

Buddha Monk f/ Babyface Fensta, Tai Chi Mastas

"Picture That"

Visit "[Picture That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Vex] Yeah, I got you... [Vex] Aiyo, I know you hear Vex squeeze your index, in sex With techs, I define the, law of phy-sics D.A.T.A., have you running a relay On some he-say, she-say, my man, check the replay Got you guessing, checks I'm blessing, manifesting Playing double dutch with ya, large intestines Bend ya throat, red your coat, leg get broke Got ya to scream for the, stethoscope Jump in the water, I'm raping ya daughter, making a slaughter Caught a reporter, on channel nine, holding a nine Right to his spine, blowing a dime straight to the mind What yours is mine, ands what, mines is mine You can't outline they crimes, for shines from rhymes Fuck a nine, I use my mind, one at a time From behind, I make you blind, laying in lines A picture, is worth a thousand words, I must of fucked a thousand birds Vowels and consonents, nouns and verbs Three dimensions, knocking my loss like senses I mastered off my senses, to beat you senseless I board the fences, I need ta, find an escape Jumped the fire escape, he hard top, faced from the tape Nothing was said, when cops find you under the bed Head full of lead, got shit lock, so pardon the dred Got the cops feeling like royalty, the carpet was red [Mozart] I smoke til I'm higher than managers, rhyme with no manners You still'll get ate if I got the disadvantages Should of brung bandages, from backing on bullets You'll die from something cancerous, and I ain't an obstacle course So don't pull stunts, or I'll be forced to kill you backwards And shove you back in your mother's cunt Heavy handed flow, and I never blow, Ty-Son Pen in the right palm, but more of a lefty, the mic's on Left you with no feet and no arms Want more proof, I switch to southpaw, you losing a tooth Practice your penmanship, loosen up, you too tense Go change a dollar, come back, your flow might make sense [Optimiss] Prepare for this, how you master Optimiss? Triple team terror, enter at your own risk See great intelligence, don't stand for no incompetence Experimental chemicals can cause incidents I'm at the window, scoping my hand, waiting for the signal I'm

track nervous, sweat, running down my cheekbone
Clear shot, land right on the temple, don't wanna be
seen I gotta keep shit simple, on my spare time I clean
guns and right rhymes Mix on the envy, you get ripped
in tech nines [Babyface Fensta] Nigga, yo, he just
came, smack the picture Kodak moment, yeah, we
missed ya They said you got the time you did, cuz you
dropped dime Feds don't play, counterfeit thugs get
drugs Gagged, toe tagged, body bagged Yo, he was
out to make a score, he wants more Then witness
protection, new name, face location He don't want the
label of a snitch He from the hood, how that sound, it
wouldn't look good He gotta represent, strike a pose,
up north style Look, smile, he was wild, when he was
locked up Frame a portrait, his phone is tapped Rumor
has it, he was the leak, yo he bugged [Buddha Monk]
Slap the camera down, there's too much interrogated
thoughts now Face the death, eighteen rugs be staring
in your depths We spit masterpieces while you deal
with telekenisis Intelligent minds, on intelligent
thoughts, only guarantee this Bust a shot if you try to
peep this How dare you think you can move, when the
gut'll just filling out his weakness Clap twice at ya, if I
miss, I sent the kite to get ya And I'm snapping a
picture, how beautiful they just did ya Now you wish I
never met ya, and ya mans talking with respect Cuz he
remember last week when I just did ya Ain't nobody
seen shit, right? Right? Picture that... Picture it...

Visit [Buddha Monk f/ Babyface Fensta, Tai Chi Mastas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.