

## **Missy Elliott F/ Eve, Lil' Mo, Nas, Q-Tip**

### **"Must B Tha Music"**

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Uh, uh-uh, uh, S.O.M., baby  
It's that time, for the shorties  
Yeah, yeah, power to the music  
Word up, 2000, one time

[Killah Priest]

Shorty wanna be a thug, only 14, sellin drugs  
Wind up in the court pleadin to the judge  
Or outside on the pavement, bleedin cuz  
He got hit by a bullet, now he need blood  
In the ambulance didn't have a chance to weed a slug  
Type of shit that even it does, put a spell on us  
Puff an L on the corner, or in cuffs in jail wit the lawyers  
But in this hell, I'm a warrior, struggler, straight hustler  
Do you feel me?

[60 Second Assassin]

Bluck, bluck, bluck, this to all you lamesters  
Reppin now and respect to my gangsta  
Watch ya move son, wettin ya crates  
Wit the triple drum base in ya face, takin ya case  
60 Sec. rats in ya face, it's all foreplayin, don't  
get it wet in this place  
'Sassins like, fella ain't lease this train  
Don't make me have to leak this place, I'd rather lead  
the way  
Drop about a seed a day, got sunshine on a bleedin  
day  
Kill about 3 or 4 beats a day, rush plus brush, ready for  
play  
Catalog shit, day for day, bust a murder murder rate  
away

[Chorus: 60 Second Assassin (Hell Razah)]

+Must B Tha Music+ (Why we run the streets wild)  
+Must B Tha Music+ (Make us pull our guns out)  
+Must B Tha Music+ (I can bust in her mouth)  
+Must B Tha Music+ (Got us all thugged out)

[Hell Razah]

Dice games by the coke spot, niggas love shit he don't got

He get chased off is own block, on parole for that white gold

A young man wit a old soul, in his project +Hell Hole+

We don't care about no clothes, you can die by that pay phone

You're best bet is to stay home, young chicks wanna get boned

A little dick make 'em get grown, even the rich get a tombstone

We all die in the flesh, son, bleed blood and through wet guns

Get money and respect comes, got respect and connect comes

Get rich, next death comes, ya don't wanna come test and son

We stay strapped by the left lungs, we don't care where you rep from

Sniff this 'til you get numb, hold ya head cuz we ain't done

[Prodigal Sunn]

Run the streets, thugs hold heat in they feet

Soul you reap, hot slugs eat through meat

Roll wit four deep, two in the crease, soak neat

Trophy, smoke and eat, soul physique

Code of the block, is that gold bars a prop

Sold base, rock steamers for them caps and top

Hip Hop, drip from the lip of the glock

Grick shop, all day long we burn rock

Industry rap, chemistry empty the gat

Sun of Man yo, never to run, we slum cats

Yeah word up, you know how we do

[Chorus]

[Outro: 60 Second Assassin]

+Must B Tha Music+

Our shit is hot to the daylight

Sunz keep it moving all through the night

It ain't a party if we can't get it right

Just keep it moving all through the night

+Must B Tha Music+, +Must B Tha Music+

That's turning you on

+Must B Tha Music+, +Must B Tha Music+

I can't go...

