Parade

Young Gunz

[Verse 1 - Young Chris]Lil' niggaz envying chris. i gotta load up and empty them clips. tell them pussies to back up. Tommy G's difference from
Back Up. comming through tha house creeping. i'm tha new house keeping. motha fuck all that loud speaking. all tha
neighbors hear is loud speakers. no need for spouse keeping. kill tha bitch then we out freezing. now thats a witness if i leave they fuckin child breathin. its our season fuck back and forth wit them rappers. that's gon' leave ya back
and forth wit them clappers. and i ain't goin back to court wit them crackers. one's a district attorney. stay strapped so
those bitches wont burn me. TAKE THAT NIGGA. F what you earnin. take a lesson and learn it. the most important is that vest and that burner betta get it 'cause most of these rappers that talk it aint eva live it. and niggas who said they wit it said who did it. Get tha fuck outta here, bitch ass nigga. niggaz get fucked at tha county, nigga feel this like,
[Young Chris]Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's.
Freeway thats my lean way that help me to score
[Freeway - Rhyme]Stay fesh dress and West blessed me wit this track. him and Chad West dont guess nigga they from North. P-H-I double L Y.
dont fuck wit tha props squad get hit wit tha sixth four. dont fuck wit them big boys. free to live fresh like them Mel
guy. fuck ya come wit a knife for its similar to Columbine and Free dont get down like tha white boys. He that boy that you
know get to workin when niggaz start chirpin let you purchase a N from em, yeah. and his hammer closer than kin to him. So plans on robbing him's out tha question. Cops ask my fiends 21 questions but I gave em 21 extras. Flex tha Suburban,
bullets dipped in detergent. Full planes of corrosion. Hit ya fucking flesh up. have ya'll niggaz playing catch up. Take a
pop out tha coppers, pocka pa pocka pocka. Get tha beat witout a beating. SP on point wit them choppers
[Neef - Ryhme]Yeah my first name Neef and my last name Buck. from tha first time I beef or a motha fucka mess up. instead of knuckling
up these motha fuckas get plucked. From where there young'z snatching grass and they trippin on dust. all they take is a
puff these niggaz be right back at ya. tryin to leave ya niggaz living as snatchas. bout tha cream we roll around like a
SWAT team wit beems and try not to hit no innocent teens. about tha cream work hard now, live up my dream. aint tryin to
stress ova no shorts or ugly things. that aint for me or even my team. we be layin back in Suburbans and eatin some beans. the more i go in this game tha harder it seems. this shit been watered down tryin to raise out tha ground. one was sweet ya peace still lugging around. C and Neef aint sweet still repping tha town YA KNOW
[CD SCRATCHES][Young Chris- Rhyme]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's. Freeway thats my lean way that help me to score. Investin in these businesses i
make my business his. For instance Chris, address em if there's war. A message from Shakur all you got is a bitch. aint no pride in ya bitch, she let em have it she fit. she devide them clips and let em scatter. and she'd rather walk wit shells instead of matics. I get a kick outta tha bitch like Jet Lee. She went WILD when them niggaz was hatin. got her boy outta tha
situation wit one BLOW. so what NOW? play you chumps LOUD. it's like red nose pitts you punks GROWL. get dumb FOUND. get
him HOW?
[Neef]We catch him and beat him.
[Chris]several bodies not one FOUND.
[Neef]not loyal to feed em
[Chris]they neva found em guilty not one TRIAL.
not one file they can look me under 'cause they woulda been took me under
[Both]Fuckin crackers
[Neef- Rhyme]Girls love us thats what makes em hate us. well fuck it dawg we make tha papers. them haters make tha papers. they cant
fade us, fuck what they go through HEY. halos halos go through CLAY, go through tha WAY hit a bunch of teeth wit pine.
dont worry i can read they mind, Fuckin phonies. them niggaz eatin so we brought a fork. we ask for beef those niggaz brought us pork. we throw them all up. when i'm shoppin fill tha mall up. cops everywhere. exit out be for they block every stair.
now it's hot everywhere. gotta bounce all out. make you niggaz pull tha pounds all out, i need tha chronic. now we gotta
leave tha town and fuck tha airport we greyhounding.
coffee grinding taking chronic. lil rascals better be for December, I'm GONE
[MUSIC TIL FADE]

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