

Mr. Hyde f/ Ill Bill, Necro

"Street Veteran"

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[sample from Dusk Till Dawn]

Rule number 1 - no noise no questions. If you make a noise, Mr. 44 makes a noise
If you ask a question, Mr. 44 answers it. Rule number 2 - you do what we say when we say it
If you don't, see rule number 1. Rule number 3 - don't you ever try and fucking run on us
Cause I got 6 little friends and they can all run faster then you can

[Mr. Hyde]

Hey yo I let the automatic spit to show you I ain't havin it
I use the icepick kid to stab is always adequate
You never should've stoked the blade the tore your throat
They left you leakin liquid like a bitch who's water broke
Put a pillow on your face kid and drown out your screams
Count the widows I made kid it's around in the teens
I got an ounce of the haze a 4 pounder to blaze
Anxious to kill you like a convict countin his days
Against the 4/5th your vest got no clout
Put a hole in you 'so big intestines fall out
Public enemy 1 I'm always ready to dump
And if you askin for a bullet I got plenty to dump
I hold a sixteen shooter and it bust like a tank
I chill with psychos that can turn a toothbrush to a shank
The grimy type with a rope that still collided with smoke
Who's idea of a fair one is a knife in your throat
See we can kill you with raps or we could kill you with gats
I got an '89 Taurus painted silver and black
Started to fill you with caps just like your dentist do teeth
It's as simple as teeth we'll leave you dead in the street

[Necro]

Street veterans you better watch your fuckin step
We'll beat you to death Hyde and Ill Bill wreck
Street veterans gangsters criminals

Drug dealers that'll stab you up in different intervals
Street veterans OG's that done did it
Don't ever try to bring it you bitch you must be kiddin
Street veterans Ill Bill and Hyde rip it
Over a carcass you start it it's real shit legitimate

[Ill Bill]

I know the world's over but I'm a get mines while I'm
here
Still ready with the microchip up in my ear
I seen enough people eatin gettin paper over my ideas
And I'm a murder everybody each time I hear
I came to collect blood sweat pain and respect
Diamonds connectin my name on the chain on my neck
They're probably starin I built a foundation beneath it
Got 100,000 gooned out creeps that speak it
Cause hysteria like pissed cripes with trick dice
Get your ear ripped off like an East New York pit fight
I spits like poverty my shit's dirty and grimy like
robbery
I make you buy guns I help the economy
It's drugs where I come from thugs where I come from
We stab at your ribs and kidnap where I'm from son
We foul like that we reppin a war
Heated by most loved by few respected by all

[Necro]

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