

# Deja Vu (Uptown Baby)

## Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz

New York to the heart but got love for all  
Lie and die in the fire where I learned to ball  
Uptown is the place where I lay my dome  
On the streets of the Bronx where my family roam  
Hoe, damn it, we home, Peter got a nine millimeter  
Playa haters can feel the flame from my heater  
I never really liked to play a fool like that  
But I love to succeed and see foes fall flat  
Splat like Deja Vu  
And I got another clip that'll daze y'all crew  
I sip Cristal, Don P, Mo' with pistol  
Just 'cause I'm pissy, don't mean you should mis doubt  
Keep 'em near da fifties and hundreds all arranged  
Anything less than that, you keep the change  
Not filthy rich but bitch, I'm barely broke  
Blessed with flows that keep you hooked like dope  
Friends call me Gunz, sons call me Trife  
'Cause I'm quick to slide off and slide this dick up in your wife  
And that's life, you should learn how to treat her  
I guarantee, Peter knows how to eat her and beat her  
Niggaz in the Bronx call me Lex  
'Cause I push a Lex and I rock a Rolex  
And I lounge on Lex' and I love sex  
And I wave techs on sets that be tryin' to flex  
Like Dex, nigga, God rest your soul  
But when you're playin' cards for Gunz, it ain't time to fold, hoe  
New York niggaz got crazy game  
But outta town niggaz is all the same  
Brooklyn niggaz get crazy loot  
That's because when it's beef, they ain't scared to shoot  
Harlem niggaz know how to play  
Mack the 600, gettin' crazy pay  
Niggaz outta Queens got shit on lock  
Strapped with the glock, runnin' up in yo' spot  
But if it wasn't for the Bronx  
This rap shit probably never would be going on  
So tell me where you from? Uptown, baby, uptown, baby  
We gets down, baby, up for the crown, baby  
We gets down, baby, up for the crown, baby  
Yo, the RM 80 is parked in the lot  
Right next to the Mercedes, keep the heat cocked  
For these blocks that are shady, you're crazy if you walk around  
Thinking shit's gravy, stop me? Maybe I'm livin' life lawless, makin' big investments  
On them 8 class flawless and hoes call us  
I'm comfortable like Ricarro, two quarters of my life  
Walkin' roads, type, narrow, deep thoughts which I abide by  
Puffin' high, got my mind's eye, points sharper  
Than an arrow gettin' high, keep your eye on the sparrow  
Riches like the Pharaoh, bought a new five

With the snitches for these hoes, trunk full of ammo  
Keep my toast closer than most niggaz keep they own  
shadow  
And I strap for my foes like a saddle  
I rock stones, other niggaz rock gravel  
Talk shit? Whatever have you, I'm from Soundview  
Bronx most wanted, front get confronted  
Playa, we rollin' deep in the one point five hundreds  
Like Big I., red eyed, mad blunted  
You step outside and get blooded, have your whole block flooded  
With the Bronx, it's a warnin', stormin' guns  
out  
From, 'Dusk Til Dawn' and it's on, no doubt  
Keep a eye on yo' bitch when I'm roamin' about  
And put a eye on yo' lip, nigga, watch yo' mouth  
I'm from the Bronx, wipe yo' feet when you step in my house  
'Cause you'se a small-time nigga, 'bout a half an ounce now  
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Peter Gunz like what? The Lord Tariq is like what?  
Soundview like what? One-seventy-fourth like what?  
Money Boss like what? The Gun Runners like what?  
And KNS like what? And Uptown like what?  
Shaolin, play, play on  
Strong Isle, play, play on and a  
Mt. Vern, play play on  
And Yonkers, play play on and a  
Puttin' it down for N.Y., ya know what I mean?  
N.Y. and world wide

Songwriters

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