

U-God

"Heart Of Stone"

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[Chorus: U-God]

I got a heart of stone, flesh and bone
Red skin tone, rap syndrome

[U-God]

I'm that street sweeper, dope beat finder
Forty four piece, keep on pushing with a meat grinder
Heat mizer, to all you competitors
You regular, regular, I'm ten steps ahead of ya
Return of the predator, let me demonstrate
Make niggaz spill blood like women menstrate
And I'm, fresh out the gate, guess who trunkin' through
If he fight to the death, I'mma buckle you
Yea, I'm all stressed out, I'm not comfortable
I don't play by your rules, I stick and move
Everyday that you do, catches up to you
I want my cake and eat it too, stop the game
Leave bruises on your neck, when I pop your chain
Yeah, the hunger/pain, make me an awesome thug
I'm my own verdict, fuck the jury, the judge
Yeah, hear me loud, I bring fury to clubs

[Chorus]

[U-God]

I rap gritty, cuz the city's infested
I got the city trapped, trapped in my deathgrip
When the tech spit, we bang out exceedrin
Yeah, you wet kid, the aftershock's around ya
Can't wait to let off, the eighteen pounder
The bulldog growler, potato on the end
I don't turn belly up, or jelly on a friend
They held me in the pens, twenty three hour options

Locked in, now I'm in the top ten
I'll never bend, heads give up
When I, see ready for, dead in the dust
I throw up the crust, then I shatter they mask
It's a must, it's a must, that I shoot fast, come on!

[Chorus]

[U-God]

The streets is like Satan, I'm from the Hill
Cuz people keep hating, cuz I score at will
Don't fuck with new niggaz, I figured they wired
I set 'em on fire, like the name was Pryor
I'm a livewire brother, that's something superb
Want a glass room mansion, up in New Jers'
Puff a dutch and an herb, stay in touch with ya bird
In an all black Phantom, crushing the curbs
Spill my guts on my word, cuz my measure is lethal
From the Oooh Building, my Resident Evil
Throw consecutive free throws, I'm poppin' the Don
Better, clear the way, another blow from the Arm
And don't be alarmed, when I'm scrappin' this CREAM
With knicks the size of ice cubes, taking your fiends
And I popped out the rifle and M-16
You see me on the screen with the Charlie's Angels
All in the closet, keep nothing but Kangols
Catch him in Bahamas eating all the mango's
Call in for drama, bring on the pay load

[Chorus x2]

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