

Edens Poets

"Tank in my Hand"

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(Mia X)

New Jersey soulja boys brangin noise to the N.O.
The flava mama nedded for her gumbo
For show tho no mistakes allowed
Gotta keep da crowd amped yo
The fittest of the fits survive boot camp
No such word as cant y'all in my fam
Now military minded, lyrically
keep the competition blinded, make 'em rewind it
And wanna bite it stand your ground take charge
Worldwide they postin signs beware of baby tank
doggs
You gettin larger flotiup, your name is blowin up da
map
Adolescent stackin mines a foot taller than Shaq
CD's and Segas now, college funds stop we want some
New kids for mom and pops kids did I forget to
mention
A lifetime of shinin bringin changes to da youth
Ladies scream you to curt and you camouflouge shots
The bomb to no limit's future hip hop's young gunz
Lil' Soldiers mama Mia's last sons

[Chorus 2x / freequan]

O got thank in my hand (what!!) what you got (4x)
we keep the rhymes hot, we got ya mind shot

[Ikeim / (freequan)]

It ain't no limit to my skills (skittills)
Y'all cats betta chill (chiddill)
Pop got the pro Mia X captain wit it (wit it)
Young soldiers my toka is for the older
Illa when I grow up pina and Pepsi cola
Spanish mama hola (hola), I'm shovern costanova
You go do coddie show nough, big tanks when we roll
up
No Limit sect I'm in it seein who's my friend
Out to take my mama on a tripo to the Carribeans
What you seein is a 7 year-old
Master P we gone ball (uh-uh) I'm outta control
The beat stops I probably still flow

I'm young but I count do a hit not offense yo
So I cant's get of the d-lou Beats by the Pound, hold it
down
You know the stillou and P.A. to the Calliope of Cali
Pause to Harlem but it pause gotta pell a rhyme
I freak every work all the time
If you ain't wit me you outta line
No Limit so we got to shine (what)
Shine cats we is the bomb my boy
Me cleaner than a laundry mat
Never comin wack (comin wack)
My 8-year old friend his name tend to go to castout
Got ill rymes for y'all but they offend
Take the boulders out this rap game
Ny whole fam got skills that's how I got da record deal
I'm i-k-e-i-m sizzin to him
Sixteen balls from a young star
Pop says we is the all stars buying houses and new cars
My mom never knew me y'all, the no limit love never
ends
Down wit Master, Silkk the Shocker from New Orleans
Y'all we gone do our thing now you hear me don't miss
things
Flik it wen the beat breaks; me and Master P is no
mistake
He sign us the day showed love for another day

(chorus 2x)

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