

DJ Clue, Pile Raps

(feat. Prodigy (of Mobb Deep))

[Prodigy]

Pile raps inside my skull cap
Like a brick stack tha kid is back
I told y'all niggas '98 list that
Yo '99 piss on rap 2000 where ya pistols at dun
We be tha men in black fatigues
30,000 dollar chains that swing
You'll catch me in tha streets poppin that bullshit
Catch a fat lip hoes all over your shit
Bust guns like nuts all over your bitch
So you's a woman tell me what tha fuck you tryna doin
You growlin all over tha tape
Forget you when I touch that shit
Not only that on the concrete
We splash more niggas than the wave pool did
Check out my new shit
We blood spit you still ice grill
Mad cause your clic shit is homo
The Mobb stay real
Steady playin' the field
Nigga you sideline rhyme
Customers complain they can't feel
You cooked up a half ass meal
Its time for me to catch burn on the wheels of steel
My shit fill the appetite of the populus
We can do it via satelite just us
An show the world how that ass get bust
Ever since a little yuke I had this lust
To pick up the motherfuckin' pen an just rush
Like morphine beats throught the wires of the Eps plus
You get penalized tryna rock wit the utmost
Get branded for bein weak the most
Now be ghost get the fuck outta here
Wit that bullshit you tryna shit
Wit tha planet you need to be shot rappin
I got sickle cell I feel the pain
Oh yeah what's happenin
Fake thug wanna front like they contractin
Numbers on my head thug please i'm here waitin
You can't touch me there's no fake love amongst me
There's no fake niggas that run wit me
Somebody gave y'all the wrong info
I ain't ya kitko..nympho
Putmeon tha way you ???????
Supposed to taught that bitch much better than that
I dwell where the rest of my vets is at
From sumnerville to Bx and back
To the lab and the dungeon
My house of representatives stay starvin be stumpin
We unholy cause there ain't a part missin
My commission sit at the table like the last supper fucker