

Maccabeez

"Immaculate Spittin'"

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[sample] I dedicate to this program to the National
Guad But we're fresh out hillbilly music But we know
better, don't we? We know about the 14 year old girl
The trigger happy guardsman shot last night And the
people they beat up And the black businesses they
destroyed, don't we? It's almost time... 10 seconds, 9,
8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, blastoff [Intro: Timbo King] Yeah...
Bo Bo Bo, Maccabeez Got macks to squeeze (cock and
load) Bo Bo Bo Bo, yeah... Bo Bo, Maccabeez, let's go
[Timbo King] For retrospect, I'm king of this metrotech
To the next millennium, I'm Clarence 13X This the real
it's gon' get, with no special effects My fours leave the
scene when the tech's on wreck Yeah Mickey D's the
boss, cuz he walks with a 'big mac' Niggas went to jail,
came home and got sent back Blacker than '60's,
compared today The media, never air what we had to
say Blue steel in the hour of chaos, revenge Composer
of street music, Bozart, the man with a gold heart
Silver lungs, my duty is to teach the young (You don't
want none...) Bitch rappers go run inside they daddy's
house We on the blocks with them caddy's out, bladder
out Yeah we liable on the stage, ya'll cats jatted out
Ya'll them haters acting mad about, what the fuck ya'll
brag about? [Interlude: Timbo King] Maccabeez,
Maccabeez Militia Ya'll can't fuck with me, ya'll can't
fuck with us [Timbo King] Yo, for the projects, niggas
throwing objects at niggas Smack niggas, jack niggas,
one of those rap niggas Hold your square, my circle is
gunning I've been popping shit like this, since my uncle
was numbing Stay dumb off the green gum Bitches on
the dick wanna see me cum Income, outcome, all
bums, albums The streets wanna know, why and how
come Maccabeez... niggas get smacked the fuck up
[Hell Razah] The icon of the Renaissance, the blast
word on the intercom That transform like Decepticons I
get my greenery from leperchauns Ya'll better make
sure your vest is on We turn Brooklyn to Lebanon Shoot
at the police with no grief Bloody your white sheets,
fuck Alexander the Greek We got the streets yellin'
'revolution', against the devil's movement My sixteen in
the constitution And I be very ruthless, another young

Huey P. Newton Maccabeez don't obey laws, we came
to kick down doors And break bread with the one 44
Why you fake niggas hating me for? My metaphors got
your gay niggas cancelling tours We handling whores
like Max Julian in The Mack Niggas scared to be back,
Christ is black, but the church don't tell you the facts
Since the Towers collapsed, we still hustling cracks
Keep gats poking out of the sides of throwbacks
Cadillacs on 22's, you know how money do Have Judas
sell you out for 30 sheckels We rebels and law
breakers, got you scared to face us Til then, all death
to haters

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