

## **K.M.D. f/ MF Grimm**

### **"What a Niggy Know?"**

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Lazy nigga!

I saw the thunder and heard the lightning  
and felt the burden of his n-a-a-a-a-a-a-me!  
I saw the thunder and heard the lightning  
and felt the burden of his na-a-a-a-a-a-a-me!

[Zev Love X]  
Check, sup do  
Yeah, check it out check it out  
Check it, buss it, peep it, check it  
I'm on the low like a sneaky ass nigga  
X the unseen comin' like the night nigga  
So start panicking Imma crack this Heinekin  
Suckas is froze like manequin so no shananegan,  
bucko  
I'm rugged like stone face to stucco  
So fuck it! The mic is in my knuckles so I keeps my fist  
full of profits  
My grip is on my pistol in pocket  
Niggaz be blowin' but be annoyin' like whistle rockets  
This one goes out to all you suckas: you don't know me  
I never O.D. on my diet of codine and OE  
X imbezelin fat checks and cash is okay  
Fuckin with the system like a rash but I don't say out  
loud  
I read my hit list while I check shit  
A nigga never lived to hear me diss him on no record  
The month's up  
I watched the (\*fucker?\*) bleed for seven days  
The body autopsy said he was killed in seven ways  
Nowadays tell me what lady don't get it  
Listen to BLS you just might catch radio edit  
I got the good news so watch the happy story end like  
Colin Fergusen or Jack Kavorkian and you don't quit

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and felt the burden of his n-a-a-a-a-a-a-me!  
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[MF Grimm]

(Sittin on the train like half past midnight)  
Who will survive in World War Three? (None!)  
Who got a style that come close to me? (None!)  
Niggaz screamin battle who steps to me? (None!)  
To all you fakers, it's time to meet your maker  
Raps incarceration of a threat to population  
Blowing MCs in a yardless, heartless center isolation  
raise a rattle  
With recreational mental meditation  
World War Three, it's me  
So man your battle station  
The reaper lyrics are way beyond the limits of human  
endurance (Yeah!)  
The rapper called star shot down for insurance (Bang!)  
I keep the ugly rhymes in the celler of my cranium  
Where no one can see them or hear cries for freedom  
Chopped up raw thoughts the only thing I feed 'em  
Release the beats from the celler when I need 'em  
Dwell underground like C.H.U.D., love letters  
Wrinkled paper bags, ink and blood  
I gotta slay ways of jealous I defeat  
Dodge bullets blue sparks flowin off the fuckin  
concrete  
Even if it's not your beef you are stressed cause bullets  
go homeless  
And homeless need a place to rest  
So where's your heaven and hell G?  
Because your Marcus Wellby will not be able to sew  
That hole in your chest and back  
Often looks like a car, it's kitted  
Piped and tinted, and also painted triple black (Ding!)  
Sad songs to your saviour to sacrifice your soul to  
prayers failed (Sorry)  
Cause God moved like a snail so death prevails  
Your deader than a doornail  
Lips blue, skin pale, all hail GRIMM!

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