

Square One

"Square Biz"

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f/ AG, Party Arty

I've got a voice for this shit, no choice but to spit

Rolls Royce to the six, eating oysters and shit

GD's in the disc-player and if you got fifty keys

you're brick-layer or get your weight up!

All player-haters get your hate up, all flavored gators

niggas paid up, I see ya'll

Throwin'trees to the cigar live seen you in that CVR

tryin' to eat Pa, wantin' to ride peacock speak hard got

TV's and VCR's or DVD's, niggas can't see GD!

Might as well quit rap and get your G.E.D

heard the don of your mob wanna meet with me..

For what I smoke blunts in the back of the six doing
donuts

Don't take much for me to go nuts

I know pimps and know sluts that hold bucks

and eat cold cuts every night like so what. WHAT..

I'll be firing threats, quite as kept my nine'll reflect

signs of regret through holes that my silencer left

live & direct, computerized minds'll connect

High Intellectuals raised in confinements of death

and ya better peep the science that I hide in my tec
tryin' to neglect the depth of pride and respect
Eveytime you see the God, ya be dieing for rep
crying for less, leave your hos eyeing & wet
when I asked for some beats ya couldn't find your
cassettes
so how the fuck you wanna go line for line with some
vets?!

Rhyme for a Lex, catch me even rhyme for sex
make heads bang, 'till they're bleeding out of their
necks
I'm probably the best, my sick terminology's flesh
All that' let's keep it real got me tired and vexed
As hard as it gets, the Concrete Messiahs're next
Watch Edward Sizzerhand electrifying your sets, bet!
I'm known to show love, despite my cold blood
lazy but crazy bizzy like Bone Thug
twist the dro bud, this bitch is so tuff
baby hit me crizzy and lick the whole nut
from a baby to a juvenile been about cash money
and if you ain't got 5 on it you won't get a pass from me
I blast a strike & kill, that's cause they like our steele
I keep a mug and be real on Cypress Hill
Had a westside connection since back then
ask Dub C, I'm cold as Ice Cube with a Mack Ten
and ya'll claim ya'll stars but ya'll hardly peeped
I'm a prodigy bringing the havoc and my Mobb Deep

Allah spoken quotin' bars cigar smoking
ain't swollen but the Giant'll squash Hogan
represent the seven like Lamar Odom
can't say your weed is the bomb 'till I start choking,
so fuck the soldier, I'll stick the leader
and I tell herbs to shut up like Trick & Trina
like Insane Martin Payne I throw dick to Gina
lot of whips, not a trick, got a sick demeanor
and shouts to all my unsigned niggas
Get Dirty is the next to blow ya'll don't want rhyme
niggas
sex is us, tecks is us fuck with fam
stress is us like Joe Black death is us
seen niggas blow off the meat, next is us
seen niggas fly off the roof and never mess with us
here roll that and catch the rush
you thorough niggas hold that and rap with us. What!!!
Chorus: Repeat

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