

DJ Clue, Phone Patch

(feat. Ty Shaun)

[Ty Shaun (via phone)]

Yo..

Yo, this Ty Shaun, man

Word to mutha, man

AKA Ty Nitty

AKA William P. Holla

Man, this my nigga Clue

(Shout Outs)

You know how we do this man

Word to mutha, man

Yo... Yo...

[Ty Shaun]

It's desert storm motherfucker, hit the floor, times up

No question entertainment got ya cap lined up

I bag for chips big guns and fly whips

Bitches with bright red lips and wide hips

Who crazed with thugged-out niggas with long dicks

I'ma mad man, you can call me a convict

Gunnin niggas down and I'm known for ice picks

My cliques some iced out niggas who bomb shit

Desert storm, catch your bodies in bare arms

Ty Nitty run the city, but Clue is the don

QU diplomats, throwin slugs at y'all

Niggas floor skirts and clap pom poms

Tranvets and wearing ya thong thongs

I'm spittin' from the heart tearin' niggas apart

Sixteen bars is like sixteen thugs

Blow a hole in your face and mail your family the parts

Motherfucker!

[DJ Clue]

DJ Clue... The Professional... Part 2