

## John Reeves

### "The Authentic"

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[Infrared]

Uh-huh, Ruthless

Eh yo, my fam's desperate  
When it get real, we let the tech spit  
We like AIDS for those who think they can't catch this  
We manifested this rap shit, we could go beyond this rap shit  
Let the gat spit, buck that hatchet  
You fake rap was malpractice, let me get at this  
and show you where the fuck you lack is  
These Bastards is like Cassius Clay with the gun play  
It's like drivin your car down a one-way  
You bound to get hit, my style is legit'  
Nigga, wildin ain't shit, cuz I can do that and do this  
But I analyze, niggaz chit chat, I plan to rise  
Yo, my fam is live, livin this life, we still fantasize  
about the better life and all that real cheddar  
cuz we forever trife, that shit'll make me feel better  
I be Infrared, niggaz keep y'all guns in y'all holsters  
I'm out for the bread, so I make lead jump out the toaster  
I keep my people closer, closer than you'll ever get  
Niggaz is delicate, bomb like a gun, you never spit

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

We the authentic, far from counterfeit  
Bound to hit, me and my Shaolin click  
Son they talk shit, but they forever forfeit  
Bangin with the Blaguesmiths, kid, we want fish

[Sha Gotti]

Eh yo, we blow hydro, hit hoes and tag toes  
Fo'-fo's put holes in Parasucos  
I used to hustle on the block, holdin crack in my asshole  
Now I do shows, sip the Crist', forget the Moe's  
Watch my back, for Colombo's and Donnie Brasco's  
Droppin tops on convertibles, lyrically murder you  
Who are you? I never heard of you, verbally servin you  
I analyze 'em then I size 'em up, where's the rope? Tie

'em up  
Gag his mouth, shut him up, Ruthless Bastards don't  
give a fuck  
I run up in your mansion, hold your family for ransom  
when I'm twisted off Branson, too thugged out for  
dancin  
You'll niggaz askin for Sha to jump in a stolen Maxima  
I drive by clappin ya, pay attention when I'm after ya

"Hip-hop is writin and rhymin, a way of life.  
To hold the mic in your hand and crush everything  
in front of you, that's hip-hop."

[Truck]  
Caught in collisions, niggaz cut you 'cisions with razors  
Little league niggaz bleed from fuckin with the majors  
This wild life's contagious, in guns we trust  
And if they're aimin at my team then ain't no more to  
discuss  
I charge to bust, goons from my platoon to bang  
Shook them thangs and watch shots come back like  
boomerangs  
Orangutangs swingin through this concrete jungle  
Slangin them thangs, bummy with grimy niggaz in the  
struggle  
Either we love you or hate you, half the shit y'all can't  
relate to  
Like niggaz actin like you feel just to snake you  
Scientific breakthrough, your flow's infested with  
cyanide  
When I die screamin "Fuck the world!", I lease 'em high  
Beast from SI, fuck with my peeps from I, increase the  
crime  
When I release the nine, tryin to teach the blind to shine

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]  
Yo, yo, yo, ill greed general, war platoon steez  
On the battlefield stripes get stripped off your sleeves  
They bleed like we bleed, I fiend for the cheese  
Just like you, in order to feed my seeds  
No remorse, so I'm forced to bring forth the flames  
No game, engrave out my name into your brain  
The nobel, Sir I, rap mogul  
Move global on you locals, blow em when I've come  
through  
Hundred deep, nuff heat stashed in the Jeep  
On the creap, like broken floodin the streets  
Yo, this is for my niggaz who post on live corners  
The brawlers who keep they hands on the nine Taurus

Straight out the woods, hit the hoods like a taskforce  
Mass force, pullin the sting, take the cash off

[Chorus]

[Outro: Inspectah Deck]  
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Bangin with the Blaquesmiths kid we want fish

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