Be Easy

DJ Envy

Yeah, what's happpening New York City?
It's ya boy Ghost in the muthafuckin' house tonight
NahwhatImean? We about to get it popping, let's go!
Yo yo
Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's
In the house, put the record on replay
Get your nose blowned off by the fifth, uh
You wanna be there, layin' all stiff, uh
Every time you go uptown, you get jipped, uh
That's karma, boy, running your lip, uh
You be fronting like you got a bunch of chicks, uh
You be at home, nigga, beating your dick, uh
I'm in the club with the chipped up wrist, uh
You at the bar, whoadie, drinkin' my piss, uh
The yellow shit, and the bottle ain't Crys', son
You turned your muthafuckin' head, nigga, we switched 'em
You just mad cause I'm hittin' your sister
You in the other room, huh, you couldn't sleep, uh
Pop a lotta shit without that liquor, yup
We mind seat up, so take our picture
I'm like the boogeyman, nigga, I'll get ya
Whether now or later, afterlife, or switcher
Yeah, oh shit, aiyo Tone hurry up and get 'em, nigga
You knowhatImean, it's about to pop off
Ya'll niggaz clear the fucking floor
Get the fuck out the way, come on
Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's
In the house, put the record on replay
Yo, it's Tone in the building, the teams in the building
Niggaz wanna beef, what up, what up, what up
We packed to the ceiling we constantly chilling
We can 'cause we could, we shoot, we slice, we cut
Shimmy shimmy ya, shimmy yam, shimmy yeah, now
Yes, my birthday, landed in nay, now
Peace to Dirt Dog, I'm back like Deja Vu

Leave your girl around me, I will bag your boo

Ahh, you bitch niggaz better listen up
Anybody front, paramedics gonna pick 'em up
They try to save you, sware to God, I hit the nurse up
Like, "Nah, doc, he look better in a hearse truck"
I tried to ignore it, his people saw it
I ain't the type of dude you go to war with
My polo gun yo, will crack the floor shit
When the heat's on, you know I draw it
I had his number down, Toney just called it
Yo, aiyo, Pete Rock, good looking nigga!
Staten Island, yo Theodore! What's the deal
Slap me one of the ratchets, I'm about to go in, yo
Tell your crew to be easy, niggaz run around
With them fake frowns, sell 'em on eBay
Get word to the DJ, tell 'em Staten Island's
In the house, put the record on replay
Gotta get that cheese, gotta pimp that V
Gotta burn those leaves, and uh
Pretty Tone make the girls say please
Daddy work that D, put it in and be eas' and uh
So what, come on, now some of y'all people
Might know me from my wallabies
Pretty bitches got my number, y'all can dial me
I stick it up like an iced cake robbery
And when I'm done, y'all can finger nail file me
Floss the ill robes since Criminology
Supreme Clientele, put the world on top of me
Yo babe, hurry up, with those collard greens
I represent S.I., ain't as wild as me
They lousy, I'm phat like a pound of cheeba weed brownies
Tone got the powder squeeze, don't surround me
Quick to pick a honey up, shit, the flow's Bounty
Ya'll can just crown me
Yeah, that's right
I like to thank y'all for coming out tonight
How y'all like that shit? YouknowhatImean?
You really run New York
This is that Theodore shit, muthafucker

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