

Clayborne Family, Clayborne Family

(Guerilla Black)

Damn ("I tell you life ain't shit to fool with")
Clayborne Family {*scratch: "Not enough of this will make you mad"}*
Dollar figure {*"Too much of this good shit will too"}*
We come to take your heads off boy
You thought we was playin? Hahaha
It's real out here in this field
Come, uh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh

All five go wit chalk in heaven
These niggaz they just tried to hit me with seven
Shots to my motherfuckin torso
I had my bulletproof on, and forty-four
They tried to take me from my momma and my boo be
I ran up, shot they ass up in they hooptie
So who the fuck these cats think they talkin to
I put a spark to you, I'll turn your carcass blue, huh
I got my competition beat hands down
You a stand up nigga? Boom, man's down
Ain't no one, shank or gun, mo' Guerilla
Been everything from weed down to coke dealer
Mo' "Thriller" than M.J. in the early 80's
Call me sensei, I move along the work shady
In my crimi-mal, underworld
I got a minimum about a hundred girls
They cut the dope and hold the fuckin pistols tight
Some cutthroat bitches with they issues right
So don't make me come through and tighten yo' ass up
You ever heavy nigga, watch me lighten yo' ass up

(Chorus: Blak)

("I tell you life ain't shit to fool with")
For my peo-ples, we let the heats go, uhh
("I tell you life ain't shit to fool with")
{*scratch: "Nigga walkin the streets at night is like commitin suicide"}*
("I tell you life ain't shit to fool with")
We let the heats go, for my peo-ples
("I tell you life ain't shit to fool with")
("Feels like I'm viewin a body every other week")

(Marc Live)

See I can strangle kids, now you can read about it
Front page news, they say yo he's a criminal bastard
I walk the streets at night, critical bastard
Masked up, yo I'm triple masked up (blaow)
Beer and 'gnaced up, crazy shit makes my
temperature flip, dismember your clique
Run in your crib, "Eraser" style - Schwarzaneggar
Shit, I shoot your whole place down
We got the rocket launchers, local police said
Watch out, ayyo the kid is a monster
Bring your heaviest metal, bring your heaviest level
Clayborne don't run, Clayborne ain't laughin (uh-uh)
Clayborne just smashin (uhh)
We on your block yo, we lower your stock yo
We bring the heat to your block, Jurassic
Run in the jungle make your whole clique crumble

(Chorus)

(Kool Keith)

NBC lost their ratings, but I'm debating
The channel gets new scripts with new flips
I ain't goin nowhere, been here since Madison and C.H.I.P.S.

Reality TV sucks, whack-ass actors waste a lot of bucks
I'm serious man, my piss wet your hand
Ask Puff, I'm down, you still tryin to make it in Da Band
My stomach expand, defecate on top of America
My pee stains smell in Japan, groups leave in a caravan
My urine cover the silver screen, who wet up Jackie Chan
Shake with one move the feces to Crisco
Ask your mom duke what's in the fryin pan
You cats ain't wipin the buttcrack yet
You lyrically tryin man, to pitch squat in the street
I squat on your Aunt Chan, my toilet drops are stronger
The steel reserve makes me spit longer
Your girl's mad, dimes sit longer
Flush the commode, woman shit longer
Long coat expert, miss shit on your Phat Farm shirt
Down South Columbine, we combine and twerk
The Valley's makin money, the check is cut
I film the back, the audience feel anal work

(Chorus)