

RBL Posse, Straight Lacin'

Haha. That RBL niggaz. Mr. C-Note, C-Note

(Chorus- Iyasha Johnson)

No one's gonna lace you, like I do
I get around babe, no one can lace you better.
No one's gonna lace you, like I do
I get around babe, I'm a straight gamer.

Verse 1 *(Black C)*

Chapter one

I'm blowin up the scene wit my gun
which is, capable 'cause my uzi weighs a ton
pistol grip, pump, in my lap at all times
when it's time for some action, yes I'm blastin
'cause, the funk is everlastin
that is, if ya ride wit me, ya better be down to die wit me
so finally
we strive to be
some ballin ass mutha f**kaz who is known internationally
yeah you think I got a chip on my shoulder
'cause I was a broke young nigga, now I'm older
wit mo mail then the rest of you pushers
now y'all sittin an observin wit the rest of 'em
on-lookers, got ya shook up
'cause we leave the scene, like Stephen King
when the murders needed
so who's a bigger pimp, wit bigger balls
a lil nigga wit bigger drawls lacin all y'all

(Chorus)

Verse 2 *(Black C)*

As we proceed to exceed to the next level of this rap game from the click

I used to claim, I'm the blame
for all this bullshit, never the less y'all can't prove this
but who's the smoothest
when it comes to this rap game
I'm juss a sick ass nigga from that mack Bay

straight, game we lace to put my name in the spotlight
no game, this paid style I'm gettin paid right
I know you niggaz heard of us niggaz gettin perved
since us real niggaz got rid of 'em blue birds
turned yo ass into OG's
slowly watch you move from an O-Z to a whole key
straight lacin
f**k the basics
it's my turn, the mic burn when I face it
(no one can do this better) you ask me
I don't think there's a click lacin niggaz like the P-O double S-E

(Chorus)

Verse 3 *(Hitman)*

Let's say for instance, you're a distance
an you all by yo self, tell me how the funk would be dealt
Would you, get treated like Pinesol an get mopped?
Or would you, pull yo glock an do diddly-squat?

Or would you see, not juss what you peep like Mary Wright
I'm the nigga wit the stripes, an I'm the nigga that you juss might
bring you to the light, like hundred watts (like what?)
light you up
an even if I hit a hundred spots, you can't see me
'cause I got sticky fingers like Jason
start to placin the index finger, grippin techs
and license to inject so juss expect
try to test my intellect
he didn't know
he tried to flex like biceps
an he got broke
or better yet broke his vertebre
so save to be for another day, like lay-away
had that ass smashed, towed away, wit the tow-away
(like that?)
we laced him like Jordan's about two pairs
(then what?)
then we had to lace him to a chair.

(Chorus) x2