Family Reunion

Gumbo Red

[Intro - Killa BH - talking]Uh oh!
It's that time again
It's been too long
It's family reunion
We got to school y'all to the game (IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)
You know what let's talk to 'em (HUH?)
Let's go (IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)
[Joe Budden - talking behind Killa BH]Uh
Mic check, mic check
Check, one two, one two
[DJ On Point - talking]
Y'all already know what time it is (y'all already know what time it is)
Family reunion (family reunion)
Ransom (Ransom), Hitchcock (Hitchcock), Fab (Fab), let's go
[Joe Budden - talking behind DJ On Point]The wolves is out niggaz, uh
Get 'em boy
[Verse 1 - Ransom]Ain't nobody tryin to rap or play me
I'll be at they crib with a couple hammers and a black old AV
Black gonna pay me, still get the smack off Baisley
Cause I'm touchin more diesel than Shaq old lady
Boy, you did it, I done it, I get it, I punish
The shit that I come with'll separate a rib from a stomach
I'm the boss, when I spit it, you love it
Matter fact, I'm a Viking, I need a whole village to plumage
Yeah, the nigga is here, the city is scared
You got the throne? Then I think I need to sit in your chair
We could really get physical here
And the sky's the limit nigga, I put your whole clique in the air
Baby, so quit playin, 'fore the clips spray 'em
And have his MIA like Nick Saban
His whole shit caved in, my whole clique cavemen
Hard bodied nigga, my whole shit pavement
You can't spit if you dead in the ground
In the woods, where your head'll be found
And it's good that you gettin it now, in the precinct confessin it now
I can't fuck with the rest of you clowns, faggot
[Verse 2 - Hitchcock]High in the silence before the storm
Lincoln Park, the Audubon
Slang rock on the same block that the water on

I be more than gone, run and get your order form
Next time I record a song, gon' put my daughter on
Cause she realer than most niggaz
I tote triggers, for you broke niggaz and gold diggers with no figures
That why I palm the heater, for all you non-believers
I'm on your ass like white on Rice, I'm Condoleezza
Better con the preacher, you tryin to get on a feature
Better get your casket bastard (why?), I'm gon' eat ya
We ain't in the same weight class
Your fake ass, couldn't stop a nigga with brake pads
I'm way past, anything that you ever did
I'm better kid and we never sweat a bid
It's easy to get a cig
In the bing, I'm like Ving Rhames, I bring pain
I sling 'caine off the wing like I'm King James
Y'all doubtin who?
When I spit the whole lead, they be callin Code Red, like Mountain Dew
'Fore I count to two, you could get your back blown (OH!)
Cause your chemic's out of minutes like a TracFone (NIGGA!)
Get back homes, I'm back on my shit
I don't mingle, I'm like Pringles, stackin my chips
Clappin my fifth, you the 'test me type'
Comin out with a "Blade" to get Wesley sniped
So the cops could arrest me, right? It's not happenin
You ain't ever gonna get on, so stop rappin
(H20) comin this summer, so stop askin
All heat like Wall Street, your stock crashin
Now the Feds want to read his rights
Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ, I got passion
I'm black and all my niggaz gettin this 'feti
We in the Chevy and ready to pop tags and (what? OH!)
[Chorus - Joe Budden - w/ ad libs]So whatever you tryin to do little niggaz (niggaz), I already done (done)
And since you want to live by it little nigga (nigga), then die by the gun (gun)
See whatever you tryin to do little nigga, I've already done (done)

So how the fuck you gon' win little nigga (nigga), I've already won (won)
[Verse 3 - Fabolous]Like we always do it, d-d-damn
Yes (yes), let's go (yes), uh huh
Aiyyo, money is the root of all evil I thought
But when I'm broke is usually when I have the evilest thoughts
That's when the arms come out, like sleeves when it's short
With more bullets than your favorite wide receiver has caught
And that Randy Mossberg, ya Steve Smith & Wesson ya
Your shoes pop up like Instant Messenger
You've got mail, naw nigga you got shells

And my Mac, you can't use for iChat
I've got that, confused that will lie flat
And my gat is on leg like thigh tat
I that nigga, who you dudes
Some broke niggaz who tryin to get some youtube views
So 'less you want a point blank, boy you're too close
Bail's in pocket, this is Lawyer Lou Los
I'm pretty sure more hotties seen me in that four door ridey
Double pipes like a sawed off shotty, nigga
(IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)
[Verse 4 - Joe Budden]Look, I flow sickly, ridin, bumpin old Biggie
Roll with me or lose weight, Nicole Richie
Fuck plat, if I don't reach diamond fame
I treat a nigga's face like the old Simon game
Figured out why men try us
Cause we OD on rims and then tires, for that we Len Bias
All it takes is a punch
He ain't brave, he a punk
I'll put his family in boxes, meet the Brady Bunch
How y'all feel yourselves?
Should kill yourselves, us Cowboys don't need you, you Bill Parcells
And you ain't got to empty your pockets when the K's out
Whatever you holdin is mine, you my PayPal
See I don't get how this guy is a threat
I make his life inept for a pie to the neck
Ride or die, if you both nigga, ride to the death
I acappella the whole left side of his chest
Not retirin, still got that pension pendin
Tryin to pop the hood and see the engine missin
Double barrelled shotgun, have your men get missin
She got pretty brown eyes and she in mint condition
Oh the cig in the car, you diss en moi
Take the ratchet go home and just Chris Benoit
I tell a bird like it is, you promise the broad
I one line her (you), you Isiah Thomas the broad
I could send a clique cartridge at a nemesis target
And catch a ROR on some Jena 6 charges (naw)
Naw, I'll put this thing away
I don't even need a whole hairdo to flip 'em, all it take is one finger wave
Been in the bing for days, show you how I'm real
Come home to the truck with the Optimus Prime grill
Handed out crack, got the scene poppin off
They not sleepin on 'em, the fiends is noddin off
For real, tell me how you a thug and you Superman (nigga)
I just seen you in the club doin the Superman (nigga)

A bunch of clowns homes
All I need in this world is the pound chrome, Huxtable brown stone
Major paper (I mean), cake by the layers
If these dudes is live, I'm the Creative Player
They callin 'em 'Kings' when they so so hot
Something's wrong with that picture, must be Photoshop
I don't promote violence, but when sparkin the flame - BLAM
Arms start wavin like the Carlton Banks dance
When them tools go pop, it move whole blocks
Come around with your dog and get Cujo shot
These MC's is lame, I try to be an MC with brains
These niggaz is MC Brains
Bein nice, rappers is far from bein nice
I'm on the rooftop recordin, and niggaz is bein sniped
It's like
[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Outro - DJ On Point - talking - w/ Killa BH ad libs in background]Shout to the whole BSC (whole BSC)
Shout to my nigga Dru Cartier
SlimeBugz, DJ Sunkiss
The Don (The Don), Dre Bless (Dre Bless)
DJ Baby Dru (DJ Baby Dru)
My nigga Freeze

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