

## Special Forces

Bahamadia

Feat. Cali Agents, Chops (Mtn. Brothers), DJ Revolution  
Poems stay calm, approachin it  
They be flop and over it  
Back on my feet just like I'm 'posed to get (Yeah!)  
Livin up, I tell it y'all totin chicks  
You ain't really hot, you just image and politics  
The total type, y'all duplicates and male affiliates  
Soundin the silliest, doin renditions of hits like Al Yankovic  
I never been, kept it in suspense like a scene outta Scream leg  
acy  
Like Marcia Jones, I'm reppin for queens  
Doin royal things, lock em down for offspring  
Whole team be a bunch of backpackers and mic fiends  
We all first string, spittin them jewels that bling bling  
And when I hit mainstream, y'all niggas can bite me  
\*Cuts by DJ Revolution\*  
"Live and direct" "Yeah"  
"We takin over  
"Live and direct" "Yeah"  
"We move like the special forces, green beret" "Live and direct  
" "Yeah"  
"That's the reason why none of y'all can't compete" Aiiyyo these  
is ghetto-bound scripts  
For pseudo MC's to breathe off of  
I vaporize tracks like mentalyptis with active ingredients  
Comin straight from the Yardie  
My click rolls thicker than the Black Panther party  
Up next for Generation X  
Most of these rap cats is barely fresh  
And when they carry me, they gon' bury me wit a mic on my chest  
Wit a wide crowd lookin  
But for now, these micminerals is Ital cookings  
Gettin seasoned on, we carry blades of various shapes  
For the crates and CD's, and those still married to tapes  
Bahama-d up in the spot wit Cali Agents and Chops  
For all you big shots that thought you had this rap game locked  
  
Man forget