

# 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!