

Special Forces

Bahamadia

Feat. Cali Agents, Chops (Mtn. Brothers), DJ Revolution
Poems stay calm, approachin it
They be flop and over it
Back on my feet just like I'm 'posed to get (Yeah!)
Livin up, I tell it y'all totin chicks
You ain't really hot, you just image and politics
The total type, y'all duplicates and male affiliates
Soundin the silliest, doin renditions of hits like Al Yankovic
I never been, kept it in suspense like a scene outta Scream leg
acy
Like Marcia Jones, I'm reppin for queens
Doin royal things, lock em down for offspring
Whole team be a bunch of backpackers and mic fiends
We all first string, spittin them jewels that bling bling
And when I hit mainstream, y'all niggas can bite me
Cuts by DJ Revolution
"Live and direct" "Yeah"
"We takin over
"Live and direct" "Yeah"
"We move like the special forces, green beret" "Live and direct
" "Yeah"
"That's the reason why none of y'all can't compete" Aiiyyo these
is ghetto-bound scripts
For pseudo MC's to breathe off of
I vaporize tracks like mentalyptis with active ingredients
Comin straight from the Yardie
My click rolls thicker than the Black Panther party
Up next for Generation X
Most of these rap cats is barely fresh
And when they carry me, they gon' bury me wit a mic on my chest
Wit a wide crowd lookin
But for now, these micminerals is Ital cookings
Gettin seasoned on, we carry blades of various shapes
For the crates and CD's, and those still married to tapes
Bahama-d up in the spot wit Cali Agents and Chops
For all you big shots that thought you had this rap game locked

Man forget