

# Black Rob, Down The Line Joint

Verse One: Puffy

When night falls, that's when it all begins  
Be prepared we can allow no loose ends  
I highly recommend ya'll bring your arms  
This is no false alarm  
They want to do us harm  
Like I'm nervous, live inside a glass house  
They want to bring us down  
Then drag us out  
It's all about niggas that doubt our reputation  
Start'n conflict and don't know what they facing  
Want twist us all in there black magic  
? suggest paper of wars and break havoc  
Are u ready, don't sleep on them  
Ain't petty, you get that ass thrown like infedy  
Meet me at the getaway spot in a jiffy  
Leave all the does behind that act iffy  
We got maneuvers, that's hard to beat  
Till the other side retreats  
Under six feet beneath  
C'mon

Verse Two: Mark Curry

I told u that is a saw I wore  
I'm a kill  
When the rebel yells song that don't stop till  
It's done, see I got guns and I m sick  
See how you said meet me here and I came quick  
Them same catz on the most wanted list  
We can hit them, Then straight disappear in the mist  
?,Won't cease to exist  
I shoot to kill and I'll be damned if I miss  
A warrior waiting for Armageddon  
I get serious as hell when I'm threatened  
Intent to get hostile break into a rage of fury  
Send them back their apostle's fossils and crazed right  
A rude awakening and but now I'm alert  
And that's right down my line of work  
The whole Brotherhood new verse, gutless cowards with no back  
And watch how they all fall flat  
Ahh

Chorus:

Niggas gone fall out  
The got us up against the wall  
Here I call out, let it all out  
With or without you I'm for war  
Some shit worth dying for, ah-huh

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Verse Three: Black Rob

Yo,  
You want hot soup, I got shit like up on in attica  
Guns ridiculous like battle star galactica  
What's this, want to insult my family?  
La familia, actin like ones of us goin to kill ya  
I want ya'll dues,  
Shit hit the fan, we going to be eatin your food  
Time up in the new  
Then torture, I rip a niggas toe nails off

What, I didn't here the news five slayin the law  
Man, how I don't want do these catz  
I lay mousetraps for those mice house niggas that house gats  
They want to out me, I know killers from down south be  
Who know and understand, there ain't a thing sweet about me  
I earn my respect, and I was born to wreck  
Spit techs, by your rockets threw jets  
Who's next, to get hit by firepower that's so raw  
Go play 4-4's ready for war

Verse Four: Mase

All out, what what,  
Wanna blow, what what  
Teamsters what what  
Mother Fucker  
>From Monday to Sunday, it's all about the money  
Nigga ain't got mine, I guarantee I'm gun play  
Moms says makes u going to need that money one day  
Bitch I'm in the jet, Benz on the runway  
Don't be fooled, still squeeze tools  
Money like that why the fuck I need school  
M-A dollar sign E rules  
Hundred G jewels,  
Vacate places you don't even need shoes  
Same catz say stay up, prey 4 my day up  
No one where my bitch live, plot where I lay up  
If you got coke way up, Got doe then pay up  
Niggas shoot at me a nigga better spray up  
Cause God forbid, you hit me in my Ribs and I live  
Comin back and getting you and your kids

Chorus

Verse Five: G-Dep

Dom Dom Dom  
Thought I heard something  
Last cat that I heard frontin  
Burned up herb huntin  
Word cause, my heard something  
Splurge something,  
Now I don't care who I hit  
Its who I hit I knew I hit  
Who'm would understand though  
We vandals and land roles  
Program for our own channels  
And flannel, this man knew any clan  
We're here for the catz in the minivan  
Got let this schemmy plan  
Pay me man, scan  
Sex, cars any money  
Sex guard the money  
With this gun, it be hard to run me  
Get it right, or get it tonight  
Better tonight,  
Set up your wife, with the head of the night  
Don't fold cause my goals imbedded with ice  
To my tents dimming the light  
I'm bendin this mic  
Lot of niggas don't comprehend  
Lots niggas look sloppy when  
They don't see me and I see them

Chorus

Chorus