

Brooks Shelton

"Nowhere 2 Hide"

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Hook:

No worse scared can't get away
Dumpin' with them funky rhymes
"Pullin' out niggas frontin' like snobs"
Nowhere 2 hide

[Threat]

I deliver to you the new blueprints
Vocal instruments phat like them Goodyear blimps
We pimps
Beats
Put 'em in the streets
Twenty four hours seven days a week
I kick science, but they still haven't learned
Step beyond the point of no return get wet
The rhythmic, hypnotic ear narcotics
Strictly for fanatics and the gangbang addicts
Uh, around the globe follow ya nose
Down with the underground from my head to my toes
Ride the groove like a three day cruise
Peace to the east but the west coast rules
The chocolate child unleashed out the wild
Break the Richter scale and make the party shake tails
Baddest on the atlas just tryin' to stay down
You gotta get up I get off or get clowned

Hook

[Threat]

I came across a close shave runnin' with them
renegades
All on display on K-T-L-A
I hate to do it but I'm stupid don't test me
Unless ya wanna get your new clothes all messy
We fed 'em loot but they still insist to spit words
But they can't fuck with this they get swerved
Graduated old school G degree
Calm down the savage in any MC
North, south, east, west
But simply hittin' 'em with the melody I possess
So raise your hands up high and get all the way with it

It's the joint, bodies get the munches when they hit it
Like that
Yep bigger fatter than the piece
Inflation went up and make the killin' increase
So long for the plan you was plottin'
Cause it's long and forgotten once your style turned
rotten

Hook

[Threat]

It's the mad maestro and it ain't no other
Turn milk into honey and make bread off butter
I hold the title in the middle of my palm
For makin' freaks dance on the floor till dawn
Make way let me show you how it's done
It's a party and the playerhatin' niggas can't come
Got rhymes on my pad and they all hit rock
Don't sleep cause the sheep just might be a fox
On a hunt
Hot on the trail
Hoe givin' up the drawers cause a nigga in jail
On the bottom of the ocean to the top of the hill
MC can't deal with my hi-tech skills
They tight tight last all night
Buckle up for safety and prepare to take flight
Destination on to the next plateau
It's the Zuu in the house you can't funk with the flow

Hook

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