

# 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)