

Ms. One f/ Black Milk, Rapper Big Pooh

"2 MCs"

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[Black Milk] Listen, uh Lights, camera, I'm so nice like polite manners Flow's nice as soon as I touch the mic handle Uh, the gun blam, it'll leave a murder scene The son of Sam of Hip Hop, I murder everything I'm from the city where niggas is aping, ain't shit Niggas guerrilla, get you for your bathing ape kicks Uh, pray shit, they say I'm Hollywood I tape flicks and sign autographs on babe's tits Uh, I can't sleep, I'm on the grind, I'm hungry Take a risk, put it all on the line like laundry You can't call me and try to harm me I'll make you a dead man walking like zombies Like +Mike+ in +Thriller+, my rhyme sketch is like a movie scene, I fight the villain Hah, back on board, game fell off track so I put it back on court, yeah [Rapper Big Pooh] A lot of pressure building up in my chest plate Niggas begging for the album, said they can't wait You hear the rumours dog, I like to call it bait My fam on the horn asking bout my mind state The mind's great, I'm sharper than I ever been I'm on the beach overseas sipping Serafin Ain't no need for you to question if I ever been homie from the bottom that you learn to ascend I transcend any clique, rap's Agent Zero I was last when they picked, now prepare for it I don't cry over milk spilt Place my fitted on tilt and keep stepping like a champ The prize winner, the victor Leading man posing in your girl's pictures, get yours I'm out here doing the same Got my mind on the money, I don't need the fame, ya dig?

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