

## **Lint) Lyrics by Operation Ivy**

### **"Takin' Ova US"**

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[Intro: Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Uh.. Uh..

Shabaam Shadeeq

Sinister V-O-I-C-E

Easy Reservoir

Mista Shadeeq

Uh... Tommy Tee

Sinister Voices

[Verse One - Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Moves you cant trace

Terror face-to-face

I lace the bass and drums with nuff taste

When its crunch time, I invite MCs to my lunch time

With a punch line, bake beef like a mongoose

Even if its one line, and do rhyme

I track em all down, waste a few rounds

Clownass niggaz get shot like grave robbahz

Get around like my ballahz

In the coup the (?), no time to chill

Sun too hot to stop

See the world through a blink of an eye, imagine dat

I weight cannabis cats steadily takin' naps

Perhaps, I fuck up ya dome like Pete Snaps

No fake cats I need to procede with mine

So long I step on the stage I spit fire

I'm da natty, definatly living up the party

I shut the fuckahz down if these niggas dont respect  
me

Make em shake like epelepsy

Cant stress me

Cant test me with that talk ya talk keep it walkin'

I walk mine till the end of time, connecting

Collaborating with my comrades from everywhere

True is how I keep it secret: I never leak it

Hot like bahama beaches, with ya girl eating peaches

Shadeeqy lace the track like lee gee (?)

Hiphop's a fine whole (?) lotta way she freak me

[Chorus - Mr.Eon]

We come elevated

Untranslated

Uncut, MCs get done up when we run up  
Run up, my fake poets, throw ya love up  
Locally, globally wreckin' totally  
We come elevated

Untranslated

Uncut, MCs get done up when we run up  
Run up, my fake poets, throw ya love up  
Locally globally wreckin' totally

[Verse Two - Reservoir Doggs]

Momma always said there'd be days like diz  
I'd be stressed like diz, and fall victim to the streets  
At an early age have my peeps call early graves  
In the early days like around the late 80s  
When chicks around the waist had no tits but had  
babies  
My crew went crazy, drug money made us lazy  
I never wanted to work, just sell this rap drug  
To fiends everywhere with their headphones plugged  
Verbal injectah  
Hold the gadget like Inspectah  
12 bars or pressure  
Ghetto story lecture  
Indiano, aka C-malo, a hard act to follow  
Nigga chew before ya swallow

[Verse Three - Reservoir Doggs]

Yo yo yo yo,  
Get ya best lined up, get ready so we can combat  
I stomp that, blow bags and flow tracks  
Where the do at, bless a nigga format(?) packs  
Like gats by the ass crack when I click niggaz past that  
They make lyricis, I blast back with a phat rap  
I back trakcs, u relapse, I pack stacks, u eat that  
Shit you talkin' new york bronx state of (?)  
Double bread niggaz who shine get blind of the  
realness  
Yo feel diz  
Got my cake stacked up, and blaze shorty with the sex  
Got my games backed up, I bought a half a million  
worth of ice  
Keep it confidential, presidential on a rolex  
go tex with the lex as we flex this  
General who da federal  
Interlectual 40 more with the residue dirty dogs  
B-X we bless like the hands of Christ  
And roll dice triple 7 for eternal life

[Verse Four - Joe Sexx]

My infra-red sizing you up, you live what nigga what

Promote and corruptness, or necessary corruptness  
When I bliss, hiss the fist with (?) clips  
(?) up those tips between lips and shit  
Now and dat shitez  
Force and I dont cries smash da dice  
The cubes I hold I wrote, see low?? twice  
Shakin' up the standard turnin' scramblahz to cant  
handle us  
I want it all be to be, a bad (?) gambler  
Shacked ya girl as angela?? got her on camera-rush  
And when my mom sees how I'm mashin' or flashin' it  
from da door-step  
Ya niggaz aint vile, ya gotta discuss the wild  
Fuckin' slim girls the project's gotta pee now  
Meanwhile niggaz be fucking my guns keep bustin'  
Chicken heads keep fussin'  
Ya bitches always want to suck  
My .45 is cussing cops is coming but I aint runnin'  
Joe Sex lets get added motherfuckahz

[Chorus - Mr.Eon]  
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Untranslated  
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Locally, globally wreckin' totally  
We come elevated  
Untranslated  
Uncut, MCs get done up when we run up  
Run up, my fake poets, throw ya love up  
Locally globally wreckin' totally  
(totally fades 3 times)

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