

My Style

Inspectah Deck

My style, sick as the plague
Hold ya head, like I'm trimmin' ya fade
Now witness the raid, Rebellion, spittin' them blades
That'll tear ya "Face/Off" like Nicolas Cage
In the brick maze, ain't slept in six days
Trippin' off a spliff of haze, rollin' trip trays
I need, one followed by zero, he's some kinda hero
Analyze This, like DeNiro

I'm not the man, I'm just one of the men
You don't wanna cross me, I'm like a hundred & ten
Truck Turner burning the steel, child style working the mill
Like I still kill, serving them crill
Can't stop til I'm splurging a mill', gorilla lurk in the field
With my lean on, swerving my wills
Full time with the grind, like nine on the limb
Lone Ranger, so I don't conspire with them
Got men that'll fire the sem', see me sliding with the diamond
Like four or five of them, inside the Benz
It's the, main event when searched and through
Old timers recognize, with the young kids too
Damn right, I'm still 1-6-0oh
Young G out to get his due, you can't fit his shoe
In the hood like graph' on the wall, snatchin' it all
Niggaz hate me, I'm just, having a ball
Yeah y'all, still hang in the halls, or macking them broad
Or at the fiend house, bagging a raw
And I'm alright, sending y'all a kite
Boss tight with the mic, y'all call it a night
It's the, gener-al, keep backin' them off
Backin' more, throw it down like Shaq in the fourth
You a cartoon in back of The Source, I clap off
And the, strongest quake couldn't match the force
Disrespect me, the eagles'll squeeze, my peoples is G's
Who put the work in and breeze in the D's
Keep several TV's in the V's, now wise men speak in degrees
Had you leaking with ease, fools