

Carly Simon % James Taylor

"It Could Happen To You"

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Intro/Chorus:

4 pound, hit you up with rounds
Leave a man down
Wrappin on a rat
The Infamous nuff said (Enough said motherfucker)
and when it happens
Off guard watch reaction (Watch his reaction)
Look him in his eyes, cock back, commence clappin
and it could happen to you

Verse 1: Havoc

It's old love, I could see the eyes up above
watchin, waitin for me to slip
lose grip, opposition got me on their list
I get freshed by Jase
he threw all the fakes
I want my cake and eat it too
Wash it down with brews
Spent a half a milli on gats
You know the drilli
Smack em all buster silly, got dough on the philly
and store-willies, it's the NY City
Hazardous, dangerous game of da
sticky motherfucker keepin undercover
Stick-n-move, Gators to Timb shoes
Jeans to tuxedos
Second motion, son, I be do
down below ya best
Sunnin, runnin outta overpower
freeze the counter, ???? and powder
Distant, Gotti on some flip shit
Resco his cool piece, too grimy now ya death row
to test smokes, hazardous the most
Slow you up like dust
Coke white you get crushed
You modernise
Infamous come thru like the homicide
Hit guys, rip Dons, get mines, the thin line

Chorus

Verse 2: Prodigy

Infamous who rap shit, power moves and connect wit
empire, bless all my sons wit
bank accounts
many mansions down south
Fuck ABT, got protected
War strategies perfected
Bent all day, Alize party
Golf, fuck par 3, pimp, pusher, playa, couldn't be me
Hennessey raps, fully loaded with gats
Now how you like that
Time lapse
you lose, shoulda been strapped!
Be on your back like a new born
Niggas is corn-born, wit
real cats who do this all day long
On and on til the break of dawn, it don't stop
Shit is hot like PJ's infested with cops
Jakes on a nigga ass, ninja break em like glass
Interrogated, they won't last
Would it make you laugh or make you cry?
On this side it's do-or-die
Ya get dead plus sun-dried, you're small fry
We on time with this, mace blindin shit
Gold mindin it, extended 9 clips
Trife life got my mind keyed up
pull out the Tek-nology and team-o
with my cats and ??? blast
Direct splats to your jawbone
I lift that head up, homes, bent they hos and putos
Injured kid, Mobb-tician is the laws of life
Ain't it interestin, listen
It could happen to you

Bridge:

Now what would you think? (I don't know)
What would you do? (I don't know)
Can't beat ya gat, can't find ya crew
Far away from home in a land not new
So boom, outta place and I sue ya crew
Son, yo, they steppin in you
And it could happen to you

Outro: Havoc

Knowhutl'msayin? Said word to mutha, son!
Feels like a dream (word!)

It's like I just woke up, know! 'm sayin?
I woke up in a like-like an ill sweat, son
Word up, this shit had me shook, son!
I don't know, man!
Fuckin around with them other cats

4 pound, get hit with rounds
Leave a man down
Wrappin on a rat
The Infamous nuff said
(Enough motherfuckin said!)

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