

## **Brandy F/ Whitney Houston**

### **"H.N.I.C"**

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Yo, it gets no better than this  
It's the hottest shit on street  
It move units like Shania Twain on a Mobb beat  
The solar system stand still  
Gods listen when I speak the world pay attention it's  
Capital P, niggaz rather hang up  
Ya niggaz know my handle, talkin like you straight thug  
Dunn, I catch you while you shoppin for kicks  
suprise bitch, shoot outs is spontaneous and, oh  
From now on, call me Columbo  
Cause I come through wrinkled up, think I give a fuck?  
Look at my chain, look at my anklet  
But are you listenin to the words man? My shit bang kid  
Nigga I run this shit, I set the trend, you get the dick  
that's basically it  
These rap niggaz think I'm talkin bout them, nigga  
please  
you ain't in my league, jus' follow my lead

I be the H.N.I.C.  
The head nigga in charge  
The boss, the Captain Crunch dog, the sarge  
The M.O.B.B., the status - we large  
The guns, the drama, the love, the Mobb  
The H.N.I.C.  
The Head Nigga in Charge  
The guns, the drama, the love, the Mobb  
The boss, the Captain Crunch dog, the sarge  
The M.O.B.B., the status - we large

I'm all over, me and my dogs enjoy this  
We pop bottles, celebrate your death blow a kiss  
at your wittle bitch, wish pain on your kids  
Piss on your casket kick ya tombstone and shit, dog  
And I ain't even that foul type a dude  
But all's fair in love and war it's whatcha hand called  
for  
Now ya mans wanna ride for your cause  
But fuck it, they could get it too, simple as you  
And I be God-damned if they put they hands on me  
Money brings power and puts guns in parties

Sends niggaz on Amtrak with those for your body  
It pays for thirty plane tickets if we got beef, huh  
Hardly, you all know what that is  
I grew up in the hoods and the projects wit dope fiends  
and crack heads  
Teenage killers with Mack-10s  
Best friends cut each other's throat and twist they own  
fan backwards  
Maybe that'd live now I'm on some rap shit  
Album sold out keeps me far from the big house  
The hand guns from that bigger house  
Cuz ain't nobody cuttin for me to enforce to hold it  
down like

The H.N.I.C.  
The Head Nigga in Charge  
The guns, the drama, the love, the Mobb  
The boss, the Captain Crunch dog, the sarge  
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The H.N.I.C.  
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