Left 4 Dead

Skyzoo

Yeah
EPMD, 9th Wonder
It's crazy
New York
Charlotte, yep!
EPMD can hold you down baby
Uh

Spark this off with a b-boy who show P love
O.G. from the golden era, duckin bullets and slugs
Meltin ice cream mugs, EPMD the niggas you love
New York Vice, tight like Crockett and Tubbs
Rarely seen but when seen on the scene (who you with?)
I'm with Green, gettin cream, a "Wild Thing" like Charlie Sheen

A "Wild Thing" like Tone Loc, I'm no joke, take notes
The rap intrepid, I blow on record
No boat, I'm still captain, what's happenin
The big dawg of rap and the E Great Dane
My name is Hall of Fame, the game owe me some change
"The Collector", Denzel director, go tell

Yeah mock bird with six shells, leave a smoky smell
Have you up in the hospital ringin the nurse's bell

Like ding I got hit (uh-huh) by two of rap's, most dangerous
E and P and they both had stainless

Biggie Smalls and 2Pac - left for dead
Innocent bystanders - left for dead
Big L, Jam Master Jay - left for dead
The whole hip-hop culture - left for dead (oh, my, God)

Okay fun's up (say what?) The reign son's up
Hoes down, G's up, yo let your guns bust
For the soldiers that fell, for the soldiers in jail
For the cats that ain't makin it, dudes with no bail
Stand or die, yo I tell no lie
You get caught not tellin the truth they make sure you fry

Uh-huh, we won't fry, cause we don't lie
We ain't change funk flow still same
Beats still knockin, we still rockin
Cats on the bozack, they ain't poppin
Lil' things stoppin, and that means you
Cause we shuttin you down, for the underground

Run cats out of town like P.E. we "Shut 'Em Down"
Bustin live rounds, straight gunnin now

Shhh, out in the open, rubber grip shit with red scope an'
Beware when you approachin

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Yeah, call me suck-Y, Z-O-O
They say the first line is probably the best line
I call it the set line it's sort of the fetch line
But then the next line that follows the first line
Will body the first line and make it the worst line
So what it means is, whatever procedes this
Is above the previous, stepping stong weak shit
24 leak shit, grind with a pen
And try to line up with the pen but it's up where the nosebleeds is
Suck, the forechosen to cut 'cross
The last rapper for everyone you grew up on
I'm past better, my past letters is past headers
I'm a product of student money and black leathers
7-1-8 shit, no better replacement
Started writin backwards, young'un letters is basic
Huh, different with a given goal the way I'm pitchin with it
Don't take it to heart homey it's "Strictly Business"

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