

Side

CJ FLY

"Unno know who ya ah bombaclaat romp with? Unno know mi! I am de original Jamaican don dada! Ya unna-stan Jamaican rude bwoy, unno waa ramp with bombaclaat me? Come, c'mon I murda people fi fun. Murdah onna bombaclaat fi fun."

Damn, this shit is real out here my nigga

I'm nuts, so if I catch you slipping, might put two in your shell
I must have been going deep, cause I'm doing it well
Made yourself hot, too many sales, now you in a cell
Knew you would fail, you like a snail, thinking that you would prevail, you stupid
How dare you try to throw, dirt at my name
Oh, you a baller? With these techs will get you right out the game
I'm from a well known hell-hole, the same as Big Pop
You snitch, the cops, and lip lock with a chick that gave the clique top
Don't suggest a toe ring, but homie you could kick rocks
You a bitch wearing heals, gonna visit witch doc
Fuck drinking caffeine, I'm a cash fiend done had bad dreams
Blowing on mad steam and thinking of mad schemes
With a mask and a beam, plotting to blast on the D's
With a bastard's genes, I sag my jeans
Who you know who get the job done as fast as me?
Was a disaster in my past, so homie ask bout me

I'm the nigga you don't want it with, half the shit that I seen, dawg, you probably couldn't stomach it
Act like you know who's running shit, if you want some funny shit, then I'mma have to punish ya

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I think there's another side of me, there's someone trapped inside of me
I know there's some would die to see, I fucking hate when people lie to me
Try to collide these beats and rhymes to give me peace of mind
Don't mind to give my piece of mine, act foul I got a piece of mind
And in my mind I grease the nine and load the clip, holy shit
Lose your hands if you reach for mine, read your mind, I got drive
But I ain't stopping if I see the sign, less talk more action, you would think that she's a mime
Steal somebody's Rolly if I think I'm gonna need some time
A sad story that's mad gory, you can't hold me, catastrophic's my category
In the future which I foresee, some shit like Jason Vorhees
It was like a wild fire when the prodie, Steez
Would smoke trees, as I precede on the proceeds
They go to me, flowing like waves on the seashore
I'm sure you see I hate when niggas come in my cap
Ain't allergic to pets, I just don't fuck with you cats
The shit I, pull out the head has got me fucking up tracks
If you tryna take shots at me, I be ducking 'em fast
Never running when it's my turn, I'll be bustin right back
If not to strap, then the weapon's my raps, I heard you let her
Get in your head instead of getting some head
Remind me of this chick I had when I was getting ahead
Said you got your dick wet, likely cause you be pissing your bed

Talk shit the hallow gone make you sleepy, and you'll be missing your head

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On the real I seen it all from clips to murder plots
You ain't from round here then you might not wanna swerve on the block
G's got it on lock, you might end up hearing some shots
Or get flipped like it's beef in burger spots, Just a warning
Til them bee's start swarming, eat your food like like they been starving
Ain't nothing good about mourning
It's even worse when you gotta put your face where the floor is
Go from another tourist, to a victim of the remorseless
Poor them, get a grip I got
Mine, so slipping you won't catch me
You're taking shots, well I'm throwing alleys to where cats sleep
The black sheep, in the black jeep
Pros in the back seat
Make you puts your hands up like you hailing a taxi
I'm that G if you ask me
I need a, Gangster Bitch, just like a Apache
With fat cheeks is down to pass trees
Last time I had a bad freak was like last week

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Uh, you know how we do
Straight from the eyes of the CJ Fly view
How we all, BK Brooklyn always borns a star
Yeah, Buckshot, BDI, Duck Down, CJ Fly
You nawmean, check it out
You know how when you was first taught how to read
You was taught, CJ Run, CJ Fly, (laughter)
Yeah, Buckshot everyday allday
Untouchable, Nothing but Pros here
[*laughter*] DUCKDOWN!