

The Jig Is Up

Big Shug

Yeah the motherfucking jig is up, niggah
Ha ha, I'm coming to get you fake-ass niggas
Word is bond..

It'll take more than what you got, to foil my plot
I be rocking you and socking you like killer robots,
I'm too hot
But I refuse to cool down
'Till they rest my black ass
Beneath the ground, I get down
For my underground sound
Pushing lyrical weight niggah, by the pound, for real
I'm bringing sight to the visually impaired
Cause what you see in rap, ain't always too clear
(Yeah Y'all)

Ice-grill stares for those who create fantasies
Couldn't bust a grape, fighting you or fighting me
Hip-hop today is like a big magic show
One magician, and a whole bunch of shining' hoe's
I'm trying to grow like my dick in the morning
It's a new day - matter fact a new fucking dawning
While you stretching and yawning, from your sleep
Shug done turned this whole shit back to the streets
Pumping the beat, when I was starving to eat
Now I push the ford truck
To extort the weak
Thought you broke away clean, I caught you
Now it's up to me to completely end you, for real
You hear shots, I bring shots
You smoke a lot of pot, and still spit weed talk, pussy
In '99 you get stepped to
Fuck your silly weak crew
And your mugged up boo, for real
No more faking jacks, or faking jills
We know all about those manufactured skills
Even chickens is spitting harder
Who's your ghost writer miss, Sean Carter?
Once again it's the militiaman stepping to Brooklyn
Coming straight out of Murder Pan
While I'm shitting on you spitting up
Letting you silly faggots know, the jig is up