

Da Beatminerz, Intro/Live & Direct/Brace 4 Impak

(feat. Lord Tariq, Royce the 5-9)

[Woman] Dad-da
[Baby] Dad-da da-da
[Woman] Ma-ma
[Baby] Ma-ma-ma
[Woman] Ma-ma
[Baby] Ma-ma

[Evil Dee]
Word up, yaknowhalmsayin
It's about to happen, Evil Dee in the area [Phone rings]
Said it's about to happen, said it's about to change
Word up!
[Phone rings]
[Button is pushed]
[Woman on phone]
Turn that damn music down man! [music fades]
Turn that music down man, your shakin the damn house!
What's wrong with you? This is not a club!
[Music starts again]

[Lord Tariq]
From a killer to a killer, rap cats to the cap peelers
The hustlers, the coke, smoke, dope, and crack dealers
On the streets of New York you can't find none realer
I survived gunshots, cops, and all fed squealers
We bled for the scrilla, chuggin shots of Tequilas
But now y'all gone feel us, cuz the mission is to kill ya
Nine milli' is the slug, and thug the lifestyle
And I'll rip your bro, cause bro I'm quite wild
So here, take this rag and wipe your smile
Cuz when I pull shit, the bullshit might go down
I got dawgs in the ghettos, and the white boys town
That'll die for the cause, I'm controllin the board
Through many cities abroad
From the counties of Cali, to C74, B I'm heavily lawed
I invest in, Bronx blots, from Rosedale and Creston
Top of that ho sale, and have my whole sale
Get 'em gear, a salary and hope it goes well
'Til I'm shot or locked up and can't post no bail
Y'all are frail, y'all niggas can't fuck with what we into
Knife is the apparel, and the nine is the utensil
Everthing official, made to get you raisin issues
When the bullets blaze we hit'chu
Nothin less they're grazin tissues
My mind designed for every rhyme you spit, I spit two
My nines designed to split you in two, get up in you

[Man with an island accent]
This is live and direct
Live and direct
You know what live and direct means?
It means live and direct

[Royce the 5-9]
You motherfucker'll get tore up and be tore
By the walkin bomb, that'll blow up and reform
Grow up, then reborn
Told you that I'm a star that's gone live forever
Serve a life sentence and get out and go to the bar
So nigga take that {*gunshot*} If I gotta go to the car
Or that {*gunshot*} that {*gunshot*} if I gotta throw it in park
The iron'll wet you, the Mossberg pump

With the buckshot shells'll turn a nigga into chinese checkers
I don't even start writin 'til I'm on my 3rd fifth
This is what you get when Beatminerz meet the Wordsmiths
Everytime I go out, I cop somethin new
Everytime I throw this right hand, I knock somethin loose
Who the fuck think they can see me, might as well call the wife
And tell your not comin home and to take it easy
My guns don't snoop, they woof, at them sissy-ass niggas
Type that accidentally shoot they foot
Desert Eagle too big for you bitch-ass niggas
Soft-ass punks, can't take the cake back niggas
And you wonder why they suckin my dick
Or why I keep a suitcase with thirty grand handcuffed to my wrist
Or why the rocks could possibly make you lose your sight blinkin, on the wrist
Lookin like haledge and hazard lights blinkin
Royce the 5-9 and Tariq about to sprinkle gunpowder on all beef
Now who the fuck want it, nigga

[Man with island accent]

Now hear this!

You little spit and chew out sound boy

If an stick you conquer my experience I will work

Ya must think a some kings in the CIA gettin crowned

No no no, no no no no way

Ya got to work HARD for it

Don't bring no, go up and sound until it get down

Come wit it!