

# Pete Rock, Verbal Murder 2

(feat. Big Punisher, Noreaga & Common)

[Big Pun]

Yo, Terror Squad, Pete Rock collabo'  
From git-go, yo yo

Aiyyo it's such a shame  
all these dick riders tryin to corrupt the game  
But what it bring, nuttin but pain  
and one in your fuckin brain  
Ain't nuttin changed since the album I'm still whylin  
I'm still violent I've been waitin for this moment  
like Phil Collins, for all my life I've been trifer than trifer  
Hyper than hype, when fightin to fight  
It's like, tonight is the night  
And I ain't even tryin to let a nigga slide  
I've been dyin to get a gat  
I dared to try now prepare to die  
I rush your crib like Jehovah's Witness, blow up any  
soldiers, infants, hold up, did you notice my heroic entrance?  
I'm so relentless in this field of rap, everything is real in fact  
Fully backed by bullies who be peelin caps  
I sack the rapper like li-nebacker, play my rhyme backwards  
you can hear the Devil speak his mind with fine graphics  
Things get drastic, Express for my plastic  
I pack clips, between my nuts and my fat dick

Chorus: Pete Rock

Grab ahold cause you never heard a  
verbal murder like this  
Cash comes before soul, so watch your shit  
Every cat wanna be enormous  
Plottin on the next one  
Murder one□(repeat 2X)

[Noreaga]

Aiyyo my whole circle, make you feel it like The Color Purple  
My niggaz comin through and still hurt you  
Wipe y'all Kleenex cats who stay full of germs  
We hit Fifth Ave, while y'all still hit Stern's  
Don't really care bout y'all, really hear bout y'all  
Yo on our side we do our thing, play the cut  
let the phone ring, Pete Rock connect team  
From M-V to L-C, my thugs straight thuggin it  
Snatchin niggaz out of the booth, unpluggin it  
Strange Fruit, my niggaz live to shoot  
Yo it's a strange thing, a nigga never had a suit  
Yo so bust what happen, remember the unknown's a clap-man  
Cat stackin, move out the hood that's in Manhattan  
Got big headed, misleded, then dreaded  
Yo the beef deaded, his whole squad afraid to set it  
Yo I heard son, son is rockin iceberg Dunn  
Got up out the hood, wouldn't believe that, this cat would  
Head mad swollen, flamboyant this man golden  
Yo the Senator, crime sinister, John Dillinger  
Better respect my words or I'm the minister  
What??

"Verbally I catch bodies"

"Let's seperate the men from the boys" -&gt; Guru

"Verbal attack" -&gt; Cappadon

"Big Pun" -&gt; Punisher, "Noreaga" -&gt; Nore, "Pete Rock"

"Common s-s-s-sSense" -&gt; Com

[Common]

Yo, we just begun the story, Com Pun and Nore  
Look to the sun for glory as time runs before me  
I'm after the day of judgment I'm still before the  
jury, explainin why I was in a gun orgy  
He was FUCKIN wit me, I ain't no duckin emcee  
With the knowledge there's a little thug blood in me  
This stud bumped into me, beef it was fin' to be  
My Appetite for Destruction is finnick  
He was an industry type, influenced by magazines and snipes  
Rocked Adidas but he had no stripes  
I could tell in high school that he had no fights  
Hold dick better than he hold mics, he spiked his punchlines  
with current events, called for backup  
like one time when he heard it was Sense  
that deliver words with intents to kill  
Whether the hip-hop type, country rapper, or big wheel  
I peeled some raps back, that peeled his cap back  
Fucker thought I was Abstract, now his life is backtracked  
In the center of the party his crew identified the body  
Left him signin the wait-list sayin, "I can't take this  
fake shit" (echoes)

Yo..

Yo!

Big Pun, Noreaga, Com Sense for the nine eight  
Get it straight