

## **B-rocka**

### **"Incredible"**

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[Hook: DJ Premier cuts & scratches]

"I guess my time is here" "Suppress my fear I'm ready"

-> Krumb

"Boston, state of mind stay sick" -> Antonio Twice Thou  
(Made Men)

"Live rounds, five pounds of heat" -> Antonio Twice  
Thou (Made Men)

"Incredible"

"I guess my time is here" "Suppress my fear I'm ready"

-> Krumb

"I like to let my rhymes flow" -> PMD

"Ain't no doubt about it" -> Keith Murray

"Understand this?" "Word up"

[Verse One: Guru]

You pussy niggaz, we incredible

And don't push us, to put led in you

We 'bout to be them niggaz on top, instead of you

The Beantown beatdown, unbelievable, see now

Push ya dough up, we want more than some G's now

Watch us comin up in the fast lane, Henney'd up

Never worry 'bout beef, fire arms already tucked

What the fuck, niggaz been about to the Don

And give it up to Krumb, I live it up for my son

And you industry niggaz, you really lost it

First you slept on Boston, then you kept on flossin

Shouldn't do that, around us hungry niggaz

'Cause we the chosen godly warriors, tuffer than rugby  
niggaz

Live lovely niggaz

Although the time's is harsh, all my soldiers now it's  
time to march

All you punks, huh, you better find a heart

[Hook]

[Verse Two: Krumb Snatcha]

A child with a destiny, ain't no testin me

Mental menu, send you a recipe

Chef like Rae how I bake a track

Give the streets mo' yeast until the cake is back  
Stack to my own bakery, why niggaz hatin me  
Can't see this fake industry makin me  
Anti-flossin, poppin at the bar  
This is ashy-ass knuckles and razors in the jar  
Far from the norm, so they say son strange  
Temper so short, turn ya face to a gun range  
Switch it up, nice chain, lift it up  
Too much talk about juice, is y'all bitch or what  
Like vanity, shine with your rims and ice  
Until a hooded figure come through to dim ya lights  
Timbs and mics, all a nigga need  
Just to proceed, to make another rapper bleed, indeed

[Hook]

[Verse Three: Guru]

Sleep? Nah I wouldn't do that on no one  
Creep? That's what I like to do like a Shogun  
Load one, buck it, cold one as fuck it  
Colt two, loads of power U but let's not discuss it  
Babylon got us holdin on the tephlon  
We deaded some but we gon' spit, 'til all the rest gone  
Respect to your hood, I know the O.G.'s there  
Yo I dare when we fear none, play low-key here

[Verse Four: Krumb Snatcha]

Yo, me and the God expose frauds frontin hard  
The type wanna fight get jumped in the yard  
Any odds oppose, get the deadliest blows  
In the form of these toxic flows  
Pumpin the glock, send shots through your clothes  
Incredible game how we knock y'all hoes  
Stop all foes, deadin their tracks  
And since niggaz got mouth, give head to this gat, for  
real

[Hook]

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