

Monsta Island Czars, Less Than,

1,2 1,2

Kongcrete, the most hideous

Check it, check it, check it

Smoking hash, leave an open ash, broken stash, floating fast, lifted

Calm with the broken glass slur board, nasty nigga fucked Bertha

Insert her further than murder, pulled out then squirt her

Out for murder, out for murder, murder

Out for murder, pull a squeezed then hurt her

Out for Cheddar piece of cheese when in doubt love

Took Alicia Keys in and out love eight nine

Hate all hate all fakes you call cross fate

Find your body at your girls weight walking

Create comment when I start to spit

Y'all niggaz spit conformant, conformant

Study every religion there is rythm for kids

Deadly as venom as this him or his friends of his

I'm like a guinea pig with a skinny snitch hear me big

Like a penny-rich, hear me bitch, ready to let you see me spit

Here he is, is he really sick or is he really picked

To see the vic or is he really dead for what he did

Let the machette riffs spaghetti drip ready, get set, ready go

Ready to rock with steady flow to let you know we ready to go

Is he heavy? Is he petty? I was hungry shorty very yo, for heavy dough

I need some heavy dro, Megalon in your stereo

Ready to shoot the heady yo

Yo!

Lyrics with def rap this side of a letter bomb, yo Megalon

Pass that Megatron, guys on a hunt like a Predacon

Smoking cedarwood trees from Lebanon

Facist sprites just on MTV terrorist threats looped on a MPC

Travel at a hundred eighty-six thousand kilobytes per second, downloaded on the MP3

1995 Long Island high-styled in the MPB

Monsta Island escaped from MCC

By any means, many fiends his team to toast teens

Toast the scenes for the hos to scream mostly seen

Bruvee avoided get at me Veluciani 'hind me

Bahama taki busting shots with Gulianni bust back

I squeeze rapping niggaz Y'all been acting like it can happen

My Mack 10 make big niggaz' backspin what happened?

Is that so? Tommy Brasco stacked overnight flow my abstract flow for cash flow

Turned cocaine to crack and turned crack to blow now how the fuck that go?

I'm gonna fuck that ho, the white ho and the black ho

Lay on your back ho, they made the track slow so I could rap slow Tommy mack hos

Yo, yo, my gun is like my girl cuz I don't wanna let my GAT go

I sold crack fast now I sell crack slow

In the back on the low, if you ain't got no dough

Come to the back door, I'll give you a full pack at four

Rock rap shows, LB on the map when I blow

R&B rap takes it in the ass-crack slow

At my last show I snatched gold

Black Jesus, its a black Christmas now picture black snow

Hey yo we calculate the sands of time in slo-mo

Manipulating every moment through space

Metabolize the seeds of wealth and let the dough flow

Committing the acts of violence and hate crimes against the po-po

Double barrelled hand-held bazooka for sargent shipbays

If you want to start frying like E-Robo

Blaze that bush whether your mary jane is def or even if it's so-so

Teasing bitches with ice cubes on their nipple, keep them playing with their yo-yo

Athletic pussy like Lisa Leslie and Rebecca Lobo
Rock the show from uptown, downtown to Tribeca, Soho
Most of these rappers are R&B singers like K.C. and Jo-Jo
Better off harmonizing with Taj, Leigh Leigh and Coco
Thesbian thugs, niggaz is all mouth like the Rolling Stones logo
Bianca Jagger, free jacker, jacking me off in a go-go
Stuffed down their throats spitting completely bobo
Keeping it groovy without the synthetic fucking mojo
Got the spot kicking like a donkey locked up inside a dojo
Smacked Ralph Lauren, got Tommy Hilfiger picking cotton and rocking Polo

Is that so?

Niggaz straight lifted,
Bring the basket, bring the bitches, bring their motherfucking statistics
Bring their death certificates,
Um don't forget the four blocks, peace to Fort Knox where the four stops