

## That Shit

## Inspectah Deck

Wu, Shaolin, yeah, yeah  
Lets stand up y'all  
What up, we on the rise  
10304 types  
Move with The Movement  
Its like Roy Jones said  
What's that son  
Y'all must of forgot or sutten word  
Yo INS

We love fast cash, trickin' on a few girls  
Spazzin' like the yellow cab, through the new world  
I walk slow, slaughter order like new kicks  
On some Wu shit, two chicks shootin' my flicks  
Might creep through ya town all wrong  
Half a bone, twenty inch chrome  
Illuminatin' off ya dome  
Like OT status, the one to get at  
Never sweat that, I'm focused at the X on the map  
Treasure chest stash, the guest house attached  
Forty acres and a mule with the sawed off gat  
f\*\*k the media hype, I'm into Stereotype  
Name ya price, then let me get my hand on the dice  
All my life, nine out of ten involved in the heist  
Only for ayallytes with the target sliced  
Now the parasite blined by your neon light  
Tryna eat right so maybe I can sleep nights, yo see

Heads get ripe off-a this  
Thug all night off-a this  
Ladies fight off-a this  
This is That Shit  
The Projects flip off-a this  
The trees get lent off-a this  
Crash your whip off-a this  
Cuz this is That Shit

Yeah yeah, niggaz stay showin' they teeth, knowin' they weak  
We supply you with the fire son, cope with the heat  
Roamin' the streets, slowin' the Jeeps, ownin' the beat  
No sleep, chasin' papers, stay focused, it's deep  
Keep an eye on boy, he gonna rise like the crime rate  
Vibrate the tristate, I make ya jaw aque  
Been around the world, put a house on the hill  
But still greasy like the corner store grill  
We roll like Vegas dice, pay the price  
Watch me roll straight strikes in this game of life  
See me, yankee hats, John John, blue boots on  
Movin' in the Ucon, schoolin' all the new borns  
Mommy get ya groove on, ya bustin' out ya outfit  
Lovin' how ya move on the floor, baby bounce it  
Big boys step through, they all step aside  
They all mesmurised man, y'all recognise

Heads get ripe off-a this  
Some will bite this, Rebel INS your highness  
Screamin' high pitched, survivalist you bare a likeness

In the pits where it's high risk, I work the Nightshift  
Like this, like that, put pressure on rap  
Cheques stack, watch a sex trap  
Shorty through an X in my 'yac  
Caddy stretched black, don't question the fact  
I lay my head back, spazzin' off a new Meth track  
Count weed, bag green, blue, purple and brown  
Crown King with my down Queen lurkin' the town  
Circle round, get a glimpse of the kid gettin' big  
Feel that, I peel back, heavy into ya wig  
For the fugitives and big timers throwin' bricks  
Plus the plot thugs locked up proven to this  
Son hit it like Arabs, the world don't curb haters  
Don't quit ya day job, ya girl know the words