

Amy

"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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