Ghetto Symphony

A$Ap Ferg/A$AP Rocky/Gunplay

Yo nephew, give me some of that no limit shit
Yeah, we got my nigga Fiend in the house
C-Murder in this motherfucker, Mystikal all up in this bitch
Goldie Loc, mm, mm, my nephew Silkk the Shocker
Oh yeah, we got somethin' for the ladies too
Mia X, run this bitch
Lyrical arsonist, lady alligator
Down South, hustler, former weight smuggler
I'm mother, of the Tank, gave birth to an army
Guerrilla millionaires, so don't even ask, if you wanna
Get to clappin', soldier action specialty of style
We made the whole world respect the underground while
Some of y'all niggaz talk shit and get mad
'Cause we did it with a foot up your ass and it's still there
I cares not about your click or your block
I'm still that same bitch to run up in your spot and knock you off
Broad, with the cause, bitch on a mission
Keep them niggaz by they nuts while you hoes be dick kissin'
Missin' the game, damn bitch it's written in plain Ebonics
So shake that come-up off you brain and do the knowledge
Mia X, kickin' off the ghetto symphony
Next soldier up, tell 'em who the fuck you be
(What? It's Fiend y'all)
Put me in the ring with real MC's and watch 'em run for cover
And hidin' in trees, to escape the mic that I breathe on
Bleed on, exceed on
Weak rappers with titles after twelve
Hit a bell that's what I'll feed on
Microphone Don, walkin' flesh, talkin' bomb
Bringin' harm, to the calm and, them be alarmed
It's the African, oh, you wanna battle again?
I'll turn, you and your mans, to my yesterday plans
Oh damn, totin' two pistols like Yosemite Sam
Old man be grand, loud as the Southern band
Pickups and caravans, the soldier, that could, that can
I would be the man but God beat me to them plans
Next up, on the M I C
C-Murder, get busy for the symphony
I be's that nigga on the tank, always trippin' never slippin'

Have you reminiscin' and missin', that fool in your picture
Call me Bossalinie bitch without the Mo's at shows
And fuck dose who oppose we runnin' them hoes
365 motherfuckin' days a year
I have your fool staggerin' just like a bottle of beer
You niggaz runnin' from the cops, well I ain't runnin' no mo'
I flip the bird when I swerve, man, fuck them hoes
I'm crazy my nagga but uh, I thought y'all knew that, shit
Oh you ain't see the news? Shit I'm the nigga with the TRU tat
Ask my nigga Keno, shit, I just don't give a fuck
And if you run up wrong, I'ma fuck you up, you bitch you
Next up, on the M I C
Silkk the Shocker get busy on the symphony
Now when I come this far fucker, don't it sound like a hit?
Y'all didn't know what the fuck y'all thinkin' 'bout
You sound like a bitch
(Beotch!)
Shit it sound like a wish, you know when you got a
Motherfuckin' hit bitch? When it sound like this
Or you fake niggaz get enough heart, and try to
Bust a rhyme at this clip
Fuck around and miss, then fuck around and get found in a ditch

Gotta labels give me dough, when they find I can, gross this much
Freestyle shit, you can tell em I ain't, wrote this stuff
Silkk the Shocker, KLC perv and mash like, Snoop and Dre nigga
Y'all can relate to [unverified] get a contract like, MJ nigga
It ain't where you from, it's where the fuck you at
N O L I M I T, Top Dogg, and I'm fuckin' with that
Next up, on the M I C
Mystikal get busy on the symphony
Who shit motherfucker goddamn
I keep it hype, bitch I'm the man
When the fuck you ever heard somebody say
That they don't say my song
Or that I don't roll on every fuckin' verse I'm rappin' on
(That nigga Mystikal tighter than a muh'fucker)
Ha, ha?
I came up off of Peter Piper bells and the LL's bad
Nee nigga to be pissed off with me
'Cause their old lady they call me their baby
MC's pilin' up and crowdin' up but I'm their favorite
The type to fly buyin' a Z-28 IROC
And chop you in your motherfuckin' face
(Hii, yah)

Your album ain't tite, what in the fuck is you pushin'?
You played out just like old woman pussy
Next up, on the M I C
Goldie Loc, get busy on the symphony
Now watch me put these haters to the test, accumulatin' with my stress
Fold 'em fuck 'em fifty, get the shit up off my chest
Releasin' anger, all natural gangsta energy
Goldie Loc the name, Dogg House game
Motherfuckers better start backin' up
(Whattup whattup)
We in the Tank punk busters
Motherfuckers don't wanna see us loc'd up
Little Goldie Loc, Goldie Locks the same thang
Smashin' for the hood, 'cause I wanted to gang bang
Last up, I believe that's me
Snoop Dogg, light up the mic for the symphony
This jam is dedicated to all non optimistics
That thought I wasn't comin', out with some exquisite, rhymes
But that's okay, 'cause now I'm back
To kill all the rumors and straighten the facts
Like I'm, doin' bad, gettin' ganked for my bank
Now you all on my dick when you see I'm TRU Tank Dogg
You say, "Mm, mm, mm, ain't that somethin'
Dogg I bought yo' album, my nigga, that shit is bumpin'
I apologize, I'm sorry for the drama
Can I get your autograph for my baby momma?"
Shit I'm settin' it off, lettin' it off, bustin'
Hustlin', rushin', dustin' motherfuckers
Droppin' the heat, lock up the street, we 'posed to
I put this pistol in your mouth, now what you gon' do?
Top of the line, first class
I pop a cap in yo' ass, then pop some more in the glass
Too legit to quit, I'm spittin' gangsta shit
Man fuck all that yappin', we bout that gun clappin'
No Limit, yeah, that's what's happenin'
Fuck all that yappin', we bout that gun clappin', yeah
In the real world, talk is cheap, actions speak louder than words
No Limit Records, here to protect and serve

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