

The Prodigy, Keep It Thoro

(sinister laughter)

Oh y'all niggas killers now, oh word?
Catch you comin out your f**kin crib nigga
Yeah, catch a f**kin bullet nigga

(Prodigy)

Ayo, I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
Peel on the Ducatis and other four wheels
Write a book full of medicine and generate mills
Tour the album, only for more sales
We used to catch those on the block with crills
Now it's paid shows, promoters post up bills
Sign deals only if the math is real
If you can't match numbers then you can't have the Head Nigga In Charge
of shit, live nigga rhymes artist
Pardon, P dub shines regardless
Remorseless, haunt niggas like poltergeists
My advice, 'fore you get like that, is think twice
'fore you move on it, put jewels on it, who want it
Loose niggas make the news when we start formin'
Snatch stripes off a nigga's uniform often
Doin it past yo' delf you way out your jurisdiction
Why niggas bullshit on the grill
I don't f**k around dunny, this move's real
I Keep It Thoro nigga

Yo let me back up for 'em, lemme back up, yo, yo
Why niggas bullshit on the grill

I don't f**k around dunny, this move's real
I gave birth to your whole style and feel
How do it feel, to hold my dick in public
Cock blower, duplicate rap cloner
It's me and you do it live on stage for dolo
I smack niggas like you, smash niggas by the tools
Grab niggas by the throat, show 'n' prove
Rhymes cocky, crazy ill, mad rowdy
Did a buck off of my shit and wrapped your outtie
Tempermental, I snap quick, very touchy
Ayo my attitude is all f**ked up and real shitty
I rap like no one out there can f**k wit me
You feel different, niggas see me
I throw a TV at you crazy, bitches say P you crazy
A +Pain in Da Ass+, nah but +F**k you, Pay me+
I'm no shorty, nigga I stop your glory
I'm a thorough street nigga for real, you just applaud me
Avoid P, man take your baby mom's advice
I'm nothing sweet, ill with the guns, you pay the price
When you see me in the streets soldier, salute me
You just a groupie, oh you gangsta, then shoot me
Who gives a f**k really, I miss my nigga Twin, kill me
So I can join the rest of my falls, up in the heavens
You rap niggas make me laugh, y'all crazy ass
And I don't give a f**k what you sold, that shit is trash
Bang this, 'cause I gurantee that you bought it
Heavy airplay all day wit no chorus
I Keep It Thoro nigga...