

Cross Bronx Expressway

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz

Yeah, yeah, one more time, seventies shit, got the lean
Shit is leaning, it's to the left, it's just leaning, dribbling
Like, like he gave it a bag of dugy or a bag of that Tango and Cash
It's just leaning and shit, seventies, the Lord TariqAiiyyo, I been through many places, done many things
Seen the eyes of many faces from New York to Texas
To the faces on Rolexes, not a racist or sexist
And the best is the Lord, none the less is GunzNothing less than a Lexus, bubble eye with V-V-S's
Trouble minds and troubled times, stacks, I'm trying to double mine
I'm in a six wit double dimes and a couple of nines
Me and tracks back to back, circle the block a couple of timesAnd we searching for this nigga to try, I'm
bubbling mine
If we don't get him now then we will in due time
I bust enough shots to kill him two times, I do crimes
I get caught then my mind's defending my son's rhymes'Cause my thoughts stay running like thugs from one-
time
I've been through it under the influence, busting off I'm running into it
See me say he didn't do it, put the nine to his mind and blew it
'Cause some times I lose it, give me a gun and I'll abuse itPuffing with my family, my bitch, my money or my
music
Making killas say he's too sick when he do shit
But I'm on some new shit and it's too late the fuse lit
I treat my nine like a new bitch and the shit do kick, wordI'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man
On the East side of town with a blunt in my hand
Soundview, Monroe, Castle Hill, Bronx Dale
Rose Dale, Academy, Lafeyette, CozyI'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man
On the East side of town with a blunt in my hand
Commonwealth, Theriott, White Plains, Randall
Omestead, Bointain, Colgate, WatsonPlay rap loud, politicking business
Wit the crack crowd, fact file, funny how I never seen a rat smile
My last trial's one of the reasons why I rap now
But still could blaow any nigga acting irate nowFucking with me's worse than ducking police
After puffing some trees I'll probably be abducting your niece
Murdering beats since the days of permanent crease
Been around the block seen grams converted to keysAah Cartagena, breaks hearts in Argentine
My misses slugs to love me, my wife act like Anita
Terror Squad'll die for the cause
Even if it means blowing up things and taking over City HallMy shit is raw straight from the Panama shores
If the feds can't catch me then they make up a law
Cant take it no more, niggas is fake to the core

My state pen friends'll leave you broken negative ore
Bet it all on the Terror Squad click from Forrest
Real Bronx niggas that's heartless that spark shit
Regardless, niggas shouldn't have tried that shit
That's why mothafuckas gotta die like this
I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man
On the South side of town with a brick in my hand
Forest, Melrose, McKinley, the boulevard, Washington
Patterson, Courtland
I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man
On the South side of town with a brick in my hand
Brook Ave., Cyprus, Hunt's Point, Saint John, Little Vil.
Trinity, Creston, Walton
I had a dream that a team had a scheme keeping the beam
On my head like a infrared he's dead but I redeem
Now, I'm back nigga, it's on nigga
Run nigga, Joe nigga, Pun nigga, Lord nigga
Gunz motherfuckers ain't really knowing I'm really going
And feeling I'm showing that my main objective is Benz and Lexuses
Cop Rolexeses, get bigot in Texas
So fierce bitches they be calling me Exorcist
Far from the devil, I'm God I mean I'm Gunz
And I shine like sun, rhyme like none, find my gun
Got beef with this nigga with hits and shit
Chips and shit, run around here switching shit
Telling people don't play that, you gotta play this
Telling school you ain't saying that, you gotta say this
You can't wear that, you gotta wear this
Well, hear this, I'll go in yo chest and leave you earless, fearless
The only thing between us if you stop my cream
Is a glock nineteen and I'ma pop like steam
Trying to stop me and mine from eating you need a doctor
With a hundred gauze pads nigga to stop you from leaking
And a prayer from the deacon as you weaken
And words from the Funkmaster Flex dogs shouldn't have been reaching
There's only one Gunz, from what it's worth
That's me, that's it, burying shit, right in the earth
I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand
174th, Vyse Ave, Bryant, Longfellow, Hoe Ave.
Crotona Park, Boston Road, Prospect
I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand
Lambert, Tremont, Concoursre, Jerome Ave.
3rd Ave, Ogden, Webster, Simpson
Yo, we the Bronx avengers
Partners in these peelan adventures
We the monster niggas in your dreams
That be stomping ya senseless
So be conscientious, if you march
Against us I'ma call my gentas
And you nondescriptors gonna have to face the consequences
We large placentas and you small change
Hitting niggas long range, wrong gauge
Leaving niggas John Blaze, crime pays if you nice with yours
The Bronx is where you fight for yours
Ice your cross, slice cigars, light cigars
All day, wyling, freestyling in the hallways
Broadway ain't got more drama than Watson off of Colgate
This ain't the old days shorties was busting, ain't no

fucking joking
Some nigga called me a German, I had to bust him open
My brothers holding me down with heavy artillery
Chevies and Willies be chilling in front of every facility
Joey from Trinity so he raps Forrest
You could save the best for us
But you still better place your bets on us
The Bronx baby, where the best get blown
My resting zone, come on nigga test your throne
I'm blessed with chrome, so leave your vest at home
I don't aim for the chest bitch
Strictly necks and domes
I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens
Running up in your spot with a mack in my hand
Pure energy, checkmate, Blue Thunder, Obsession
Pulp Fiction, Purple Rain, Punisher, South side
I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh, three of my mens
Running up in your spot with a mack in my hand
ATL, LA, Chicago, Detroit
DC, Carolinas, Boston, NY

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