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 Musclemutt 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

2

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?