

Black Rob F/ Joe Hooker**"Step Into Da Cipher"**

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[Lord Jamar]

First up it's the nuts up, what's up
to the niggas from the projects
Prospect Park in Brooklyn, I'm lookin at another crime
scene
Committed by the brothers on this rhyme team
Just freestylin in a cipher, I take the life of MCs
If you're wack we got the right to seize
He's black like Ultra, know your culture
Motherfuckers don't know so they won't grow
Lord Jamar show and prove the rules I kick
Makin niggas move, no matter how smooth it get
or how rigid, niggas still get it
I kill wicked motherfuckers with the rhymes that I
structures
In my third eye, know you heard I
study math like a mathematician
See half of y'all wishin you could sound like the GODs
from the town
of the Rule, you ain't got the urge, bust it down Serge

[Serge]

You know I smoke it like the flame to the tip of that bud,
we just twistin
from another dimension, did I mention
that funky, that's the only way we know how to get
niggas
Rhymes belimminent like a partial scholarship
But my style's so heavy it make you lean when I drop
Leave you spinnin like the washin machine before it
stop
Goin all out, have to seal these motherfuckers fate
On a mission from Cleveland, ridin it from outta state
So ready yourself because it's on full scale
I heard some put Jamar to bail down to New Rochelle
Now Rule, that's where we scheme and we plot
On the late night, blunted in the basement with Sadat
And we discussin your demise, know it's gonna come
sure as the sun's gonna rise, send me the drum
And Serge is buckin off a shot from the mental insight
Air tight, throw a worker from cradle to gravesite

[Maestro Manny]

I feel lick a shot pum pum, push up on the one

?I'll bad bad and I'll run?

Original Flatbush style, and solo jam

like BEEP Han Solo man

Yes-a, Mr.Intellect-And-Sex in the flesh

I'm rougher than the hair on your girl's chest

Maestro Manny one verse, time come in

My ??? ??? scab when they go flurry

You don't concern me, your style can't burn me

You's about as hardcore as Big Bird, Bert and Ernie

My steelo fat like your girlfriend, pregnant with twins

After Thanksgiving then they're eatin pork skin

I don't give a fuck about your section, just watch your
murder flexin

Step correct to the brother with the dark complexion

6' 1", two weaves and cocked diesel

You can see that hair is curly, ain't no fuckin up like ???

SEE!!!!

Interlude

[Snagglepuss]

When the corrupt stuff in my mind starts to erupt

Even the hard niggas will be yellin "That's enough"

But what about my style, ooh child, I switch em up

Rearrange em up, in other words I change em up

Snagglepuss, I make a nigga fall like the season

So exit stage left cos you ain't on my level, leaf

You wanna battle? Here's what happened to the last kid

His wife became a widow and his kids became
bastards

In the rap profession, I'm not the one for testin

I'm the first to let'cha know I'm way dirty like
mudwrestlin

So bring all the flunkies you roll with

So when I set it on your ache, you all be like "Oh shit!"

You want more so here we go, peep how my rap flow

I'll have your ass sneakin out the backdoor

This is some trouble you don't wanna get your ass in

So watch your step and don't come out'cha mouth in
the wrong fashion

[Sadat X]

Feel the wind blow thru your hair

My aim is square on your backbone

You're home alone and your mom work the double shift

Just enough time for me to hit that off

"Bounce on a nigga" said my man Wop

Peace to the squad, One-Eighth, Fo' and Teepee, check

it
I'm the type of nigga that'll walk down the street
on some casual shit, even my kid could flip
Hear me on the wop tape BAM!! HIT EM
Hear me with the rhythm, yo you better go get em,
check it
Anticipation, you're waitin and waitin
Peace to Courtland Ave., Teepee wheelnose in
Satan, the early bird, aiyo that's my word
My man Joon with the 'erb to the moon
Eh Shawn Black, nigga, where ya at?
No type of daydreamer or a nigga with enphysema
This is X and I'm straight from the Rule

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