

# Ammo Poetic, We Hit Em' Up Too

Break 1 \*Ronin\* 2x

It's about the time why don't you tell em why, why  
(It's about that time, I'm gonna tell em why?)  
It's about the time why don't you tell em why, why, why

\*Yogi B\*

First up waxed your ass in a freestyle battle  
Punk snakes like you wanna bite but just rattle  
Remember the time we met in 7 eleven  
Givin' me love and you're huggin' on these nut you be rubbin'  
Punk shorty I kept you on the same level  
You had to be greedy and play me out like a little devil  
Let the Underground know the kind of witch you really  
You'll sell your own ass to be a superstar  
What? now you got a family so tight  
Same people you diss every other night  
I guess it's all over now I heard the fat lady sing  
Lady sing for drama is all she brings  
Gave you a chance for fame and don't you deny it  
I should have put your fat mouth a long time on a diet  
"Watcha gonna do if I lost weighate ?"  
I think I'll pass cos I still don't buy it  
You wanna know where my fans at ?  
All around you in Face On didn't you see dat ?  
Believe dat I'm coming back to front you too  
Cos back here hell We Hit Em' Up Too

Chorus 2x \*Yogi B\* \*Ronin\*

I gave you love but you wanna show me hate  
Watcha gonna do when it's too late  
It's about the time why don't you tell em' why  
Cos back here We Hit Em' Up Too

\*Point\*

Read all about it, read all about it uh  
Musclmutt just got dropped  
What? Headline's Cryin' Shame, now everybody knows you lame  
Your mind and soul's corrupted cos you punks want fame  
I see your hearts filled with jealousy  
Your hoochie has drippin' envy so you drop that backstabbin' treachery  
Comin' up sayin' that you mad skills  
But all I see is cheap ego thrills whack rhymes with no frills  
So what the heck is moshy moshy coochie baby?  
Now that shit sounds silly your dribblin' don't impress me  
Claimin' that you top freestyler  
Your style's retro like Bonnie Tyler  
You dissed my album cover bein' clownish but yours be worse  
Cos your shit be lookin' something straight from the circus  
For real though now you phat with that lady in your clique  
Fake hellos and Dallas like drama now that's your trick  
Remember the time we use to chill chattin' on the pc  
But now it's just a messed up memory  
Now shit went down ain't that a pity  
Well it's just too bad baby, nuff said.

Chorus 2x

\*C.Loco\*

Hello everybody, I'd like to say I'm sorry  
Oops! I lied now here's the real story  
We hung out, I helped out, I lent you minus ones  
Late nights on the IRC chattin' just for fun  
So watcha want? You wanna see what I've seen  
I've been where you been, remember SS 15

We were cool then, you had beef with the other peeps and  
Now you got an album, you wanna skoo the nonsense?  
Ha! Ha! You see my prominence is imminent  
Why you tryin' so hard so be Eminem?  
You visionary? More like fictionary  
Shove claimin' to be all dat and suck my dictionary  
You used to diss em, but now you kiss em  
Deport the double K, fat lady gonna miss em  
Now here's the flying line coming from the Hellstar  
And if you ain't down then bla bla bla bla bla

Break 2 \*Ronin\*

Hey everybody hope you understand  
How I feel cos you dissed me once you had the chance  
Make my day if you feel you're half of me  
I'm above you so too bad, too bad baby !

Chorus 4x

\*?\*

It's too late Bozos. You better realise where you standin' now.  
Well it's time you've learned your lesson. But remember with an attitude like that,  
you ain't goin' nowhere. I know you dumb enough not to catch my drift.  
Cryin' Shame jeopardisin' hip hop on tha headline. Well people get what they deserve.  
Cos we hit em up too. And I'm the ?