

**Beres Hammond F/ Buju Banton****"1.9.8.6"**

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[Ill Advised]

What, too many thugs on mic's, bought to show ya  
niggas  
Lightnin strikes, in the same place twice  
Put on my game face like Rice, till my name in lights  
Pain and price, game tight, put this train in flight  
The baby black catalyst, wanna battle this, miraculous  
Flow, like Jesus chain watered the wine and marriages  
Averages sixty points a game, on point like cactuses  
Flippin the spatulas, on all ya wack rap amateurs  
What, don't even step in my circumference, we dump  
shit  
Pump it, 30/30 til ya pump doin gun clips  
The gun clips spit the verbal, once flip  
Cause a few to rise, do the styles, that's on some shit  
Sware to God, on my unborn, I be the one on  
Ninety three million miles away, stars kept the sun  
warm  
Sizzlin, fuck the Jews grizzlin, Crystal's Christenin  
I'm dissin em, they ain't spittin it, we ain't listenin  
They vision been blurred, can't recall when occurred  
When herb made words, we verbin thirty-third to third  
Fuck what you heard, who preferred? Fly's or bird?  
Wit the nerve to serve emcees to the stage to the curb  
Leave no witnesses, no clues to rip this shit  
Baby black wit the gift to spit ridiculous  
West Philly streets to Brooklyn, on Saint Nicholas  
Who number one when I hit ya list

[Rasheed]

Who number one, have the squads ever tied toe, tied  
toe  
Other crew them other tied toe, tied toe  
So them other emcee, tied toe, tied toe  
Illaphilf, we outta nitro, what, what, what  
We outta dung-dung-di-dung-dung, diggy-dung-dung,  
diggy-di  
Diggy-dung-dung, diggy-dung-dung, diggy-dung-  
dung, diggy-di  
Remember the name of the crew, if they gonna be  
phifey

Remember the name of the crew, they call a

[Black Thought]

Yo down by a law, you must be talkin bout me  
It's the B-L-A-C-K, T-H-O-U-G-H-T  
By these schooly crowd niggas, show them how to  
emcee  
Ya I'm sayin, representin, we comin outta SP  
Check it out, we take you a stab lower, approach closer  
Hold it down to the utmost, my mic toast ya  
Illa-Fifth, illa vibe, illadel adrenaline  
Sound waves leavin you tremblin, as we begin again

[Malik B]

Aiyo, I'm tryin to get this cash in abundance  
Redundantly, I represent the rugged done D  
The crack cost money, but yo the try's free  
I wack a MC, for tent out or step me  
Now test me, give you a once or compin the swine  
Dump you wit the fifth emblem, leave ya niggas  
tremblin  
Then ya realize, the kiss of death pull up in 'em  
To minimize ya half ass freeze, you wack ass leaves  
My rap leaves a thug full of poisonous back feeds  
Test ya whole attire, empire on fire  
I strike right back, sick, or ya might not clap  
We get the whole round of applause, son get the jaws

[Chorus: all]

From the South to the West  
To the East to the North  
To, if, find la son, the land of the lost  
Go off, disturbin order, 5 mics in The Source  
Queens City, Roots Crew, it's yours...

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