

Clayborne Family, This Is How It's Done

(Marc Live)

I got a bone to pick, shut you down
Stop the talk, you deserve this shit
You a stupid nigga, observe this shit
I can destroy your whole label
Shit, you a bum nigga
It's no theatrics, it's all acrobatics (oh!)
It's all static, Clayborne DiCaprio
It's all dramatics, the Gangs of New York
Come at it... come correct though
I left bodies in piles for miles, shallow shit
Your girl hates you, yo she's after my dick
She's after my bitch - it's all funny though
Niggaz is corny, I'm like a bed of sharp nails...
Niggaz can't get on me
I warned you straight up
Your label support - can't protect you, your fragile fort
I kill for sport
I'm like a white power militia
I'll diss you and change your mission, c'mon

(Chorus: Kool Keith + (Marc Live))

This is how it could be done...
(My dick is large, my uzi weighs a ton)
This is how it could be done...
(My floss ranges identical to none son)

(Jacky Jasper)

Your windpipe cut, your record ain't hot
Company robot, imitating 2Pac
Imitate life, stop wishin' death
Causin' strife, takin' a set - your life story
Your cover story, inventory
Your body's gory, story teller, Goodfella
Michelle Gellar workin' with DJ Yella
A cut breaks into sellers
Stack cheese, lift it later
Inspector, high price playa
Imitator to the innovator, traitor
Judis knew this, put 9-1-1 on notice
My lawyer show this, in the bullpen I wrote this

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(Kool Keith)

Everybody want the source on they shish kobob
They call me Frankfurt Wane, I created the place where you shit
Abruptly you master, the toilet can't flush any faster
The piss rise up out the bowl, girls like the water
Sparkle, guys put the gas in they ass
Two-dollars worth in the pump stuck in your rectum at Arco
Fuel on the low, the engine is heated
Open up your stomach, look at the mirror
When was the last time a mechanic checked your asshole bro?
You took it to the Midas touch
Why did you lie to us?
Your girl - funky, cocked her ass full with cake crush
Two smells go in seperate ways
The sun is out, superstars
Ride ninety degrees, with country cow shit

I stash in the back of fancy cars
The brown stuff leak out your truck for hours
All over your dark shades, you get cut with dark blades
I shit on the Westside Highway, my piss reach the top of the Palisades

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