

## George Michael & Aretha Franklin

### "Shaking in Your Boots"

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[Mr. Lil' One (talking)]

Aight, here we go  
Oh yeah... triple sixin  
Mr. Lil' One, GPA  
And that mothafucka Shadow

[Mr. Lil' One]

Comin through my return  
Mothafuckas fin to burn  
It's the Little  
I came to bring the pain in the rain  
Exclude me from any peace talks  
Watch the gun shot  
Comin through your block  
Mothafuck you and the cops  
Still I feel the urge to emerge for the kill  
Spit up in your face, roll you down a big hill  
No one will rescue the streets wanna test you  
Put you on the spot for that bull shit you talked  
Plus my nigga Whisper went up in your house  
And then you ate cheese like a little bitch mouse  
And then I seen you fly, deep into the night  
I wanna be like Lil One, so mothafuck might  
I came to put it down, wipe the tears from the ground  
Don't even got an attitude but claimin to be rude  
Finally I send those claimin to be foes  
To that other level, you can't fuck with the devil

[Chorus: Mr. Lil' One]

I got you bitch mothafuckas a shaken [shaken]  
All up in your boots cause their fakin [fakin]  
Listen to the shit that we be makin [makin]  
Evil like that mothafucka Satin [Satin]

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[Mr. Shadow]

It's the shadow of your death here to take your last

breath  
Now you're hopeless, I'm hittin mothafuckas with my  
lokness  
Hokus pokus, I'm deadly like a stroke is  
Mentally abuse all them fools when I flow this  
Nemesis, makin none of this cause you're envious  
The Mistah makin mothafuckas pray like a minister  
I'll blitz ya, never hesitating when I'm rushin  
I'll leave ya seein stars like the flag of the Russians  
Concussion, ain't no gettin up full of blood clots  
I must turn my soul competition into dust  
A trust no mothafucka but myself fuck tomorrow  
If your ass only knew all the days I let you borrow  
The sorrow that I cause makes your life forever paused  
I knew it from the git cause I read in the cards  
And now you hear me laugh  
Like the witch that did the craft  
Rap Devils on the loose leavin fools up in the past

[Chorus]

[GPA]

With no hesitation puttin these holes up in your dome  
It's the return of GPA and I'm always packin a  
microphone  
Just like a gavel when I be bangin up in these streets  
You better not get caught slippin  
Like a rhyme your ass will meet defeat  
Hey Little, who the next to second guess our flows  
I hope it ain't your crew, I'm leavin a bomb at your front  
door  
Along with a note some wires a clock and dynamite  
30 seconds to ignite I'm seein flash backs of your life  
Fool, I'm lettin it be known I'm takin every thing  
personal  
In the streets you play for keeps, I'm ready to give your  
ass a funeral  
I'm used to kickin my style I maybe the sharpest on top  
of the pile  
You asked me to flip some shit I'm entering in and I  
defile  
Any thing you have in mind, I'm kickin my rhyme  
Just keepin my time, look and you'll find  
And you'll decide whether or not the truth's inside  
You heard it come from me, should be no other way  
Fuck the Aztec Tribe and Mad Man all mothafuckin day

[Chorus]

