

Kamen Nick

"Hidden Crate"

Visit "[Hidden Crate](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[A.G.]

I spit stress on tracks, givin' all a y'all hard time
so alive, swing to par fights
with one stroke catch you on a quiet note
without you pertune when you sing the same tune
I keeps the boom like sonic
my hibonics can't be fucked with
ass get hit and passed like the bag we just slit
terror on tracks, word is that I'm sweet with mine
Show & A shit is basic more than be two rhymes
all them honeys in the fronroll those freaks is mine
all ya niggas that's gunbold can't compete with mine
like JD, we burn 'em like back draft
let the truth hit 'em, like ba buddhism
you didn't do the math
I hold my own like Bud Bundy with no date
got the torn men's attitude that kind of rich men hate
so what's the explanation from a skits a friend estate
and times I fear my niggas at times I can't relate
watch me blow spots and show cats how to rock
properly like goddi(?)and that nigga I gotta be

[Chorus]

(Show scratches; look me in my eyes and tell me what
you see)

[A.G.]

Top ten terrorist, check it out
I'm the cleverest, top ten terrorist
chickens ever diss, they become featherless
hate derelicts, certified gold metalist
you can play fly cause I'm the most high like Everest
look at all these fakes, musically you imitate the crates
won't succeed moving at full speed with no breaks
like Jake, watch me take your entourage
can't see me, I'm camouflaged, and besides, I'm God
mad hard, like the S.A.T., 've shorties
caught up in the mental, watch her bless A.G.
evidently, you still don't know, because you tempt me
thought you was the boss when your wack thoughts
were empty

not Fat Joey Crack, but still Jealous One's Envy
who sent me? D.I.T.C., good and plenty
like the doctor, smoke a Spike Joint and watch
"Clockers"
get rude like Shabba, make moves behind my blockers
the sickness, you want the pure, you'd better pick this
bitches can't get this, faggots remain dickless
mathematics used to be supreme
got no invisible means to reach my dreams, just faith
do little with it, nothing without it
the placed Show & A I doubt it
we're here forever, brainstorming
let it hang out when our performing
see I have to, I'm a natural
like Jar (?)
got your brain leaking
nah I'm better yet this pourage
puttin' hoes in your ideas
blood on your fly gear
I've had it, rap's a anti stealing magnets
craps get dealt with, no method took my methods

[Chorus]

Visit [Kamen Nick](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.