

Krumb Snatcha, Incredible

(Hook: DJ Premier cuts & scratches)

"I guess my time is here" & "Suppress my fear I'm ready" -& Krumb
"Boston, state of mind stay sick" -& Antonio Twice Thou (Made Men)
"Live rounds, five pounds of heat" -& Antonio Twice Thou (Made Men)
"Incredible"

"I guess my time is here" & "Suppress my fear I'm ready" -& Krumb
"I like to let my rhymes flow" -& PMD
"Ain't no doubt about it" -& Keith Murray
"Understand this?" & "Word up"

(Verse One: Guru)

You pussy niggaz, we incredible
And don't push us, to put led in you
We 'bout to be them niggaz on top, instead of you
The Beantown beatdown, unbelievable, see now
Push ya dough up, we want more than some G's now
Watch us comin up in the fast lane, Henney'd up
Never worry 'bout beef, fire arms already tucked
What the fuck, niggaz been about to the Don
And give it up to Krumb, I live it up for my son
And you industry niggaz, you really lost it
First you slept on Boston, then you kept on flossin
Shouldn't do that, around us hungry niggaz
'Cause we the chosen godly warriors, tuffer than rugby niggaz
Live lovely niggaz
Although the time's is harsh, all my soldiers now it's time to march
All you punks, huh, you better find a heart

(Hook)

(Verse Two: Krumb Snatcha)

A child with a destiny, ain't no testin me
Mental menu, send you a recipe
Chef like Rae how I bake a track
Give the streets mo' yeast until the cake is back
Stack to my own bakery, why niggaz hatin me
Can't see this fake industry makin me
Anti-flossin, poppin at the bar
This is ashy-ass knuckles and razors in the jar
Far from the norm, so they say son strange
Temper so short, turn ya face to a gun range
Switch it up, nice chain, lift it up
Too much talk about juice, is y'all bitch or what
Like vanity, shine with your rims and ice
Until a hooded figure come through to dim ya lights
Timbs and mics, all a nigga need
Just to proceed, to make another rapper bleed, indeed

(Hook)

(Verse Three: Guru)

Sleep? Nah I wouldn't do that on no one
Creep? That's what I like to do like a Shogun
Load one, buck it, cold one as fuck it
Colt two, loads of power U but let's not discuss it
Babylon got us holdin on the tephlon
We deaded some but we gon' spit, 'til all the rest gone
Respect to your hood, I know the O.G.'s there
Yo I dare when we fear none, play low-key here

(Verse Four: Krumb Snatcha)

Yo, me and the God expose frauds frontin hard
The type wanna fight get jumped in the yard

Any odds oppose, get the deadliest blows
In the form of these toxic flows
Pumpin the glock, send shots through your clothes
Incredible game how we knock y'all hoes
Stop all foes, deadin their tracks
And since niggaz got mouth, give head to this gat, for real

(Hook)