

DJ Clue, Magic & Bird

(feat. Nature, Noreaga)

[Chorus]

Haven't you heard
platinum makes the amateurs swerve
Nature, Noreaga like Magic & Bird
call a timeout, make a quick sub
pull ya rhyme out, and rip it up
nigga rip it up!

[Nature:]

I shook hands wit many killas
some did it for fun
it's like a rush the way it comes
to make the innocent run
niggas brag abotu it
and recapture the pain
just to see a young brother getting snatched from his frame
its many ways to do it
anger plays a major role
when its done its done
don't try to save ya soul
you'll be amazed how quick police learn the businss
nowhere to run young blood
you done burned ya bridges
a nervous wreck
makin ya calls collect
confessing ta hoes
a man of respect
now a vegetable
scorned by the world
for being cold-hearted
he killed one of his own
it's fucked up but he sold product
no can do, he got cancelled
I watched'em as he tried to pull out
but he never got a chance to
just a little man, his bite less than his bark
yo he thought he had a name ti; niggas tested his heart
lossed stripes in the street
at nights and sleep at the same time
I used ta send'em ta stores and make'em rhyme
had a seed on the way
smoke weed all day
thunwas speedage
didn't think the heat would freeze'em
I tried to tell'em
correct'em like convicted felons
by the time he realized
it's to late, a slug split his melon
seen'em spralled out from the fourth floor
in the blink of an eye
it was over the killa walked off!

[CHORUS x2]

[Noreaga:]

A yo we thugged out, wit ILLWILL on some city shit
keeping it real, while ya niggas on that pretty shit
what the dealy wit?
know I only smoke a philly wit
lamma lamma
and got a bitch in Atlanta
and every time I fuck her, yo it's on camera

and I'm the freak type, get head and lay meat right
y'all niggas burned bridges
I coulda had y'all tight
a yo I spit this, tellin' y'all to live wit this
I coulda had you in the bank
now you lost ya rank
you should blame only ya'self
ya self today
you know me
hate to have to do it homey
we used to be cool
now it's like you don't know me
all that jealousy shit
stupidity shit
had me thinkin' on some foul shit
diggin' in ritz
now I'm 98 what
my niggas still have fun
if i ain't fuckin' wit Nate, I'm fucking wit Jung
number 1 rule of the game
don't trust no one
like them weak niggas
yo you know if they trick
in ya face, tellin' stories
when they lie on they dick
while I get cake
live like a cookin Beat tape
like that old school shit that he used to make
yo from Kansas ta San Francis
niggas catch me at the club
but i never dances
play the bar close
niggas watchin' me, I'm like a mantis
I won't take chances
peep the hair on my chest
that's what happen
when you drinkin' rade, henney and stress
drink my life away. right away
shoot up ya Guess
yo it's me and Nate
we like two of the best!

[CHORUS x2]

[Nature:]
I got the whole anchalota
the glamour and glitz
my name upon the walk of fame
right behing Frank Sinatra
it ain't na da
but one for the win column
y'all need to stop frontin'
actin' like y'all big dollar
fraudulent fucks I stay calling ya bluff
causing friction
calling ya chickens, for a quick buff
rippin'em up to some Lou Rawls shit
it ain't a game, you was hot
but you lossed it
change ya methods
renewate quick to save the extras
ya mic's hooked up
but y'all brains ain't connected
it ain't my fault ya niggas came defective
I'm the specialist at rap

opposite of pessemis
shots more accurate than Petrovic
when my shit drop
y'all niggas better check for it
ya gotta love it, the way I'm comin' at you
in the purest form
the wars on, you thought we would flop
well than ya thought wrong!

[CHORUS x2]