

## The Genius % Maximillion F/ Method Man, Johnny Bla "Millenium Thug"

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Verse 1: (Nashawn)

Ayo, I'm yappin' these jewels  
clappin' these dudes  
a straight born Killa  
It's Q.B. Borough nigga, untamed Gorillas  
niggas that put holes in squealers  
dope dealers, I see police flashin' through my rearview  
mirror  
put the brick in my waist, tighten my belt  
safety off the Nine, they gotta kill me for mine  
I'm flaotin', left lane open where I could get through  
the cop blazed the pistol, busted out my back window  
I skidded out, now I'm outta control  
slammed on the break and shot out the rear do'  
I'm hearin' ambulance sirens, I kept firin'  
It's gotta be them 'cause I ain't dyin'  
I'm bonin' out  
bit the top off a Guinness stoute  
pour some out, Bravehearts no doubt  
I glove niggas, uppercut thug niggas  
look at my mug, you can tell that I'm bugged niggas.

Chorus - Why it feel good to be real and reveal who's  
fake? Why ya'll  
niggas got the girly mouth? Why we feel great? Why  
ya'll look mad with a  
frowned face? Why the hoes love The Gods,  
Bbravehearts, Nas, and Nash?  
Why them Bravehearts roll hard with Nickel plates?  
With big slugs that  
can't be traced, and why ya'll look so corny tryin' to  
imitate these  
real niggas that'll punch you in your face?

Verse 2: (Nas)

I saw niggas get smacked and have the street thinkin'  
they real  
saw niggas wives and knew 'em as the cum drinkin'  
girls

hosaditty, she act like she innocent  
she act like her Pussy is place that no nigga been  
why she act like she never met me?  
she can't forget me  
thugs respect me, jealous niggas say F me  
'cause my cruise shots like Lefty and Sunny Black  
your Hoes wanna lick Honey out my crack  
I'll fart in your bitch mouth, she call me psychic  
'cause I knew she would like it  
push fleetwood Caddy's feelin' righteous  
I eat good, no red meat I like Fish  
ya'll never in your life seen money  
I live like a Gangster from the Nineteen Twenties  
smuggle bootleg liquor  
I shoot 'till you dead nigga  
I'm about bread, these rhymes is off the head nigga  
wear Esco leathers and Esco fleece  
I could flow over techno beats and rep the streets  
you a one verse assasin  
I'm a multiple LP long lastin'  
peekin' again  
grimy nigga with different color ink in my skin  
former low life, now I'm the Bling Bling King  
respect it  
see me with the shit I say on record  
not like these fake thugs, please wake up  
If I die I'm'a rise from the grave  
with two Four-Fives and maggots in my eyes to make  
niggas pay!

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