

**B.G. F/ Keisha****"Power Rap"**

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[Prodigy]

Power raps inside my skull cap like a brick stack, the  
kid is back  
I told y'all niggaz ninety-eight list that  
Yo, ninety-nine I piss on rap  
Two thousand where your pistols at?  
Dunn, we be the men in black fatigue  
Thirty-thousand dollar chains that swing  
Yo catch me in the street, poppin that bullshit  
Catch a fat lip, hoes all over your shit  
Bust guns like, nuts all over your bitch  
Yo youse a woman, tell me what the fuck you tryin to do  
when  
you're growlin all over the top, you get chewed when  
I touch that shit, not only that on the concrete  
We splash more niggaz than the wavepool did  
Check out my new shit, we blood spill, you still ice grill  
Mad cause your clique's shit is homo, the Mobb stay  
real  
You steady playin the field  
Nigga you sideline rhyme  
Customers complain they can't feel  
You cooked up a half-ass meal  
It's time for me to catch burn on the wheels of steel  
My shit fills, the appetite of the populace  
We could do it via satellites and such  
And show the world how that ass get bust  
Ever since a little youth, I had this lust  
to pick up the motherfuckin pen and just rush  
like morphine beats, through the wires of the EPS plus  
you get penalized, for tryin to rock with the utmost  
Get branded, for bein weak the most, now be ghost  
The fuck outta here, with that bullshit you tryin to share  
with the planet, you need to be shot rappin  
I got sickle cell I feel the pain all year, what's happenin  
Fake thug wanna front like they contractin  
Numbers on my head, Dunn please, I'm here waitin  
You can't touch me, there's no fake love amongst me  
There's no fake niggaz that's run with me  
Somebody gave y'all the wrong info, I ain't the Kiko  
You nympho, put me on to where you breathe at

You 'sposed to taught that bitch much better than that  
I dwell, where the rest of my vets is at  
From, some to 'Ville to BX and back  
to the lab and the dungeon  
My house of reresentatives stay starvin, beats thumpin  
We unholy, cause there ain't a part missin  
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper  
Fucker.. {\*echoes\*}

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