

## Cam'Ron F/ Kelly Price

### "Countdown"

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[Erick Sermon]

For she's perhaps quite clever  
On the mic, I'm Wizard, call me Chris Webber  
Scary, wise, I'm way past terror  
I make like Jay-Z, then Roc-a-Fella  
Rock 'em out the club  
Then buy 'em a bottle of champagne  
From the bar compliments of E-Dub  
I be the one to cause the confusion  
Twist your mind to pieces  
Make ya think I'm losin'  
Yeah, niggaz try to provoke me  
But, I'm a tower god  
So, there ain't no hope  
Bitches like dope E  
So, I resume, If they step  
I Buck-a-Shot like I'm Black Moon  
Let me ask you's, Y'all Feel That like Erykah  
Control the states and make a Def America  
My styles legit, peep the steez a bit  
It's official, like a licensed .45 pistol  
Word to the Preacher's Wife  
I got the power to annoy ya  
And keep them shiesty folks on point  
I'm the butler, servin' MC's  
Because I love to  
N-O, quote, You're a Customer

[Redman]

I put you in your right mind and frame  
I de-rail tracks and rappers like Doc designed the train  
All aboard with the Def Squad, if you can hang  
My name be precise range, when I aim, I flame  
Fuck a gun, when I was twelve, I was bustin' 'em  
Young, just wanna have fun, like little Just' and 'em  
But, Doc never trusted them hoes, double crossed me  
Foes, I take it to the nigga, started you hustlin'  
Whether it be weed, dope or coke  
My athlete flow make Doc show, soak his toes  
Make niggaz bow down, when I'm drunk off Gold Crown  
Pull out the pound, bust off my ro-ro-ro-round

Jump out a tree, land on your neck  
From the moment you start pumpin' Redman in your  
deck  
You be like damn, that's what I ride for  
If I apply more pressure, it'll snow on July fourth  
Son spark the spliff, bark the fifth  
The tracks make acrobats lose their arch and shit  
If you came to brawl, we love to get involved  
My squad lickin' hard for all white people to jawl

[Chorus x2: PMD]

MC's it's the final countdown  
You look tired can you go the round  
If you can, I'll slap your hands and give you credit  
If not, I'll turn around and say forget it

[Keith Murray]

Yeah, nobody rock harder than this  
Closed jaw, stoned face, mic extremist  
And, I doubt it  
You could kiss my ass and make a love song about it  
Cause, I'm 'bout it and their livin' without it  
Yeah, wantin' to battle with me, as hard as it gets  
Get niggaz in jail watchin' Soul Train  
Turn off the TV, lyrical vet  
Flippin' twenty-six letters of the alphabet  
You talk shit, you deserve what you get  
I'm heart-throb, leave you dead as a door-knob  
Not a hip-hop cop and not down with the Mobb  
Capable of handlin' multiple responsibilities  
Simultaneously, with communication capabilities  
From high-class to mid-class to low and greedy  
I will instantaneously bust an MC  
The non-forgetter, hit you with the one hitter, quitter  
And make you exercise your shit up, nigga

[Jamal]

These niggaz is ridin' dick like rodeo, their homos  
Who wanna toe-to-toe, fuck the studio flow  
Def Squad click, a thug nigga, chug a lot of liquor  
.45 slug sender, half spreader, cash getter  
Represent for the real gangsters and drug dealers  
Know half your little rap and I'm cappin' and slappin'  
niggaz  
Same niggaz takin' this squad shit for a joke  
Pull the pistol 'bout to smoke, they choke, blood spill at  
the pope  
Their cowards, gettin' rained on like a shower  
Live form NYC, E, Red keepin' me, Mally G  
Master the ceremonial, off the meat rack  
Call you weak, keep gats, pandemonium

Phony tough Tony ones, we dip dip die in the place  
House, that was some hardcore rap  
Realer than black, black baseball bats and black gats  
'Bout to black out on all you wack cats

[Chorus x2: PMD]

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