

Da Ill Out (feat. Jamal & Keith Murray)

Redman

(Erick Sermon)

Yo Reggie, I'mout(Jamal)

T-ree F Squad

Muddy Waters

Don't get it twisted... nigga(Redman)

Aiyyo everybody in this motherfucker will get touched

Fuck such and such, I roll tight like handcuffs

Rock that ass to sleep with discrete techniques

I beez that, freak of the week like I made Knee Deep

Hold up! Rotate around the solar, badder than Cobra

Composure never sleeps, my stream pumps Folgers

I'm sauteein MC's with fried rice up in the wok

without the MSG and chopped celery

See, I made it, my flavor situated

from the nickel plated mic that's hot, to leave your brain inflated

Plus, I'm thick like Quakers on papers

Bodacious MC's get turned to lower cases

lettering, and the medicine, that I'm swallowin

Get you hollerin, like Marvin Gaye when his father shot him

in the chest, I roll with two stacks of Tecs

And mad niggaz and sess that I roll up in your rest

UHH! Mister Fantastic's crafted, with no 52nd ass kick

When I'm blasted, my Method magics get drastic

That you can't see with bifocals

Watchin MC's go up and down like stock brokers

I leave your brains on tilt, with ill skills that's milk

That's rougher than jeans that Gloria Vander-bilt

I'm poppin mad shit, plus I can back it

Your man'll be like "Yo, get that dust off yo' jacket"

(Keith Murray)

It ain't a test or quiz that my Squad can't win

Those who know the biz, know we wreck kids get biz

Y'all digest, multiple stab wounds to the chest

And I copycat kill the rest, with no Method to my madness

Plus the apparatus with the baddest

Determined to be the last man, standin on the planet

Y'all get attached, like a blood-suckin leech

When you fall into my rhythm of speech

Your hands get embraced with a touch of the bass

Head get wrapped up neck get thrown in a neck brace

Rough rhyme mechanical, lyrical at it who?

Will ironically chronically murder you and your crew

My directive, through where I live, is kinda primitive
See I get to the bottom of the problem, and make shit give
Step in the jam, hooded and high, plastered the master
cast to the masses grabs the mic
Ten dollar rappers, is what L.O.D. goes after
To my Squad, there's no matches, we bashes
Do photo flashes on all flavor S-classes
Bomb attack on wax, lyrical mini mac to your back
Tie you up, throw you in the act
A public figure, who walks around with a gin of jigger
Cause I gives a fuck about another nigga, word up
(Jamal)
Muddy Waters, yo this is the way that my intro should go
Drunk slow funk flow for Reggie Noble
Fuck with me doe, Mally G doe it's not logic
Playin that big shit get broke down microscopic
Freak it back keep the track ringin, with the bassline
It's major when you savor my flavor, can you taste mine
Face the nine I lace your spine with short fat pace
Around and round, avoidin the time to put it down
Now's the time here yeah(Erick Sermon)
Clown where, pick a spot
Neutral grounds or not, we give a fuck, lick a shot(Jamal)
Gangsta, so called killin, cap peelin
Playalistic, I mean is all that shit realistic
Play your cards God, black keep your hand held tight
Night fall might call your life, shit is trife
on these evil streets after dark
Niggaz gettin sparked left and outlined in chalk
New day, this whole shit's twisted (is it man)
It's me bombin on these niggaz shitlist and Mally G
open your eyes to see, recognize who be a G
Hopin to ride in the, industry with E
The villain's had it cause ahead (word up yeah)
Killin my psychosomatic pattern mad (yeah)(Erick Sermon)
Y'all know, uhh, yeah, Muddy Waters
We out for nine-seven, word up, peace

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>