

Sweet Sensation

"Victory or Death"

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2000

No mothafuckin mercy for tha new millennium

It's Victory or Death

I'm tha Twista in this bitch

Mothafuckaz talkin 'bout styles and shit

And who bit what and who made what

Nigga fuck all y'all styles

I'm finna set this shit off like this here

Chitowns murderous mob gothic

Hard knock it give me tha mothafuckin ammunition I'll
cock it

Respected like i'm one of Gods prophets

Gotta put it down for legit ballaz and you don't think

That i'll rock it annihilate that nigga

'Cuz like a lamb I was sacrificed for this verbal murder
religion

Imprisoned by my hunger to succeed

By the heart I be driven

No shakin, no shiverin, get your shit to bleed

Reciting street literature, shall i spit tha creed

Now who them mothafuckaz talkin 'bout bitin

Go get me the pump-out of my trunk-I'm finna buss

Y'all better run punk

Fuck where you got your style from I be the one

Rippin the track and I'm murderin

I'm in the middle of killin 'em off when the guns dump

With a young pump two to the brain don't even harm
me

You fuckin every party, you wont even startle

You' the harder crew of lyrical giants

Turnin mothafuckaz like u to microscopic particles

To hype, to stop it the modules on cruise control

Ride out on these niggas-bitches-ho's

Ain't takin no titles I instantly bruise your soul

Talkin that shit to me- trigger vicious flows

Get to rippin my clothes and start snappin like I'm

Sniffin shit up the nose, and catchin convulsions

Till i'm trembling no surrendering start shootin and

Knockin mothafuckaz out like Benalyn

Reminisclin' on that adrenaline

Oh, now you rememberin
Overdose 'em on poisonous poetry from the west to the
wild y'all
Gangbagin like Gotti, rockin tha party
Straight up shockin your body doin it Kami Kaze style
y'all

Hook 1:

Cause it's Victory or Death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin or you can get a..(click-
clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die!
Ain't no makin me bleed cause i've got family to feed
It's (repeat)

Hook 2:

I would rather die before i cant prosper I'm a mobsta
Won't stop ballin, because it's meant to be,
It's Victory or Death I gotta hustle till i'm gone
(repeat)

To all the folks and the lords.
The bloods and the crips and every ward lets roll
You gotta go- for what you know
If it's retaliation get low
When you get to the calico let it flow
Make these niggaz know in the door
Make a mothafucka bleed for what you need
Cuz the familys gotta eat in the last days it's hatred
and greed
Luv to the Gov's, B.M.'s, Field marshals, elites and the
chief
Soldiers we better take heed and realize
Signs of the times, stand by yo 9,
Watch out for tha haters and write yo' rhymes
But the industry is set up to fuck u so u better be on the
grind
Don't be one of the blind gotta stay alert
And put in work cuz time is almost up
Twistas, Hurricanes, and Volcanoes erupt
So we can't stop the struggle,
I'm killin my enemy, breakin 'em off and not givin a
fuck.
And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep
When i go to the sky
Thank you from savin me form a torturous life of hell,
But hile I'm here I'm straight legit ballin until I die
Lets better these years, feel the blood sweat and the
tears
Organize, I'll sit back and smoke a Philly witcha

Never scared of my peers, I only got federal fears
And I'm known to put it down for my city nigga
And when we get full of this indo
Hydroponics and Chronic lock up ya doors and tha
window
Better go and call up your kinfolks
Cause the riders that's down with this mob
Will murder when the wind blow
Don't know what you info
We bring terror in this Apocalyptic era of Armageddon
we headin in
And the only way we can survive is if we come hard
And strive to be gods instead of men!

hooks 1&2

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