

Monsta Island Czars

"1,2... 1,2"

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1,2 1,2
Kongcrete, the most hideous
Check it, check it, check it
Smoking hash, leave an open ash, broken stash,
floating fast, lifted
Calm with the broken glass slur board, nasty nigga
fucked Bertha
Insert her further than murder, pulled out then squirt
her
Out for murder, out for murder, murder
Out for murder, pull a squeezed then hurt her
Out for Cheddar piece of cheese when in doubt love
Took Alicia Keys in and out love eight nine
Hate all hate all fakes you call cross fate
Find your body at your girls weight walking
Create comment when I start to spit
Y'all niggaz spit conformant, conformant

Study every religion there is rythym for kids
Deadly as venom as this him or his friends of his
I'm like a guinea pig with a skinny snitch hear me big
Like a penny-rich, hear me bitch, ready to let you see
me spit
Here he is, is he really sick or is he really picked
To see the vic or is he really dead for what he did
Let the machette riffs spaghetti drip ready, get set,
ready go
Ready to rock with steady flow to let you know we ready
to go
Is he heavy? Is he petty? I was hungry shorty very yo,
for heavy dough
I need some heavy dro, Megalon in your stereo
Ready to shoot the heady yo
Yo!

Lyrics with def rap this side of a letter bomb, yo
Megalon
Pass that Megatron, guys on a hunt like a Predacon
Smoking cedarwood trees from Lebanon
Facist sprites just on MTV terrorist threats looped on a
MPC

Travel at a hundred eighty-six thousand kilobytes per
second, downloaded on the MP3
1995 Long Island high-styled in the MPB
Monsta Island escaped from MCC

By any means, many fiends his team to toast teens
Toast the scenes for the hos to scream mostly seen
Bruvee avoided get at me Veluciani 'hind me
Bahama taki busting shots with Gulianni bust back
I squeeze rapping niggaz Y'all been acting like it can
happen
My Mack 10 make big niggaz' backspin what
happened?

Is that so? Tommy Brasco stacked overnight flow my
abstract flow for cash flow
Turned cocaine to crack and turned crack to blow now
how the fuck that go?
I'm gonna fuck that ho, the white ho and the black ho
Lay on your back ho, they made the track slow so I
could rap slow Tommy mack hos
Yo, yo, my gun is like my girl cuz I don't wanna let my
GAT go
I sold crack fast now I sell crack slow
In the back on the low, if you ain't got no dough
Come to the back door, I'll give you a full pack at four
Rock rap shows, LB on the map when I blow
R&B rap takes it in the ass-crack slow
At my last show I snatched gold
Black Jesus, its a black Christmas now picture black
snow

Hey yo we calculate the sands of time in slo-mo
Manipulating every moment through space
Metabolize the seeds of wealth and let the dough flow
Committing the acts of violence and hate crimes
against the po-po
Double barrelled hand-held bazooka for sargent
shipbays
If you want to start frying like E-Robo
Blaze that bush whether your mary jane is def or even
if it's so-so
Teasing bitches with ice cubes on their nipple,
keep them playing with their yo-yo
Athletic pussy like Lisa Leslie and Rebecca Lobo
Rock the show from uptown, downtown to Tribeca, Soho
Most of these rappers are R&B singers like K.C. and Jo-
Jo
Better off harmonizing with Taj, Leigh Leigh and Coco
Thesbian thugs, niggaz is all mouth like the Rolling
Stones logo

Bianca Jagger, free jacker, jacking me off in a go-go
Stuffed down their throats spitting completely bobo
Keeping it groovy without the synthetic fucking mojo
Got the spot kicking like a donkey locked up inside a
dojo
Smacked Ralph Lauren, got Tommy Hilfiger picking
cotton and rocking Polo

Is that so?

Niggaz straight lifted,
Bring the bisket, bring the bitches, bring their
motherfucking statistics
Bring their death certificates,
Um don't forget the four blocks, peace to Fort Knox
where the four stops

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