

Underground Connections

Guru

We got underground connections, the best ones
No stress son, come test son, you'll get done
When you be stickin out your chest son
Underground connections, the best ones
Come test son, you'll get done
So don't be stickin out your chest son

So many thugs niggaz rappin bout they saw me sellin crack again
Catch me at the Hard Rock, ballin at the MGM
Fuckin it all, I blow a million on craps
Done spent a million on straps, so I'm heavily heated
Never had a bitch on yo' dick kid, though I know you need it
Mia keeps the mega hoes and hookers, you can't count the amount
And kid them extra bitches in your video don't count
I never lied on a record, I put that on my son
If my niggaz caught me frontin, they've cut out my tongue
Well connected baby bitch nigga, ya can't run far
My riders know where the little and the big cribs are
It ain't the funds ya got, but how long ya got it
It ain't the guns ya got, but how much ya shot it
I'll look you deep in your eyes like I ain't never done a record
Step up all on ya bitch and have the hooker butt-nekkid
With the "knock-the-tooth-out-nigga", "blow-the-roof-out-nigga"
"Fuck-the-cops-with-thirty-men-and-shootout-nigga"
If I was as hard as you sound, I'd be stuck deep in the hole
Still when I mobs in the club, I have ya tuckin ya gold
Grabbin ya hoes, lookin for emergency do's
Endin the shows, bodies on the disco flo's

Yo, yo
As far as it go, fuck with fams, it's kilos to grams
The circumstance, the way it's goin down, accordin to plan
This gangsta hit, pissed off, Bacardi and shit
Run the streets, bodying shit, anybody you wit
Thinkin I'm Gotti and shit, fuck with anyone of them bitches you wit
Pushin a six-hundred, wrist flooded with chips
For those that don't know G, this nigga Sonny keeps it funky
I bet my life on it, you niggaz don't want it
Spittin thirty-thirty, pushin J30's, you niggaz ain't worthy
Across the county, my Suspect niggaz surround me
Come off it - fuckin ya bitch, whoever's closest
I know about the dru-dugs, safe behind the portrait
Crazy bank, livin it up, to make an estate
You ballin now, face down on the fuckin floor now
Sonny Blade got this hits locked down for days
I got the guns up, ready to run up startin my blaze

Yo, Suspectz, lock down blocks, run up in spots
Fuck the cops, swervin on a belt in the drop
Bad bitch, rubbin my cock, one hand on the glock
And I can't stop, won't stop, until I get it get it
Done shitted, called beef and dealt wit it
So forget it homes, Older Don is fully blown
Southbeach, buggy-eyed Jag, sittin on chrome
Freaked off, like the illest porn
Pour heat, quick to swarm
We can get it on from dusk 'til dawn

Flows hot, your's lukewarm - Flex gonna drop the bomb
See the tattoos ingraved in the arm, this shit is gangsta...

Underground rap king baby, word up, I'm here to reign
Potential victims know my rep, they fear the pain
Emcees think they runnin things cuz they wear the chains
Still get third degree burns from the severe flames
Ain't nuttin changed kid, I still walk with a bop
While you wanna be punks, be lookin awkward a lot
Cuz I make the spot hotter than the cops on your block
Cuz some of y'all are worse than bitches, and be talkin a lot
Cuz you still don't understand that I'm iller than y'all
And it ain't just because I know more killers than y'all
But because I know that half of y'all ain't willin to brawl
See me, I'm quick to start it with you chicken-hearted
Fake hustlers, phony gangsters, where'd you get your part at?
Some flick that you watched, or some legend you swept
Let's talk about some real shit, cuz there's paper to get
Time to turn this respect into cash and major checks
From NYC to Cali, flip the dough and invest
With my Underground Connect, Iceberg pass the tec
Only run with street soldiers and no pussy cadets
Cop millinneum jewels and you still shop for bagettes

Straight like that... ha
Baldhead Slick.. Ice-T.. The Suspectz
Underground Connections baby...