

Spooks, I Got U

chorus x 4

one two

achoo

bless you

i got you

caught you and taught you

j d

matter fact here take two

pits of flesh political palm picked and gone

spooks with uz' ice picks blades and tools

listen fool the revolution is cool

we leave clans in pools of blood

let 'em all scrub to thug

bustin' for love and mud and bloody rugs

screamin' on cats we spit in your face blast back

the spooks put politicians in bags and

hypno

ay yo my crew chased you down outside your compound

now we got you in the four point hold on the ground

whoop hand me that barbed wire now your arms and legs are bound

hey vengeance pass me that scalpel now

relax close your eyes as the sound of my voice penetrates

submission is your only choice to avoid the pain

'cause i don't want no lip as i slip this microchip in your brain

water water

go 'head look i know you're thinkin' who's behind me

oh my god it's water water and no one's ever gonna find me

i got your brains pushin' head in the frame

in a case not far over head of the flames

hangin' over the fire i know y'all hope i retire

but all y'all gettin' is open fire

ga ga spray down stay down lay down

y'all niggas said we was commercial what y'all gon' say now

chorus x 4

j d

rectangle sugar shane pound mc's and mangle

bending you back and bitch spank you

a grammy fuck you talkin' 'bout i'm tappin' your chin

see you at a club for no reason tap it again

this ball bully mc's we buildin' 'em greek

large like tiger wood's teeth when chewin' on beef

take you 'round the block bring you back tie the knots

he bitch man slap your whole block moms and pops

i ain't gon' lie though brothers got a lotta bravado

but can't back it up with the skills they playin' lotto

with they careers when they step to me on the streets

on stage or over beats you can't engage the heat

)from this etherial thriller mysterious serving guerilla

stalk you with the sick precision of a serial killer

record your routine i watch you from the day to the night

calculatin' when it might be the best time to strike

water water

they keep callin' my name

water water come smack the whack in the back

with a louisville ax slugger

then slash the jugular

hit your back rawdog with no rubber

he's a dirty mawfucka
won't last long that's what my momma turned and told my daddy when i was born
i got your neck in a noose damn right i'm flexin' my juice
shut your mouth nigga that's an excuse

chrous x 4

what which one of you manufactured rappers
with the materialistic naive egotistical fan base
has the nerve to be offended
what you gon' do dis me
go 'head rhyme kick a verse i dare ya
oh i know it scares ya
a bangin' beat a empty room a full pen and a blank pad
but don't get mad cause you don't know what the fuck you doin'
go 'head freestyle punk wait before you start
i know somebody done told you that a freestyle's the reciting of a rhyme
that hasn't been recorded or put on the market
but when you write that rhyme down that's a record of the rhyme
that rhyme's been recorded so don't even start that shit
a true freestyle's a rhyme or verse kicked from the dome
simultaneous and timed to a beat
where mistakes are made you got bleeps and all the time
but these are the things that makes a freestyle so unique
)from a precoded practiced or writen rhyme
now what you gon' do
if your response is i know he ain't talkin' about me
i'm talkin' about you
so fuck you to a break beat bitch i got u