

Lyrics by Jewel

"Drama"

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[Chorus: Letha Face]

If you don't want the drama, bust your gun
You don't want the drama, here I come
You don't want the drama

[Letha Face]

Top chrome spin, whirlwinds, microphone's bend
Some grown men, moan when they sold they soul to sin
Unfolded with thin lies, the aura to make the
papermate fry
You escaped fate, watch the snake eyes
Pre-heat the oven guides, now watch the cake rise
Eight size gorillas in the background, clap rounds
Back down, on July 4th in Chinatown, it's how the mack
sounds
Clown I'm a pound, you're a half-pound
Scratched out, names from the guest list, treacherous
Wreckless, the death kiss, die with a deathwish
Expect this, underwater flow to leave you breathless
My sentences structured to rupture your laser discs
Razors in my fist, swing til I can't swing
Do my damn thing, guns don't jam when I bang

[Kawz]

I went through concrete and bars, still hit the god damn
tar
The love of money got me wanting the car
It's obvious that the game won't change, I still slang
crack cocaine
Got a full plate in front of me
Son I gotta eat, no kids to feed
So I gotta cop something new for my feet

[Chorus]

[INF-Black]

Double tactics, smoke niggaz out like crack addicts
Face, pass it, I storm out wild, straight jurassic
My habits: drink liquor, smoke weed, get bent
backwards
I play the lab, cuz I might spaz with ill fashion

Crashin' all ya M.C.'s rep and drop classics
Ya'll pretty boppin' get holes right your satan
It's peace and clackin', keep it dirty in the stashin'
You push me, homey, have your body layin' in
Manhattan
Yeah, I'm from Staten, where the streets talk, the block
listen
That's why I keep the gauge loaded 4/5 in the kitchen
Three eighty in my waist, I ain't playin' what I'm sayin'
Have your whole shit replaced, in broad day
So I keep it low, had to stop coppin' from Broadway
Ya'll phony niggaz know you too slow to face me
Get a taste of the young g, with the case of the Old E'
When I shave the goatee, from frontin' with me

[Chorus 2X]

[U-God]

It's time, to set it off, master of metaphors
You heard of this predator, Stoneface Skeletor
Knocked down for ten long yards, I'm still standin' tall
Ready for war, let it flow like the reservoir
Dough in my treasure drawer, spit out my cannon ball
Run for the embersole, yeah, I could handle ya'll
Verses got many more, damage any challenge or
Catch me splurgin' at the Virgin MegaStore
Strong arm the dance floor, what more can you ask
for?
Dashin' bachelors, and let you fry the circuits
I die for a purpose, behind the iron curtain
I'm, puttin' my work in, at the same time the Earth spin

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Letha Face]

You don't want to fuck with me

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