

Big Tymers F/ Lac, Mikkey, Stone

"No Guest List"

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[Keith Murray]

Yo, hey yo, I step out the shell like a black pearl
But come to destroy you of all worlds
I eat you inside out like stress
The best, I never lose a rhyme contest
While troublesome black rolls flows
Bleed internal external like a bloody nose
Props grow like crops
Desert boot Clarks wit no socks
Parking space killer stay out my lot
You hear my voice, you see my face, you know my
name
I take it out your ass and charge it to the game
I battle with words, go to war with ideas
You defeat me never in a million years
The factor of the rapture
Is that you either get killed, wound, or captured
They shoot you up so bad til the end you fought
But then you got caught up in my final thought
Nigga

Miss Thing, there is no guest list tonight (sampled)

[Redman]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
I get on the mic like badoobedut kick roundhouse
You the tightest motha fucka let me find out
When I pull mines out
I could gaffle Mr. Keebler for all his Chips Ahoy out the
chalk Town House
Give you static like your mixer got the ground out
Hug you wit my hands in your grandmas pouch
Im down south wit Outkast wit pounds out
Wicked enough to throw the gun in James Bond mouth
You know E and Keith when we brawl
I be in more hoods than that big fork and spoon on your
kitchen wall
And overall, on yall a protocal
My style is Kabal, finish him
For the Benjamins
Fools call me the Grinch

Cause I punch you in your face Christmas on two fifth
While the cops watch the Jamaican hide pot
When I stomp I leave the shoe size of Sasquatch

Miss Thing there is no guest list tonight

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, yo

Its E the assassin ANTONIO BANDERAS

Catch a few of my enemies by the bodegas

So face it, some of yall should go back to basics

Before the prom, before Sissy Spacik

Reevaluate whats right for you

From the start or was it something you wanted to do
fucker

I dig a hole so deep you cant return

And hear about the episode on Howard Stern

Im born wit heart I blast ya

Hit ya wit the fishing deep water and take your yacht
master

Playing me one time thats unforgivin

I got a body one count and we aint bullshittin

We be thick in the mix, milk wit Quik

In the business I work every circuit

Im bigger, better, and deafer

So however, wherever, whenever, heffer

Miss Thing there is no guest list tonight (4x)

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