

Canibus F/ Journalist

"Live Nigga Rap"

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gun blast

[P] I shot the motherfucker back

[H] Right out the ass son

[P] For niggaz don't know how to act

[H] What the deal son

[P] I shot the motherfucker back

[H] No doubt son

[P] For niggaz don't know how to act

[Prodigy]

Yo NYC, U-N-I-verse, se-riously

Havoc and P, Queens niggaz so it seem to be

Monopolize, strategies of war, exercise, mega

Got word back from Noreaga

The D.A. got video cassette taper

The God with the God-U-Now, pullin a caper

Runnin up in the spot, mask and duct taped up

Pig tied they motherfuckin wrists to they ankles

I been through, crime shit my niggaz in-to

Peep the issue situation like this, we stickin him too

JFK on our way to L.A.

Got links with big cats down to Santa Barbre (Barbara)

My crew do it the Mobb way, everyday

Crime pay, who wanted gunplay? Drill me

Niggaz kill me, thrillin me, you wanna look?

Peep the nine milli, now undress, you know the drill-y

Niggaz suspect, weak links pose threats, I have yet

to met challenger who go against my set

Gem stars razor sharp like Gillette, shavin closely on

any character approach me

I let the streets get the best of me, infamy, my destiny

While cat burg-lars tryin to sneak peep the recipe

Inside my rap cookbook, paragraphs is gourmet

You pay about \$5,000 a plate

[Havoc]

No doubt kid, I hit them niggaz like a bid

The prosecutor, runnin up in your crib

Do your dirt, I do my dirt all by my lonely

It's only me, and the gat that's holdin me

We got it locked beyond measure, the click's under

pressure
Extort you for your treasure smack you with the
undresser
Represent your click, go ahead, get that ass whipped
(Floatin in the river with your body wrapped in plastic)
Wannabe thug, get smacked for back talkin
QB represent fuck that, it can happen
While you rappin, I'm busy tryin to sneak the gat in
Could tear men, cut the party while you jammin
We think smarter, reach harder, got the 44
Bodyguard of somethin you don't want a part of
If I was you, then I would do what I have to
But you ain't me, you hesitated so I clapped you
Then stepped off casually, naturally me

[Nas]

Niggaz thinkin shit sweet, I carry big heat
Wavy hair chipped teeth, up in this bitch deep
Queens murder clicks meet, yellow tapes on black
gates
Mediterranean, projects is like Kuwait
I escape into zones, that's irregular
Why debate on a phone, I'm solar cellular
Escobar 600, you just a crumb inside a world
where the rich run it, curriculum of a mathologist
Deep throats, they try to swallow this
Anthropologists, dynasties of great knowledgists
I preserve in my dome, niggaz mics is full of silicone
Spot's blown, guerilla ice on this killer's life
I put my word on it
Now you can sleep on or rock a swerve on it
Nas is menage a trois' on Mount Aire lodges
We like a smooth fam', but rougher than how DeBarge
is
Catchin charges, of marksmen, livin heartless
Grab a cartridge, cock my shit on some Mobb shit
We mobbin, puttin niggaz in mausoleums
From Queens cross the Throsnic, heads bop, I see 'em
from queens cross to throgsneck heads nod

Chorus: Prodigy (3X)

For niggaz don't know how to act
To all my niggaz on the block slangin crack
Rest in peace to my niggaz layin on they back
To all the niggaz who bust gats (live nigga rap)

[H] If youse a live nigga

