

Nachtgeschrei

"Uncut Cypher"

Visit "[Uncut Cypher](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Reek Da Villain]

Aye yo weak minded bitches fall victim because my
charm's strong jazzy pair of louis on my feet Chewy
Armstrong
Ma couldn't be my cheerleader with platinum pom-
poms she the type to misrepresent a king like Lebron's
mom
Beating on my chest with a crown King Kong Don
Langston Hughes I write a poem that do the Bible
psalms harm
These other rappers want problems then bring it on
umm this rapping beef is nothing my studio's in it's
long form and all cowards'll become victims of man
Keep a 5th of Remy and a stick of piff in my hand yeh
they fly but I'm a pilot that no one can understand plus
the way I go ham'll make a Muslim say damn
Hustle hard trips to Miami for three days so I can meet
with the connects and get the DWade run up in the
Gucci store and drop 3k you bum I could get your
whole outfit out of BJ's
Lyrical scientist leaving mics with psoriasis so it's
{bleeped} as Michael Myer's psychiatrist pyrics
suppliacist who being lying stiff when the iron spits I
come alone just me and one 9 Johnny {Unitis}
And let my bitch serenade through these slums and
blow so much loud I need a hearing aid for my lungs
And as far as metaphors rate this I was a snail 'til
haters threw salt on me and I dissolved into greatness

[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]

What goes around comes around like a hula hoop. Hair
weave killa I'll show up to your funeral
All this work I need a cubicle. Clear coat cuticle.
Different color diamonds like a rubrics cube
If this was New Edition, I'll be Bobby Brown. Put the
check over your head and call it Nike Town
How could I be down? Free Boosie, wipe me down. My
credit card is black and proud
I've been trapping since roxies had the ankles out. I'm
going to the money and I took the paper route
Uh Yeh, I'm hood approved and I'm street tested. You a

nobody; anorexic

If you stay next to me you're close to a blessing. So, I'm guessin' I could get arrested for aggravated flexin' with all this ice on. My mic on, I apply pressure like a python. And everybody know this that body flow; bench press, cardio. They try to cramp a nigga style like a Charlie horse

Yeh, they plot on you, and they drop on ya. I put a Glock to your eye and call it glaucoma

Bow! From 30 nights of sipping dirty Sprite. I call this shit Bluetooth because I don't need a mic. 2Chainz

[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]

I said please Steven hill don't even put me in the cypher
Cause only when I'll come when I get a lil hyper
You gon start seeing niggas get nervous with they're
shook ass

Ya! Ya! Ya! Cause I'm merciless with the whoop ass
Don't get shook now what you sliding for so when u
slide u'll get stuck like a nigga with slider doors b
I'm fuckin parking my coupe so I can run circles around
you niggas like I'm stiring a soup

Betta move out my way before you niggas get pushed
down

When these whack niggas spit you'll be hearing a
shush sound

Not shush! Cause we wanna hear you lil niggas on the
come up

But shush! Lil homie sshhhut the fuck up!

I see you niggas getting a lil more than transluseve

You know I come for blood like a nigga need a
transfusion

Visit [Nachtgeschrei](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.