Adrenaline! (feat. Dice Raw & Beanie Sigel)

The Roots

[scratch intro]Chorus [black thought and scratch] 2x
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain ladies and gentlemen
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Once again 'gain
Yo, adrenaline
[black thought]

Yo I'm in the eye of the storm, where the pressure's on
And mc's is dressed funny like a leprechuan
I chop rappers up like chicken seczuan
Sells a squads off like a slave auction
Aiyyo my zodiac sign read caution
On stage, I make your seed to an or-phan
Yo, my age an algebraic equation
Niggas want some? I hit em wit a portion
Son, the fifth foursome, armed at the door son
M-illi-tilla, dice raw, quick draw son
You don't want no more son? that's when more come

And drag a nigga eerie avenue to oregon, you're all done

Ladies and gentlemen

Select the weapon at the gate upon entering, the roots instrumentaling

Spark shit, them niggas try to talk shit

We hit em like the l at 60th and market South philly clip a hold into a nigga park it Take sneaks, chains and rings and bracelets Split back this like we the therapist Adrenaline, fifth mic terrorist, once again Chorus[malik b]

Zigga zigga zigga tryin to get a grip but still slip, so lift me up
Ever since I was a pup I was designed to errupt
You get to know me, you poke me slowly, when caught puzzin
Some niggas thought they was, when of course they wasn't
Punked em wit a dozen of pellets all in they skelet
Transform, from the norm, start to brainstorm
Yeah malik b from the roots, he ain't gone
I took the wrong exit, the sign said langhorne
I'm trapped up in about five worlds wit live pearls
Shouts to armour akquan who's name is jalil
The moat is deep water so let your hand expand it
Demandin, takin you back like knotts landing

I'm ralph cramdon, we out, you'll see in hampton
Yo what the what the what the what the what the
Pivot on this concrete earth until I rot

Didn't figure how to conquer it yet but still I plot, once againChorus[dice raw]

Beans passed the mack and we held em, like hostages

Rappers see me, hide they face like ostriches
Dice'll grind your brain into little sausages
Underwater rap, you know who the bosses is
North philly baby, that's where that raw shit is
You'll get blown out the sky once you get talkative

A-d devise rise, I fathered it

So when you see me on the street, don't bother kid Just be on your merry way, or you might get slit

Ask around, wonderin what dice raw did Lay you on floors like ya gettin carpeted

You need a special kind of mic for retarded kids

Me against you's like kane verse the partridges

You wanna battle, change your name to the forfeiters

Cuz that's what you do, face to face wit raw niggas

I give you a bad case of the fucked-up jitters, once againChorus[beanie siegal]

They used to talk shit, but i'ma quiet them

Kick in the door wit my boys stick to riotin

First nigga that flinch, i'ma fire em

Tape em up, grip his hands, and plyer em

Know the bricks is in here, where you hidin em?

Don't die in the shit that you lyin in

Used to get fronted bricks, now I'm buyin em

Used to cop off my man, now I'm supplyin him

Paid the front row seat watchin iverson

First class air crafts what I'm flyin in

To l.a., shaq, eddie, kobe bryant and them

Save the jokes for chris tucker, richard pryor and them

Used to shotgun in cars, now I'm drivin em

Used to hustle 'round bars, y'all was robbin them

Ran up in y'all spot wit rob and them

Grew up, two-four, wit pie and em

But do my dirt, 21st, wit kyle and them

Nigga pop, nigga buzz, little mark and them

Brother news, nigga schooled marley park and them

Nigga jump, pull a pump, low sparkin em

I know shit right now gettin dark to them

Tore they body all up, ain't no chalkin em

Too sharp for them, move out in the dark on em

These illadel foul streets what I'm stompin in once againChorus[scratch outro]

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/