

Fabolous F/ Missy Elliott

"Going for the Throat"

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Hey yo Craig
(What up, man?)
Yo, this sucker tried to dis you in a magazine
(It's like that, word?)
Yo, I think you should get him
(I take care of it)

[VERSE 1]

Yo, I got beef, and this beef is on my mind
Since it's on my mind, let me put it in a rhyme
It seems a brother that I went way back with
Is coming out the woodwork talking shit
At first it didn't mean all that
Cause he was washed up and strung out on crack
Freebase, his life was a waste to the rap world
Nobody cared about him or his wack girl
So yo, I took it in stride
And continued with the rest of my life
Until recently he showed some form of indecency
When in a magazine he tried to release on me
But now it's the last straw
I'm gonna wreck him, and anything he stands for
Point blank - Shan, you suck
And I'm about to nail your coffin shut
Juice Crew Law? That shit is out the window
Just like the basepipe, where all of your ends go
Yeah, exactly what I thought
Just like Magic when he was a little short
To buy crack from my man on the block
Eyes wide open, and your mouth just dropped
Ah-ah - don't say a word
Just a lot of glance superb
MC Craig G to kick all the facts
About why your records are wack
BDP wrecked you quite a long time ago
But allow me to deliver the final blow
Dis me and get away easy?
Yo, I'm gonna hand you squeegee
Go wash windows, that should be your career
I could give a fuck about what you 'pioneered'
Straight up, that don't mean shit

So won't you take your vine and swing the fuck off a cliff
Yeah, I mean business
Don't ever in your life try to dis this
Cause punk, I'll rip you to streaks
And mail your record company your head
I know it sounds a little graphic
I heard your album's double plastic
And your single went copper
Congratulations, but I think you need a doctor
Cause after you take this whippin
There's no tellin what the fuck you be shippin
And now that you've been smoked
Relax, punk, before I go for your throat

Yo, that was kinda funky
(Word?)
Don't you have a second verse?
(Yeah, I got a second
Let me tell you how I get him on this one here)

[VERSE 2]

Authentic - that's the way I present it
Sometimes it's funky, and sometimes it's demented
Rappers runnin up to me, handin me feedback
Slow down, Shan, you just entered a speed track
With your neck snapped, don't accept that
So want you call me, give the devil his check back
And take your soul, but your title - ???
And bring your wack-ass rhymes to the _Muppet Show_
See, I don't give a fuck how much swing you got
And how high your album climbs on the charts
You're still a dead rapper from Christmas past
So won't you pucker up and kiss this ass
Cause I'm in here, even ???
I make up for the others with this fly-ass beat here
And you - you'll make a drastic drop
You couldn't stop me if you were a traffic cop
Now this reminds me of my radio days
When I'd take the mic and leave rappers amazed
No matter how large, whether gold or platinum
I take my microphone and point the shit right at them
And after I was finished, they'd say, "Craig G scored"
And that's the way I usually would rock New York
So yo punk, if you don't like those quotes
Come on find me, and watch me go for your throat

Yo man, you definitely got him on that, yo
(He can't fuck with this in a million years,
uknowmsayin?)
Yo, fake-ass Puma-wearin...dirty Puma suit...gutter-ass

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