

Stevie Nicks % John Stewart**"M.I.A"**

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[Problemz]

Shit sounds like some old wild western
Shoot em up, O.K. Corral
Blowin up spots, Missin Linx
Better run that

Prepare your eardrums
For one of the ruggedest raw MC's
To ever bless the mic device, Rhymes Galore like Busta
You musta been sniffin that shit
To think that you could fuck wit me or any of the
members of my click
For that matter, wit ya chitter-chatter
Makin your body parts splatter
Send you an e-mail bomb and erase your data
Now you're clueless, wonderin how I do this
Simple and plain, I run wit real niggas and squads that
carry Rutgers

[Al Tariq]

Aiyyo I shit you and noyds and spit that shit called
noise
Got your boys losin poise, kickin Stories like some Toys
Wit the kung-fu grip, don't trip
Watch the crack or break your mother's fuckin back
Flip script and watch me act like a legend
Got you pledgin your allegiance
To the three men, potent cuz we semen
Let me control all sons, leak shit, we come wit tons
You could never see these ones, just our mothafuckin
guns

[Chorus] 2x

[All] M-I-double-S-I-N Linx, Missin In Action

[AT] The Artist Formerly Known as Fashion

[BA] By the way my name Attack, first name Black

[PZ] Problemz

[All] Put it all together and ya'll still couldn't solve em

[Black Attack]

Oh ya'll niggas talk the slim shit

Don't make me have to rewind this back
Black Attack got the Feds lookin for dimes and crack
None of that though, we been unloaded, fuckin blowin
I exploded, fuck is ya'll smokin, sounded corroded
Ya'll know my status, fuck wit dime pieces
Twist Godfather's full of berries 'fore I bless the
aparatus
Who the baddest or the realest, niggas feel this cross
seas
While you shinin wit diamonds I'm flossin wit trees

[Problemz]

Ya'll niggas'll never manifest the lyrical text that I
posses
Burn your chest hairs like Jack Daniels when I dismantle
Your whole persona, that's my word to marijuana
Blaze a nigga like gonga, don't make me have to
remind ya
The shit I drop on you, about 29 bars ago
Prob's the pro, flowin without question, recollectin
On shit I did in the past, blaze and get Cash like Johnny
Need me? In the back wit the fat sack of chronic

Chorus 2x

[Al Tariq]

Aiyyo A-L-T-A-Riq freak incredible
Regurgitate these raps, too much fat, never edible
But legible, read my lips son (Fuck you)
Comin through, blunts and brews, Q-U wit mobs and
crews
Now who you? Cuz I don't hear no noise from your
cypher
Fuck around wit this and get twist, we be some lifers
For takin yours, breakin yours yo I'm started
Now check the middle finger for foes dearly departed

[Black Attack]

Now you know I can flow though
Wit no dough, flip promos in slow mo
Light the dro though
Fuckin wit Black Attack, now that's a no-no
Nuff the bullshit, niggas better stop comin partial
Ya'll wanna play captain, Sean Black'll play the marshall
The biggest, largest, Ac coupe kamikaze
Hoppin out the Expedition, twist diggy off the gongy
Ya'll bumb-ass niggas, I only fuck wit raw
AMB shit, since 1992 minus 4

Chorus 2x

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