin' a, heatseeker projectile  
Missile, comin' off all MC's, X-File  
Mingle with the mangler, mic cord strangler  
Hangin' with B9 is like you better hang it up bitch  
Off the hitman, either dig it and dug, or get dug in  
Shot the club, got a snub in  
Dare one of ya'll come test this  
Check one out opponent, and the next on my list is..

[Interlude: Lord Superb]

Nobody, it's 'Perb, yo, yo  
Yo, I ain't wanna do it to ya'll but fuck it, yo

[Lord Superb]

Superb, I'm a muthafuckin' risk to rap  
Step in the game like, "this is rap?"  
I thought this shit was this and that  
This game ain't jack, I'm about to go plat  
This verse right here, I'm wreck this shit  
As for the album, I'mma perfect this shit  
In a class by myself, I ain't next to shit  
Had to get out the hood, them projects ain't shit  
Want an 8-series Benz, a Lex ain't shit  
And my one chain truck jewelry, ya'll necks ain't shit  
We could, spit it for mills or spit it for deals

When it's over, we gon' see who spit it for real  
I battle you for your bitch, we could battle for your  
moms  
I kill you with a rhyme I wrote with no arms  
If L.L.'s the G.O.A.T., Greatest of All Times  
I'm the G.O.A.S., Greatest on All Sides  
East side, West side, North side, South side  
I spit murder so much, my muthafuckin' mouth wide

[Beretta 9]

Brought my most in my heart, kid, don't fall victim  
Blood type 0, I got a rare condition  
Two beretta nine's in my aim's, so bitchin'  
Lick two shots, you caught two for flinchin'  
A bad muthafucka, stayed in detention  
A smart muthafucka, this is my invention  
I eat a sucka nigga, that's why I stay shittin'

[Hell Razah]

My level get higher every time you inchin'

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]

Crack the Gray Goose and roll the Dutches  
All my street hustlers, in the game and we ain't puppets  
Niggas hate it but the chicks love it  
Look at the ass rubbin, we go to clubs with the gat  
tucked in

[Hell Razah]

When I spaz I spaz, we in the days where it's Digital  
cash  
Leave artists with no vocal chords, like a giraffe  
Hydro bag, mixed with Morocco hash  
With a mind like Ramadan, I think too fast  
I burn through studio booths and fiber glass  
Slap a chick on the ass and make her pay for the tab  
Get the keys, roll the weed before we hopped in the Jag  
Ya'll junior varsity players can't get off the bench  
Hit a nza with this wrench and fulfill the suspense  
One flinch, I'm on point like a barbwire fence

[Chorus]

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