

Son By Four

"Make 'Em Pay"

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[Guru]

First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like
fructose
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost
I be the seven twenty-one, eighteen twenty-one
The illest one, I'm almost dooper than anyone
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy
Steppin up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly
You're artificial like saccarhin
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin in
Concepts you bite, cause your identity ain't tight
Tryin to be somethin you're not, like pullin a knife at a
gunfight
I'm troopin on night air like flight number 106
and gettin all up in your fuckin mix
You get me upset, and I got you uptight
cause my committee's in your city tonight, AIGHT?
We got seventeen million of us plus, two million Indians
That makes 19 mil, lightin shit up like Wild Bill
I be the, supreme father plus the ill kid with drama
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor
And make sure you check the shit before you walk to
me, or talk to me
Steppin to me improperly, you just may catch the
weaponry
My specialty is tearin tracks out the frame
You know my fuckin name, I rule all game
I'm universal on all planes, what's your claim?

[Guru]

Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear
witness
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga witht he fitness
Drop you for your spot with the blazer then I blast ya
Slice precise like ?fenny hanas? when I come to bring
the dramas
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God
as your lyrics get buried, six feet deep in my backyard
I laugh hard, while your mental I run through mazes
Dark stages of terror to shatter your dressing room
mirror

Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets
bumrushed
Too many dumb punks, want to enter this rap scene
Kickin Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean
into oblivion, the true champion always rises
I bring surprises to the chief plus their advisers
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged
fuckin barber
So what you made some dough, you best keep on
scramblin
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin
Demandin that you pay, for your weak rhyme display
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday

[Krumb Snatcha]

I see myself as the black Rap Messiah
Colossal spreadin my gospel through electrical wires
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every
Tom Dick and Jerry slippin like petroleum jelly
Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight
I got divine right to bring y'all to light
Somethin ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug
Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged
Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only
And think universal like Sony
Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided
Give a fuck like Pizza Hut I got to stay Noyd-ed
Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same
cat
behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer
Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this
rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat
in black talkin bout how much his Mac spit
But this year, GangStarr got changes bein made
No wack shit bein played no fake macks gettin paid
No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'
Soundin like a hoe spittin that old-fashioned show flow
I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap through a Maxwell
Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well
Goin deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes
Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals like Moses
Travellin high sands and Eastern lands for the answers
Ignorance is spreadin through the streets like it was
cancer
Too many drinkin not thinkin, when behind that trigger
A 38 escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz
it's like, microphone roulette cause nowadays MC's is
gettin wet
over someone else's fake gangsta rep

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