

Scram Jones, Liquid Heat

"(Sample from [[Mobb Deep:Shook Ones Pt. II]])"

What kid you talk a good one, but you don't want it.

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Dear Eliza, I need an easy wad of trees and a lighter
To complete my cypher, keys to a Viper would be even nicer.
When I drop shit you MC's be the diaper.
Think you got game? Well I'm Immortal Tech the street fighter.
I'm repped a rotten apple while you reside for sweet cider.
Stay low key like b minor, shine so much you need a visor.
My rolls got no seeds like a Kaiser, leave you blazed and stuff,
Fried up like Cajun duck, wondering if life is fate or luck.
I play like a needle in a groove and just lay in the cut.
Pretend the mics my Nikes when I kick shit I lace it up.
Raise it up, so you get extra clean your set of ears,
When I'm bentley off nestle and beers, spit my game on Chelsea piers.
Always got fresh gear, staying da lovely,
While your just an oxymoron, cause your ass is real fake but pretty ugly
While I'm sipping bubbly getting suded up, lighting cheba,
Got my stripes of zebras, my ice to freezers, breaking mic receivers
I slice like cleavers, puffing bogies while I go for birdie,
Try to become a vegetarian whos heart has stopped cold turkey,
I was thirsty for the ice so I got the frozen slurrpe
Blowing joe a hersey till the cock of rolls burns me

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While you pull stunts like Jackie Chan, I pull blunts from Amsterdam
Get stuck off half a gram, chocolate rack of lamb, sipping black and tan
With the master plan a cop and sack of clam,
Jam up in the caravan let my lungs play the backwards fan,
And suck it deeper, you cats stay sweet like candy yam
Cause these streets creep with more pigs than ten cans of spam
My head got more raps than Arabs in Pakistan
So put your money stack by your yap, if you want to battle Scram
Get your partner Sed White, who wet mics
Get you stuck like red lights, while you ball I'm hitting the next strike
At the bar earning my red stripes,
Blacking out like driving at night with broken headlights or if Con Air strikes,
Getting high like mens kite, scheming on the next heist
Cause when you got no cheese like a red slice, just try to get shiested
Play a broken freezer and sweat ice, so I throw dice like rice or wet and nice
Ans shoot the thrice like Lar Rhice and Brett Price
I got a funky, funky rhyme like Greg Nice,
So when I write I get so much blood on my pencils I turn em into lead pipes
Your megabytes of websites, snatch the play from Wes Snipes,
he'll make the dead fight, come back in the next life as pet mice
And catch the next flight or get it hard like Reggie White,
I'll shine fluorescent bright, rep or write, watch me bench the mic
I made a right on red, before jake read a right, my curve Andy Pendic liked,
Why your wack ass stinks like you forget to wipe
I'm the type to get loose of heaven and still stay hella tight
I twist bliss and let the sets ignite
Why you envy my ell cause its the rebel tight, blazed omega spice,
You guys can't touch me like a set of dykes, You weak like seven nights,
Playing high post when your pad of heights, I'm in your hair like xalice,
can't sleep on me on my bed of spikes, played it back like exum bikes.

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I suck on ell's mitt like baby sucking swell tits,
One block from shells spit and every shop sells nix
Well heavens hot and hells brick and dogs are quick to get in cats fights
Trying to cop a fast slice, some cash plus the black ice
Leave you in the dark with a solar powered flashlight
And on the night of St. Pats, I running smoke shops and bagpipes
When loose I sell mad tight, left my future in my past life
And if I'm pushing my disheveled legs might have to tax bikes
I run on stage and jack mics, split you dome when I spit poems
Like clips from the chrome, right through your chest like silicon
Scram jiggy Jones quick to roll up while you rocking sleeves
Coping trees while your coping pleas, I got this on lock, plus I swallow keys
I cock and squeeze for blocks of cheese, leave your pockets broke
Ox to the throat, you'll be assed out like you dropped the soap
Try rock my boat, now you wanna hop a float, be friends with Scram
Hang you overboard by your ankles like you was doing a deep sea keg stand
Well I kick a def jam like Red Man, blacking out like X-Clan
My rhymes make you feel funny like giving a pound with your left hand
I'll be the best man, bagging broads with the bad guys,
While out in the streets like when an armored truck crashes and all the cash flies
He's a backwards guy, first to get baptized by Rabbi,
Drunk slash high, why cry step it up and give you a last try

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