

Square One

"Countdown"

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12 years of struggle, 12 years of hustle

For 12 years couldn't stay my ass out of trouble

Ran 12 spots to sell grass in the jungle

For 12 years a motherfucker stashed on the humble!

Like 11 big dudes on the line of scrimmage

I spit with the strength of Popeye on spinach.

Give me 11 minutes, nigga, and your girl is finished

Leave your ass heartbroke and your world diminished

Caught 10 cases, 10 different files

Seen the same face rocking 10 different smiles

Bag 10 dimes with 10 different styles

Glad the Knicks got rid of Chris Childs

There was these wild ass cats thought they had 9 lives,

Trapped on 9th behind enemy lines

It was two against 9 no escape this time

Tapped their spine with a couple blasts from a 9

Chorus:

Yo my brother is you with it, hey oh yeah I'm with it

Yo son is you committed, I stay committed

Making the digits, 4 ways to split it

Souls Infinite, ya got to come and get it

(Repeat 1x)

My moms used to tell me I should talk with my father

You dropped 1 album with 8 different authors

8 different A&Rs, 88 offers

I stick to Showdown, why even bother

I take 7 MCs put them in a line

Add 7 more brothas that think they can rhyme

It'll take 7 more before I go for mine

Now that's 21 MCs ate up at the same time

6 million ways to die you know the rest

I've got a 6th sense for shorties with big breasts

It used to be who's the best and who's fresh

You got something to say player take it to my chest

This is real hip hop like Fab Five Fred

We murderin' tracks like 5 shots to the head

You dead. We do it so the kids get fed

Sing the song if you heard what I said

Chorus (Repeat 1x)

Build 4 corners, cross 4 waters

Bloods' been shed for the New World Order

A penny 4 my thoughts, I need 4 quarters

I've got 4 names 4 my unborn daughter

I knew this European chick with 3 black kids

With no idea of what black is

Had 3 different niggas in just 3 years

Even let my man hit it off just 3 beers
That's 2 too many, 2 peas in a pod
2 MCs or not, we're like Mo Cheeks & Doc
2 turntables and 2 mics to rock
Blow up spots to set up our own shop
Square One life to live so this life we give
1 Love to the ones who pump our shit
Thump our shit in 1 room apartments
Have your neighbors call the police department

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