

# Heart Of Stone

U-God

I got a heart of stone, flesh and bone  
Red skin tone, rap syndrome

I'm that street sweeper, dope beat finder  
Forty four piece, keep on pushing with a meat grinder  
Heat mizer, to all you competitors  
You regular, regular, I'm ten steps ahead of ya  
Return of the predator, let me demonstrate  
Make niggaz spill blood like women menunstrate  
And I'm, fresh out the gate, guess who trunkin' through  
If he fight to the death, I'mma buckle you  
Yea, I'm all stressed out, I'm not comfortable  
I don't play by your rules, I stick and move  
Everyday that you do, catches up to you  
I want my cake and eat it too, stop the game  
Leave bruises on your neck, when I pop your chain  
Yeah, the hunger/pain, make me an awesome thug  
I'm my own verdict, fuck the jury, the judge  
Yeah, hear me loud, I bring fury to clubs

I got a heart of stone, flesh and bone  
Red skin tone, rap syndrome

I rap gritty, cuz the city's infested  
I got the city trapped, trapped in my deathgrip  
When the tech spit, we bang out exceedrin  
Yeah, you wet kid, the aftershock's around ya  
Can't wait to let off, the eighteen pounder  
The bulldog growler, potato on the end  
I don't turn belly up, or jelly on a friend  
They held me in the pens, twenty three hour options

Locked in, now I'm in the top ten  
I'll never bend, heads give up  
When I, see ready for, dead in the dust  
I throw up the crust, then I shatter they mask  
It's a must, it's a must, that I shoot fast, come on!

I got a heart of stone, flesh and bone  
Red skin tone, rap syndrome

The streets is like Satan, I'm from the Hill  
Cuz people keep hating, cuz I score at will  
Don't fuck with new niggaz, I figured they wired  
I set 'em on fire, like the name was Pryor  
I'm a livewire brother, that's something superb  
Want a glass room mansion, up in New Jers'  
Puff a dutch and an herb, stay in touch with ya bird  
In an all black Phantom, crushing the curbs  
Spill my guts on my word, cuz my measure is lethal  
From the Oooh Building, my Resident Evil  
Throw consecutive free throws, I'm poppin' the Don  
Better, clear the way, another blow from the Arm  
And don't be alarmed, when I'm scrappin' this CREAM  
With knicks the size of ice cubes, taking your fiends  
And I popped out the rifle and M-16  
You see me on the screen with the Charlie's Angels

All in the closet, keep nothing but Kangols  
Catch him in Bahamas eating all the mango's  
Call in for drama, bring on the pay load

I got a heart of stone, flesh and bone  
Red skin tone, rap syndrome  
(2x)