

John Blaze

Fat Joe

My stripes show like regiments, military intelligence
Murder game, I leave no evidence -- credentials
Go ask my pre-school, even talk to my old principal
He'd tell you how you I used to pack a No. 2 pencil
Stabbin students, grabbin teachers, Catholics, preachers
In the school staircase, cuttin class, passin my reefer
In my own class, operation return, they tried to say
I was incompetent, not able to learn
The table turned now, got my own label to earn
Like that nigga said in _Dead Presidents_, money I burn
Queensbridge, pay homage, respect Nas is the vet
Acknowledge the rep, polish baguettes, niggaz is dissin that
I'm just the best, puttin all violence to rest
between Latin Kings the blood _los sangres_, blood in Spanish
So many thugs vanish, unite the system
to fight with inner street wisdom, to help teach a prison

My crew puff lye, anyone test the Pun must die
Just give me one try -- 'Now you know you done fucked up right?'
Hah, you ain't got no wins in my casa
Que te pasa, you ain't even in my clase
I hate a actor that plays a rapper
I'm Terror Squad beta kappa everybody's favorite rapper
Grand imperial college material insane criminal
The same nigga who known to blow out your brain mineral
I reign subliminal inside your visual
Try to supply your physical with my spiritual side of this lyrical
I'll appear in your dreams, like Freddie do, no kidding you
Even if I stuttered I would still sh-sh-sh-shit on you
Soon as I chitter chatter you shitter shatter, I'm the kid
out of Bronx, that'll stomp you to death like it didn't matter
I'm even better than before, iller metaphors
Killers bet it all on Pun, cause one verse, dead em all

J-J-J-John Blaze
Ja-Ja-ah-John Bla-Blaze
J-Ja-J-Ja, John Blaze
"Johnny Blaze ain't a damn thing changed!" --> Method Man

Aiyyo my attitude is subject to change, I mess around
and spit twelve at the driver's side door of your Range
Six hit you, the other six, up in your dame
Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your chains
Take heed that, not only can I flow I can aim
cause y'all misdemeanor niggaz can't stand the reign
Better believe that, whenever I see y'all I'ma test ya
Only cause I know that faggots respect pressure
Hardcore, like shit you get, kicked out the yard for
'Kiss ain't the cops, but I lock niggaz up
You could meet me in my cell I soak and sock niggaz up
Far as the flow go, you could let your dough show
Put your money on the table, we could battle on cable
Y'all hot dog niggaz get nathans
Fuck around with Jason, that shorty from The Lox, John Blazin

My son cool out (what) don't beef yo, throw the tool out

Let's run these niggaz, kidnap they work, make em move out
Crushed hash, hands is like glass, keep the heat
in the dash, did some dirt for some work, caught a gash
The flicker blocker, wicked sneaker rocker footwear
Strike me out God, stackin up joints, rack em like Footlocker
This is raw, raw like fuck kid, represent
Here to Crenshaw, hold my words stronger than a Benz stall
Relentless, the anthology consolidated
with the quickness, dress up in the wig and blouse, killer sickness
Lex, imagination large, gold cards
Beat the bogus squad brains that connect put on the Older God
Specialist, iciclist, Woolridge collar
Feelin the rich, work for every dollar don't snitch, that's why
broke niggaz who got heart God, sign em up
Start the wind up, we John Blazin, Don up in the line up