

I.G.T.

"Make Cents"

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(feat. Inspectah Deck)

[Verse One: ?]

Yo we ice, you gold (uh-huh), we the dicks, you the
pussy ho
Move your eyes if you're Whoopi Gold-
The game's over, lame soldier
Got my '99 Dana Dane froze on ya dame's poster
Once again, peon, I puff-puff the marijuan, nothin'
beyond
No coke, no her-on, ya dead wrong
Tryna Magic Don the war dons when you double bronze
Money replenish, cook crack like a chemist, nigga yap?
Twist his cap back like a gymnast
I'm sick, worse than syphilis,
I smack niggas on the wall, lookin' inconspicuous
Pops wasn't shit, I was bred to be nigger-ish
Record deal route, to make bitches bounce
If they don't, take me Uptown to cop an ounce
I walk around with down payment for a house
On my neck alone, I'm the Down South cousin on ya
wifey's phone
Break ya Bone, Thug and move in Harmony
The choice is yours, it don't bother me
Roosevelt 'til I'm dust, I.G.T.

[Chorus: ?]

What ch'all wanna do, make money? Or make cents
But it makes sense to make money, and stay bent
What ch'all wanna do, make money? Or make cents
But it makes sense to make money, and stay bent

[Verse Two: ? (O.T.?)]

We could blast it out of orbit like a space shuttle, dust
you
Off in ya huddle, 38 Specials make wet puddles when
they bust you
A sick sight for sore eyes might disgust you

Loud sounds make cassettes settle when they hear it,
like a scratched needle
O.T. is that evil, I slap people, who act feeble, and not
meager
Don't measure up, y'act too eager
But not to leave ya, we got true beef
like tarryin' the beat with duel heatas
Take on forms like amoebas, a true character
Actin' out scenes, like Drew Barrymore
Before we got warrior, you had to have it, now ya don't
want it
No more, at all, what's wrong wit'cha?
I'm gone, so long nigga, it's on critter, let's get it on
Word is bond, nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Inspectah Deck]

Deep in the lobby, fiend clockin' me for my stash
Dirty cop passed, flashin' the Glock, he's stoppin' Kash
We grabbed the mask and act fools, pack tools to
crash crews
Brand-new niggas get used, for Cash Rules
Chameleons blend, expose theyself in the end
Risk they life before thinkin' twice, dyin' ta get in
Tha circle, new society, those that die for me
I.N.S, I.G.T., my heir lights a sodomy
The hunger burns fiery, I'm still wide-eyed from the last
high
Catchin' visions five-times magnified
I spit grammar, lickin' like a twin-hammer
To snatch the fame and the wealth, without the glitz nor
the glamour
Kill the cameras, and all with this act of murda
This cat pack a burna, take ya head off, like Nat Turner
The war's on, the block ain't safe for you to walk on
With new bloodstains, the battleground we just fall-ed
on
Sign of the times, I'm on a mission to eat right,
creepin' at night (yo, yo)
Livin' after street life

[Verse Four: ?]

I'm high energy, low maintenance, born atheist
Wrapped in a towel with some Avias
Black patriot, computeristic, I spit hot rhymes
consistent
Leak liquid, combined with the same substance
that cyanide is mixed with

On every gem I flow different, go the distance
Speak persistent, burn incense, meditate, strange
mindstate
Put it down, with the PaperMate
Pen and a pad, that's how I operate, we the total
opposite
With the same opportunities, same enemies
Streak forth from my brain, forms a trinity
Without ?Clee? we a trilogy, break me down and re-
assemble me
This is my assembly, I go hard, with the gift that God
has given me
The cry, into the night has risen me
I'm the epitome, of bein' lyrically
Come closer if you ain't hearin' me
It's impossible to mimic me--stick a nozzle in my neck
Turn it on and empty me, empty me
(Fake fuck!)

[Chorus]

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