

Shabazz The Disciple, Rule Hip Hop

(Intro)

You Rule Hip Hop
I'm scientific in admiral hip hop
The Mad Mob, yeah we Rule Hip Hop
So let me grab the microphone and lick a shot

(Shabazz the Disciple)

Here I go wit the ill flow, the Red Hook kill flow
Whoever drive a flip, catch a steel toe
I put your paws in your stomach
Man, ya niggas, ya don't even want it
Niggas they roll in masses, I got slugs for they asses
Quick to smash nerves wit glasses
I blast his ass in ashes
Yeah, I'm givin niggas a buck 50
Across they face, they can't fuck wit me
So wake up, wake up, ya niggas ya get draped up
I'm swearin all the hookers wit the makeup
Yeah that's right I'm on some flip shit
Bitches run they lip and get they clit slit
They man wanna rip, see my four-fifth
Cuz me and 'Preme, ain't nuthin to be fucked wit

(Chorus 2X)

'Preme, 'Preme, you Rule Hip Hop
I'm scientific in admiral hip hop

(Shabazz the Disciple)

Fe, a fi, a fo, a fum
I hear the sounds poundin down upon a drum
Make up for lick a shot, upon the mic like a gun
Here I come, here I come, buck buck, here I come
My charter flows, to here I go wit the phat style
My times'll be wack now, the M.A.D. black child
Kick facts, rip raps, flip tracks
Don't give a damn about fling fling, punks get pimp slap
Murder, paralyze, snakes who analyze
Skills, techniques, use when I wreck beats
Bring all ya mics and guns and you still get dropped
Stripped of hip hop, cuz you can't rip shop
Miller lyrics spill upon the track like blood
Put a whole in ya head, cause a flood

(Chorus 2X: one 'Preme first time)

(Shabazz the Disciple)

Boom, there's a liver, bam there's a brain
I'm insane, I'm makin niggas feel the pain
Baaow, I have 'em screamin like a bitch
Boyakah! Boyakah! I blast 'em like a snitch
Shank, shank, chop, chop, till his heart stop
And watch his body drop, and watch his head drop
I'll have him runnin, he's runnin, he's runnin
Boyakah! Boyakah! My gun is steady gunnin
I'm wipin niggas off the face of Earth
It was a waste of birth, they gettin placed in the dirt
I'm runnin like I'm Strangler
Back up muthafucka before I hang ya, I'm danger
Nigga, ya ass is mine, when I blast a nine
Ease up, cuz ya brain ain't as fast a mine
I feel murder, I smell blood
I taste terror, you erased like a error
But a lotta, they fled, those who got caught
Got they skulls get pulled out they fuckin head

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro)

The Madd Mob, yeah we Rule Hip Hop