

# Jamal, Live Illegal

featuring George Clinton Passion

Erotic E Intro:

One time for your motherfuckin mind  
yeah this is Erotic in the house with my nigga Jamal  
My nigga Calif

Passion in the motherfuckin house  
The unfuckwittable individuals that's us  
That's it with this laid back shit

They about to rip and by the way  
my dog George Clinton's in the house with us  
To get it on right

Yo it's gonna be about that time I think to lay it down  
And ah as long as you as you realize...

that it can't be fucked with, you can get with this  
Right check it

George Clinton:

You can't fuck with this

Passion:

I make your eardrums bleed like a 9 millimed

Niggas steppin' up like they wanna see me

I be the P to A double S crooked I

You and your crew contemplanting suicide

Your troops callin' truce when I let the flavor loose

Like a duece duece, now who want the proof?

Def Squads over here, step to the rear

I got the shit you don't wanna hear

The shit you fear, the money talks and the bullshit walks

Recognize the realest streets of New Yorks

Marley G got my back like a trigger to a mack

10 and I'm rollin' in a jet black Benz

No hoes everybody know the code of the streets

Niggas don't sleep cause niggas got to eat

Follow my styles like rituals

I beez the unfuckwittable, lyrical individual

George Clinton:

It's unfuckwittable, you can't get next to this shit

You can't get next to this shit cause it's unfuckwittable

Passion:

Yeah now as I think for a sec, wait a god damn minute

These niggas all up in it like they want it and they with it

Full of envy and testing me lyrically

I don't follow no beats I let the beats follow me

Lyrical metaphors are ready for your brain

Coming down like rain I bring the pressure nd the pain

Fallin' on your back like birdshit you fall

Into the pits of Passion and poison stikes the membrain

Saying my name in vein causes pain

Back to reality your fairytale is over

Niggas is wishing on stars and four leaf clovers

But I be wishing apon styles and microphones

God bless the child who bites her own now

Styles are invisible, critical

Passion is lyrically unfuckwittable

George Clinton:

That's what this is. This is some unfuckwittable shit

Matter of fact this...

Jamal:

See I be standing in the middle of certain stances

That cause niggas to get they ass lit till they shit

In they drawers

Ha ha here to drop the funk hydrolic pump accupunture

Passion and Jamal here to taunt ya

Known for blow back to back we kill tracks

Niggas don't understand how we do it like that

Representation, no perpetration  
All we see is trick ass niggas in the nation of playerhation  
But I just play it cool instead of playin' the fool  
Cause MC's get stuck like glue with the tool  
For the residuals, Jamal's the unfuckwittable  
Lyrical individual