

C-Murder F/ Master P, Mo B. Dick "Rework the Angles"

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* also featured on Sway and King Tech's "This or That"

[A.G.]

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I work the angles like, off the cushion in the sidepocket

Electrifying like a live socket

Hit em with all flavors, yup

We tryin to be neighbors with pro-ballplayers, I'm
talkin papers

or keep it realer, and see me on a Iron Caterpillar

On point like a killer, plus ready, to deliver

type gifted, treat the mic right, or I might rip it

Critics dig my style cause I write different, no hype

I just kick it, low-lifes, they wanna get it

I shine like the ice when I hold mics, everytime

got every dime, sayin this nigga so nice, you know
what?

They so right, you get stuck, I'll go twice

Lit it up when I blow mics

[Evidence]

Show mic precise, require sacrifice

That's no hassle, the master got more loops than
lassos

Y'all hear me? They all conspiracy theories

Worthless, like testing Ev' defeats the purpose

Since the beginning, intrigued by pot and attentive
women

Breakbeats and windmills on concrete

covered by cardboard, seafloor to skyline

Bottom line, in rhyme yo, put in time you shine

That's right sometimes I get so hyped

I feel like Diamond D the best producer on the mic

I aced this -- most punchlines are tasteless

Regular, average, mediocre, makeshift

To all my DJ's, with skills you got a lotta

This ain't on your mixtape, yo it coulda been hotta

The method in this game they'll have you drained and
strangles

Don't go to them, let em come to you, and work the
angles

[Defari]

Don't sleep on, I leave your knee torn, like Sehorn
Liquid MC storm, like children of the corn, a wild
freeform
of energy, mentally fit to last a century
Like centuries, one double-zero translate to victories
You kiddin me me? Come wack that's not my history
Kidnap the wack and break his ankles, remember
+Misery+?
Lyrically you're skatin out of control
Work the angles 'round the globe, from Newark to
South Pole
It's so cold that MC's catch pneumonia
I'm airborne, from L.A. to Barcelona
I rock heads from Pomona out the Bronx
Drop the sure needle contact, now watch me launch
DJ's, you jugglin, that means I'm bubblin
Defari on the remix fix, this shit is thunderin
Picture me fumblin or droppin the ball
That's like picturin Guy without that nigga Aaron Hall

[Iriscience]

Well if a brother gets the best of me
Ain't no use in sniveling and blaming the referee
Fuck that, I strip the mic with tenacious D
Kick it up to Evidence, yo kick it out to me!
Line up the three, trifecta stroked properly
Rocca, I work the angles triple opticly
The hip-hop multi-beat real monopoly
My G is God, what's your G for, geometry?
This man of war beats cold on the seashore
An deeo enough to take it to the sea floor
Every single beat bangs like a C-4
We drop beats, why you asking what the beat for?
The Spitfire fighter Dilated entity
I'm learning shockers like Shockra building energy
While barbershops sipping Henny like the Kennedy's
I'm always been independent, that's word to Beni B
It's guaranteed

[Xzibit]

Make T-shirts and slingshots, I bust khakis out, bounce
to the weed spot
Naturally, me and my faculty never play with this
I Used to Love H.E.R. too, but now I fucking hate the
bitch
She's sucking up to all the niggas with the chains and
whips
But that's alright, because all she do for me is pay the
rent

And keep it moving, got a bad habit of losing my cool
Acting a fool, breaking out tools, and making the whole
corwd move
Towards the exit, this be the next shit, we got you
Dilated
Hotter than Satan, the repeated parole violations
Xzibit work the angles, cordless to dirty angels
How the West was Won: with microphones and
turntables

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