

Rock It Deadly

Natas

Rock it deadly(6x)
Rock it deadly(Backwards)
(Mastamind)
Mastamind's in the house once again,
Nobody moves until the ceremony ends.
Natas has came to do a,
Double murder with mutha fuckin' trouble shootas.
Rockin' it deadly is the path I choose to take,
Leavin' 'em dead is the choice I choose to make.
Natas are my helpers in homicide,
Come ride the death chamber but your life is the cost of the ride.
Don't worry, be happy dead and enjoy it,
Don't let me tell my enemies, I ain't to be toyed with.
I got rules to lay,
I got songs to say,
Kneel down to the sound and pray.
Name your place and day and Natas will be there,
No need for a refereee 'cause Natas don't play fair.
I'ma let the nine milimeter go bang,
To me it's no thang, this ain't no game.
Usually I'm cool and calm,
But this time, I gotta let TNT drop the bomb.
Then I'll pass E the fuckin' knife,
So he can slice and dice 'em and let 'em know about Reel Life.
Rockin' it deadly with the melody of tricks,
The hard rock fiends so I gotta supply 'em a fix.
Now, is the world ready?
For Mastamind to rock it deadly.
Kick that shit(8x)
(Mastamind)
It's like somethin' you never knew and somethin' you'll never know,
I'll let it flow, I'll let it go, I'll let it show.
If it's real, the only legit shit,
It is something you can hardly deal with, can you feel it?
The rhymes will fall like rain and hits like thunder hits,
Mastamind will take yo' ass under quick.
Straight out the dark to come to shine,
Formin' rhymes is how I earn my nickels and dimes.
Rockin' it deadly, but keepin' it lively,
The sticker reads parental advisory disguises me.
As a hard ball player,
Come on y'all, wave ya hands in the air and say a prayer.
Down in Detroit is where the sound is born,
The tormented preacher is here to teach ya and warn.
About the are to the LP and M-I-N-D,
Praise the melody!
Rockin' it deadly.
First there was a dream,
Now there is reality.
(Mastamind)
If you ain't hip to the fact then listen close to this info,
While yo' prince leaves I'ma steal the show.
Here I go again and again,
On your turn tables, my looney tunes spin.
With every second of the clock, you'll feel the deadly rock,
Protect yo' ass 'cause the pitch fork is hot.
Below ground, I'ma go down,

On sucka's territories turn it to ghost town.
Fagulant and phony fools fear the fatal free style,
This goes out to every man, woman, and child.
Label me a helluva rap artist,
Livin' in darkness, searchin' for human targets.
A soul seeker, a grim reaper,
Believe everything you hear from a Reel Life speaker.
Never in death 'cause death is real,
Your unholyness told me so I rock to kill.
Flee this mutha fucka if you can't take what I wrote,
I take it to the extreme and say fuck the soft notes.
I hope your label ain't ready,
For Mastamind to rock it deadly.
Rock it deadly
Kick that shit
Rock it deadly X8
Kick that shit
Rock it deadly X10