

## Celph Titled

### "There Will Be Blood"

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[Intro:]

Can I do it? (Yeahh!) Can y'all do it?  
(Yeahh!) ALL together now! (AAAAAAAAAAHH)

[Scratching:]

"Oooh, ya love it"

[Celph Titled:]

If me and some rap faggot have static  
We can go to war, at your show you'll need flap jackets  
Strapped with automatics?  
No we use bats and hatchets  
Give the microphone a drug test, I spit crack at it (for  
crack addicts)  
Approach your A&R with an AR  
Based on, a true story, I spit H-bombs, in every eight  
bars  
When Tony put his face in that snow  
I was writin' them flavor flows  
And yeah, even my worst haters know that I'm a player  
fo' sho'  
They be like, "Yeah, I'm with ya Titled"  
Bring bitches back to the pad like a menstrual cycle  
You walk around like you some kind of thuggy guy  
I know you ain't Diddy but I can make you see through  
Puffy eyes

[Sadat X:]

You know my styles boy, you know what I'm workin' with  
Fire arms of various calibers penetrate  
I'm the hate that breeds hate  
Nah, let me illustrate  
Time stands still on a day that's slow  
For me it ain't about the show it's about the proof  
Blow the air from the roof  
And anything movin' this is a stick up  
If you fiends even hiccup you layin' flat  
You wanna face this rage?  
Somebody threw some meat in the cage  
Wear armor  
You can call Obama

Call your momma  
I breed armies, make men out of boys  
Tactical General Patton from BK to Manhattan  
You frontin'  
You lame, treat your whole squad the same

[Grand Puba:]

I don't play when it comes to this  
I rule the mic with the iron fist  
Compile data then I make the list  
Grab the wack, move they ass to trash  
Then empty trash so they don't exist  
Since vinyl  
Words flow like herds of rhinos  
Leave your ass trampled when I'm runnin' on the  
sample  
A showdown at sundown, these verb-als I rundown  
Will leave your ass dumbfound, you thought you was  
gunned down  
Rhyme style mean like a dope fiend lean  
Cut against the green and you face the guillotine  
Grand Puba, there's no way you can dodge  
Better off tryin' your luck at Las Vegas at Mirage

[A.G.:]

Been through ups and downs, never touched the  
ground  
Like girls with the big butts, never fuck with clowns  
Let music take over me  
Words flow through me  
Truly the best that's why niggas keep quotin' me  
I'm the baddest nigga livin', average niggas don't  
stand a chance  
I danced in France, put hands and feets on beats  
Put fans in trances  
Amsterdam is, a place where I sin  
Get that Yen in Japan kid  
The Swiss Mountains, got a Swiss accountant  
Chick with a fountain pen, keep my chips amountin' to  
somethin'  
My grind is unparalleled  
While y'all niggas keep on horsin' around like carousels

[O.C.:]

I'm mind over  
As a matter of fact  
There's no practice needed  
See, I'm matched bar none  
When it's all said and done up  
The last man standin' is proof  
Who has the biggest brass and bubbas for crafty

McGuyver  
E'vryday things around me work to my advantage  
Create the plan at random  
For every livin' soul on the planet understand this  
As some author's say, "An heir is apparent"  
I'm that oil piece, priceless art  
There's no biddin' on it, auction block  
Fortune of Fort Knox  
Off top or written  
Each album takes precision  
Knocks out solidify win the fight over decision

[Diamond D:]  
I got a flow so cold niggas call me chilly  
Don't ever press up fam, I'll smack you silly  
If I'm all out of Dutches, I pack the Philly  
On my J.O.B., I mack the millis  
And I'm all about stackin' my chips  
Gettin' dome in the back of the whips  
Start smackin' them hips  
All that slick talk will just gets you smacked in the lips  
Game time fourth quarter, back to the blitz  
You can't move me, shake me, break me, make me  
Be somethin' I'm not  
Niggas wanna snake me  
I'm right by escape key, writin' X  
Big Diam still writin' the checks  
Holla at me

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