Skills to kill And fill a hole, we roll deep Wit a frown that's down Low in the meddle of jeep beats So I'm makin a point Not stickin butts or blunts But the Terminator X And the rhythm he cuts Figure this bigger brother Gonna trigger the track No I ain't country And my name ain't Zack Step the fuck back Take a look at the racks My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax CDs they only double the tax And makin money money New York City to lax Tell the suckers suckers Never ever relax I'm kickin in cold facts so true It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho Wheres my rifle? right though I ain't Michael, yo I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay Wastin time in a crime wit a nine Rather find another brutal rhyme It's us verses, I put it all in verses If the sound reverses I pump it up wit curses Fuck sittin in the back of the bus But don't front what we lack We got it loaded in a back pack See they can do it to a man But wit men suckers semi Think that shit before they come again No science to the wild senile Slackin cause he packin like a

Runaway child yeah
Would I ever try to sever, hell no
Never would work if the
Rhyme wasn't clever
Wild in an isle
Stackin high from the floor tile
Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a
What I gonna wanna do...
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at Here's a track I try to duck duck Those 3 bullets in the back Top 40 Ignore me Sococo I him 'em in the hood Until it feel good

But I'm all right though
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills
But a battle of wills
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler
They call me over the phone
Che-che-checkin me out
Takin my time
To find a brother droppin dime
Once again it's on
In the paint, and I ain't givin up
No props to the game
And it stops in the name of the hip hop
Reign and the pain got me goin
Goddamn wont they even pull a
Bullet on a pop jam