

**Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez****"Magnum Be I"**

Visit "[Magnum Be I](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"It was late afternoon of the same day at homicide police headquarters."

"The coroner's report says the bullet was a lead ball fired from an antique handgun."

"The victim's left ear was sliced off by a sharp blade of some kind."

"Yeah, and pinned to the body together with a note reading  
this is only the beginning."

[Motion Man]

You reneg, straight off the shit the psycho kid did  
I don't know, I lost my mind a couple years back  
My head is hollow point tips, straight penetrate deep in  
yo' skull

My marksman skills, be on some Bronson, Eastwood  
Rambo, Sid or a Norris tip, whatchu heard I'm a nerd?  
I'll wax yo' ass in reverb, reverb, reverb  
Get off that gangsta man style, you just a clone  
Wannabe fuckin Al Capone, I got somethin you ain't  
seen

But wait, there's seems to be some funk on the scene  
I got visions, extra periphreal, the C-1's all off and tell  
'em

"Time waits for no man!"

You look soft, like cotton, absorb it all up in your head  
Yeah soak it up kid now mix this in

I'm on some +Off the Wall+ +Beat It+, New York  
turned +Dangerous+ +Thriller+

Now switch that pan button, send me on a vocal  
rotation

Bounce from ear to ear there, and talk to those that  
ain't here

But wait, there's major non-believers in the midst  
I got solver, for those who zap my style is gon' piss  
Believe that, when I rap, often Motion's absurd  
It ain't heard, I'm so fly, I soar on pine shit just like I'm a  
bird

They sneak up on me for the vick I'll bodybag 'em

"Psych! I carry a magnum" -> Kool Keith

[Chorus: Motion Man]

You got the right to remain silent, anything you do can  
cause you harm

Freeze! Now throw your hands in the air {\*both lines  
3X\*}

You got the right to remain silent, anything you do can  
cause you harm

Freeze! Get 'em up, get 'em up

[Motion Man]

There won't be no more garbage talkin brothers, I'ma  
take out the trash

on +Fridays+ I'm Ice Cube knockin out Zeus, get off  
my block when I'm loose

You watchin camoflaug brothers with infrared beams

You shootin up dreams I aim for targets you ain't seen

But wait, don't try to sneak up on me from behind I ain't  
fake

You know my type of style, I hit him in them awkward  
spots

Round after round after round after round after round

They're comin down, yo hit the ground

Straight on that crime scene, you'll say that this  
rhyme's mean

Instead, I'm buckin off a shot at yo' head

I talk to pimps, players, mack daddies, all areas

Free said, rhymes'll straight up sharpen yo' head

Baldheaded or dread, don't let yo' ego write a check  
that yo' ass can't cash, slide my whale down the track  
like that was hundred yard dash, sneak up roughly  
overnight

just like an eczema rash, movin swiftly with Kurt

We make dirt, and ride up on these other MC's

that wear skirts, broads, they all soft

Wigs come off, and move on

"Psych! I carry a magnum" -> Kool Keith

[Chorus]

"Hello, Pirelli here. Huh? Yeah, yeah I got it. I'll be right  
over."

"Well he wasn't kidding about the beginning."

