

You Better Believe It

DJ Muggs

Yeah, yeah!
Yeah, we keep it bouncin like this
Yeah, huh, we keep it movin like
Listen, listen, look..

The most wanted man in America, I +Soul Assassinate+ your character
Quickly embarrass ya as easy as fuck!
Pressin my buttons nigga is just like pressin your luck
China-white, a hundred percent, pure uncut
Detonate, Little Kuwait, I'm blowin shit up
Go ahead, make your mistake, and throw that punch
I'ma pull this forty-four Mag and make you strip
Then walk down the street naked, some gangsta shit
Make it complete, I yell dance, shoot at your feet (Dance nigga!)
Niggaz be weak, I found out you talk in your sleep
Since you a bitch, you came back, went in for more cash
Baseball both of your legs, I'll trip on your ass

You never stop me cause you movin too slow
And we not the motherfuckers that you thinkin you know
It ain't the dollars it's the principle of it so love it or leave it
Forever hardcore, so you better believe it
In all black, full metal jackets that make you move back
Move units the same way I used to move crack
You never stop me cause you movin too slow
And we not the motherfuckers that you thinkin you know

Yeah, yeah, most of the time I'm totin a nine
In my waistline or behind this close to my spine
I write these, negative fines, and heat for lines
Last seen in a black trenchcoat, at Columbine
Peep the design, make your remains hard to find
I ain't afraid to exchange fire, just cross this line
Most niggaz got guns but still don't know how to aim right
I remain tight, sleep in a coffin, avoidin daylight

We sit upon a plateau, with guns and cash flow
Sadaam and Castro, terror to the last blow
I mash dough and half these cats you ass slow
It's relative, and all positively negative
It's like, 'cause flashin his gat, thinkin he cute
While I'm paranoid, cookin that loot, urgin to shoot
+Assassinate+ the +Soul+ and bring life
A fascinatin flow by King Trife, listen
I'm in a fucked up position, my baby momma keep bitchin
Niggaz is dry snitchin, and switchin
Not to mention, my cousin cookin crack in my kitchen
So why the fuck you think my braincells keep flippin?
Plus most niggaz round these parts got weak hearts
Call theyselves thugs when they let the heat spark
You mark, cross me and pay that tax
Punch you in the mouth and take that gat, motherfucker!