

## **Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland**

### **"Face Down"**

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[Intro]

Yo FUCK THAT word up man! (Word to mother yo)

Who you runnin wit? (AFFICIAL NAST!)

Fuck that, who you runnin wit? (AFFICIAL NAST!)

[Fredro Starr]

Yo

I'm goin straight for your head to leave you headless  
Eyes of redness, I spray rap cats, to burn the lead tips  
Point blank range, I take aim, blow your brain out the  
frame

Eight shots'll touch ya, spit ya physical structure

Motherfucker this is lyrical destruction

Path of disaster face Nast, comin at cha full blast  
and capture grabs your last, breath like the asthma  
Couldn't care less, you approachin near death  
My hollow tips, rip into your vest politic, with the  
fearless

The devil himself, a rebel in himself  
trapped in America, assassinate your character,  
slaughter ya

Twenty more holes, in your Nautica, FUCK ALL OF YA!

What?! Bringin MC's, YEAH, callin ya

Livin like a nigga with six months to live

On the edge of life, wouldn't think twice, to make a  
SACRIFICE

Do a heist, ya niggaz ain't true to life, my whole crew is  
trife!

So bring your wildest nigga reppin for your team  
Tear his ass to his spleen, this is Suicide Queens  
Where gats bust, cutthroat, cross collateral  
Gat'll shatter you, feel the pain, it's unimaginable  
Self shit, straight from the hood, the dirty black shit  
Rap shit, get your back ripped, plus the gat spit  
Load it and cock it bag, on thirty-two tracks  
Murder you in raps, let my wild dogs bust the CATS!  
Styles leave the best dead, I stay breast-fed  
And when I die, be handcuffed, to my deathbed

{\*scratched "face down on the pavement" -> LL Cool  
J\*}

[Sticky Fingaz]

Sticky Fingaz sneak up, when you least expect it  
I never fuck pussy that's yeast infected  
Fuck a brain fry, make me think irrational  
If I even think you schemin, YOU KNOW I'M BLASTIN  
YOU  
I'm too raw; what is you - out you gourd?  
I cut through any challenger, top notch or amateur  
You'd rather be in the projects butt-ass with a hundred  
G's cash  
and no gun, than to fuck with Sticky, Fredro 'n Son  
You lookin at one desperate nigga, you shouldn't mess  
with  
I had a doctor scared to remove a bullet from yo'  
intestine  
'Member when I tested, this nigga manhood  
to see if he was a true nigga, so I pulled out my gun  
Gave some dramatic ass speech then, pulled the  
trigger  
{\*CLICK\*} Ha hah! Barrel empty, joke on you Jack  
He cold pissed his pants, blew his cover, he a New Jack  
You know where I'm comin from, most my niggaz pump  
'n jump  
And when it's time to dump and run, I never jump the  
gun  
or get cold feet, I hold heat  
Y'a niggaz don't know me; in six hours I made up four  
years  
Got high shit for your ears;  
sorry somethin that I never felt yo, fingertips made of  
Velcro  
You talkin shit like it's a little game  
That's now how we get down - 'beef' is my middle  
name  
So don't die over nonsense, I ain't got no conscience  
Come out your face you gettin shot  
Everything I'm spittin hot - I need fame without the  
bread  
like I need a hole in the head  
Add insult to injury, you can't fuck with me  
Guess that's not your cup of tea - I'm every star I meet  
If you are what you eat, fuck the rookies, rejects  
plainclothes and detect's  
I had a hard life, grew up too quick  
But kept it tight with my true click, startin a new flip  
Fuck you frontin for? I seen your bag  
with your tail between your leg  
Afficial Nast in the house that mean you DEAD!

{\*scratched "face down on the pavement" -> LL Cool

J\*}

[Sonsee]

You takin a RIDE, in the ambulance, you catch mad damages

Cock the hammer shit, leave you Los(t) like Angeles

You ain't brick, or stucco, or paper machete

Whatever you got, get taken away, YOU'RE BAKIN TODAY

Trust that, it's time to crush cats, when I bust raps

I rush tracks, and oft' act, BUCKWILD!

Army comin through here nigga, TRUCK STYLE!

FUCK YOU! FUCK THE JUDGE! FUCK TRIAL!

I'm givin niggaz shattered egos, I keep foes

or a pet bet they small threat, MAKE 'EM EAT THOSE!

Deep goes my depth, sleep hoes get wet

If that ain't enough, we come through and hose your shit

Hit you with the FIREWORKS, you see the stars BANGIN

I really BANG YOU, and prepare you for God's ANGELS

It's not on humble, but some shit you can't come through

Nigga try to blow he gotta go, and now you know

Experience, from the furious, eeriest

Dead serious, hysterias, fillin ya, interior

with nervousness, for your services

WE CUTTIN OFF YOUR CIRCULATION AND DEADEN YA PURPOSES!

We them niggaz you can't FUCK with, rain or shine

All mics I slain yo' kind, changed the mind

of those thinkin of playin theyrself, NEXT

is ETCHED, in stone, you motherfuckers gettin BLOWN!

{\*scratched "face down on the pavement" -> LL Cool

J\*}

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