

Big Shug, Crush

Chorus: Inspectah Deck vocal sample

Crush the amateurs who scream they keep it real...
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Verse One:

The braggadocious MC has returned
To backdraft, torch niggas and burn
my sound moves like kilos underground
cock me back, like a sledgehammer I'ma pound
niggas into the ground like stakeness
this shit is fakeness, so I'ma break this
monotony, and show 'em how it's supposed to be done
and keep lame niggas on the run
it's B-I-G S-H-U-G, try and remove me
find yourself with loose teeth
and you can't stop the unstoppable
niggas is droppable
when I'm coming through with my lyrical
I'm the ruffneck shwingin'
drama that I'm bringin'
on your left jaw I'll be tingin'
because left hooks turns mouths to mush
and when you're in my grip your whole game will be crushed...

Chorus:

Crush the amateurs who scream they keep it real...
to every hardcore that you hit the hard floor

Verse Two:

I'll slam an MC like cowboys do cattle
and rattle any snake mutha fucka who wish to battle
there's no way you can win
I'm wipin' off silly grins
when I come to kick your face in
and I'ma break you down to your atom
and if you test that, then I'ma grab one and bat 'em
down to the ground with this sound
stash your body parts and they're nowhere to be found
I'ma keep my mental on danger
anger proves to you that I'm no stranger
and I'ma keep it real as I can
comin' from Murderpan, who I am
I'm greater than, that means you're less than
are you a man, I don't think so with gun in your hand
and I lived behind a wall
and when I was released Big Shug is still standing tall

Chorus

Verse Three:

Comin' through with the cynderblock flows
Keepin' it dick-hard, while pussies wish to tiptoe
through the valleys of death, troubles of hell
no matter how they gas me, head will never swell
I'm sending you up the river in a holey boat
and rippin' the sleeves off your lambskin coat
you wanna be tough well come test Shug

and you'll find out that my shit's all good
I represent to the fullest that's all I know
and I've got to come through swingin' elbows
and I'll hold the post, hold down the middle
and niggas get knocked the fuck out when they wanna fiddle
you gotta be serious, nothing is too mysterious
niggaz is comin' with the truth
and my punchlines punch niggas offline
when I come through we represent everytime

Chorus....