

Virtuoso, Slicin' Your Wrist

(Hook: scratching of the lines)

"Anyone!"

"Act out and probably get a bruise"

"Step out of place, they get slap in they face"

(x3)

(Verse 1)

The date was approximately October 17th
Just finished my four forty and sparked my eleventh beef
I sit on the Charles river the temperature falls I shiver
Wid a false sense of mind from bottles that scarred my liver
So we rally troops, and roll to Harvard Square in browsy groups
Thinkin' shall we scoop girls wid booties as ripe as Cali fruit
We get there, one of the best pair of fellas I know
Bat & One scat to gone to unborn pain
To drain the lizard see this dame exquisite
Now peep my game I hit it later right now
My crew pushin' through, lookin' like somethin' major's happenin'
Seein' how they be, wid One in back of 'em
They told me that some kids up in the bathroom was harrassin' em
Spotted em and went after them, and when we catchin' em
We tappin' them on the shoulder and then my soldiers are askin' em
Were they talkin' thrash they said no and started walking fast
Knocked his ass flat on the ground he got his nostril slashed
And left one cat standin' so my man turned around and back
handed not lookin' I heard the smack landin'
And then we step from the scene thinkin' we extra mean
Next we see the cats we beefed wid, come back wid extra team

(Hook)

In life there's many situations
Which can lead to confrontation
Take the time for contemplation
Try to end it with a conversation
Cause the complications which evolve
Get you torn without the need to spit revolver shells
Miguel remembers back when I was young
We would fight wid our fist
And now these kids'll crack ya lung
Wid a pipe or a brick
And all the sons pack a gun
will take ya life wid a clip
So no gettin' in a fight is like slicin' ya wrists

(Verse 2)

They came back with a football team to be exact
The one was so tall that I could barely see the cat
He squared up he said hit me and see what happens
An open invite to fight boy you better believe I'm scrappin'
So I wound up, and then I gave his face a pound what
He on the ground completed because his beef was ground up
I turned around ducked a sucka punch I'm about to knuckle up
When one junior snuck in an uppercut
And G came flyin' wid dreadlocks, threw him in a headlock
Kicked his lips 'til they bigger than a breadbox
Soon they called in the riot squad
they tryin' hard to break it up
Kids punchin' pigs leavin' they bacon cut
They shakin' up they cans of pepper mace
Once cop wet my face two boys grabbed me we had to jet the place
My boy One got caught you know he's lyin'
He's like Sir, I was just passing through
When punches started flyin'
Washin' my eyes in the sink they burnin' and pink

To think, I almost spent a night in the clink
And then I paged my crew told 'em meet me at the crib
Y'all know where the pad at kid
We bout to smoke a fat ass blizz

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

And yo, we got home not more than bout four
Mattresses laid out on the floor like savages
we crashed the backdoor
My man asked for a bandage cause his hand was hurtin'
And his shirt and elbow rip
heads told me the big fellow hit wit my fist
Son he had a seizure in the pit
When spit dripped out his lip
We kicked the shit out his click
And not one of us got arrested
While half the fools we dusted in the duel
They holdin' in the cooler clutchin' swollen medullas
When we rolled into the school the next day
I heard my friends say damn son you served they ass a proper chunk
They tried to play you but you got the punks
I told 'em that's right
boy we the click it ain't no stoppin' us
But that was back in the days
Now these bitch ass, actors will blaze
They roll packin' a guage
So the moral's don't fight
I won't front it was a dope night
But when involved wid violence ya liable to get ya throat sliced

(Hook x2)