

DJ Clue F/ Flipmode Squad

"Allied Meta-Forces"

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[Canibus]

Yo.. the shottie rip, perferrate the skin on top of ya ribs
Red stuff come out his ribs like a Hollywood script
Bitch-niggaz on the floor screamin for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below 76
That's what you get for tellin niggaz that you better
than 'Bis
Not possible - if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G Rap, underground without a rule
Shopper proof, holdin hip-hop for hostage, bout to
shoot
Helicopters stabilized at low altitudes
Talkin to the negotiator, layin out the rules
In a tight compromise salute, road-block with troops
Underwater's not to shoot, but they break ya vertebrae
with boots
Ten o'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All punch bullets are lookin for them niggaz in black
Lean back in the avocado El Dorado, passin the bottle
Speakin Japanese like Nomi Masho
She got a bangin body, cold sushi with warm saki
If I'm rappin sloppy, she got me...

[Kool G Rap]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin in traffic
Claimin they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin for
stackage
Get brains from the (?), keep blingin with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it,
flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough,
blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant

Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets, wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Ride, stand, and bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed on that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs
Raisin the guns, knowin;
My day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels,
chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin with hits on the grills
Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and
balloons
Coke and the doom, scheme; I'll leave you open with
wounds nigga
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
Get blast for ya necklace
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
We up in the club, dash for the exit
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead
about
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
Believe they bled it out (yo)
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
Hit the jackpot, blazin the raw - gettin bands in the
pores
Bitches and whores with dick in their jaws
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer
cocked
Servin the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
Look at that don nigga swervin in Queens, playa
Ballin a lot, brawlin for props, callin the shots
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
Jockin, like "who that there covered in all of them
rocks"
It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
(Nigga what, it's the Curriculum!)

[Canibus]

Yo, e'rything is e'rything my nigga
I ain't bitter, but if I gave you the finger it'd be behind
the trigger
Faggot-ass nigga livin in a gated community
Up in radio, tellin them what you gon' do to me
I live in the 'burbs - clean my Winchester
every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt

It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
Four to bury the body, plus look out for po'
Yo I guard everything within the limits of my post
My orders is to smoke you if you get to close
The whole globe scared of my flow, spirit world scared
of my soul
Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
My perception is completely parallel to perspective
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational
reservation
Whiskey, X-Ray, yankee, Zulu, unusual
Word-ologically my syllable position is beautiful
Only respect niggaz if the feeling is mutual
G Rap snatch the tools from you, I'll throw 'em in the
crucible
Prolly throw you in there too, mix it up and make nigga-
stew
if you can't admit I'm iller than you
Baby you sparred with the shadows, Canibus and G
Rap yo
Motherfucker professionallin with the pros

[Kool G Rap]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and
clothes
and shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless til you drip
liters
Flip divas, the big secret, strip to they tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, look off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lackers lost cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, Diddied
out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy south, til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the
fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns

You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? Widespread, I'll be a 40 mile tune
nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate
Comin at y'all niggaz..
Uh.. 40-pound style nigga...

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