

Screwball "On The Real"

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On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal
Exclusive, Queensbridge coming with that new shit
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Yo, Infamous Mobb on they job, 41st side originators
Smacking fake players, struggling to cop gators
Fronting with, ice grill metal down off the impost
You know the deal, NYC official battlefield

[Unverified] up on death, can't hear your squad is
effused to heal
Permanently scarred, niggas from here to hill
Non-religious, who with the gods, yes you know I bill
you
Their standpoint, keep an open mind like a dime shorty
My rhymes is two to five, the route to mine, tainted
aspects

Yell timber, you getting chopped by my gortex
Dissect, tap ya [unverified] plus your chicken, we
ripping
Ship from NY to North Click, lotto pick
Budweiser make you piss, scared to death
On your own self, the Infamous

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Now it's verbal abuse 'cuz the mic's in use
To y'all sorry excuse, get'cha neck put in a nuese
KL's quick to let loose to make your blood count reduce
Over the snare drum, we reproduce like cum
Impregnating the track to make it fatter than it was
Giving life to ideas, through the verse is what it does

We see a close call, about two clicks from my fortress
We roll a squad deep on the Kawasaki horses
Queensbridge's got the drop on y'all niggas trying to
toss us
We metal down time to show these clowns who the
boss is

We live for this shit, ain't trying to take no loses
Accumulating too much cream for you to touch
Fucking welcome to my clutches
Wipe the blood up off my chucka's

From the ruckus, you gone and your crew still love us
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit
I'm working with jewels, cars, chicken clits, paying rent
Morg presidents running wild, stacking in piles

Onyx pendants and ruby down shit from the Nile
Kamikaze style, tote the antique three pound
Yo 'Mega, lets cop this brick and let the Mobb supply
the town

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Begotti rims on a Yukon Denali, jewels on my body
The type that make the trife'est niggas move on
somebody
Where my ice is glitter, my nine'll fucking terminate
You ghetto license nigga

I know you heard about my gold chain choking me
Cocaine provoking me, boo from Peru with my llelo in
her ovary
Y'all niggas front, I rule in the hood
My sons in the hood, I rock my jewels in the hood
Got guns in the hood for making moves in the hood

Hit is on, there's another funeral in the hood
You know the deal, test me, get hit directly
This little nigga pack big heat like Joe Pesci
Flow deadly, y'all niggas don't impress me

My four-four's above the law, police won't arrest me
My niggas at the corner stores hustling, go for yours
Life's a bitch and I'm gonna run up in it raw, nigga

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