Live At the Tunnel

Cru

My outlet is full of powerful niggas

Electrify ya tie, spark up the lah

Keep the room dark, let me fill out my high

Then slap box my ghost till one of us cryJae to the Won can niggas fuck around?

And they better say nah, word to Allah

They dyin' down I got iron now

Run upon 'em, cock it back, tie 'em downIf he try to move then I gotta lie him down

From Y O a.k.a. Riot Town

I used to buy it but I just supply it now

Y'all used to talk but you're all quiet nowYou know what it is that really makes it scrape it

Have a lot of cars and the lot still vacant

And you won't stop speakin' till I leave you on the cement

Leakin', all hot, none eatin'Slow down, son, you're kill 'em

Okay, you can bring it to 'em

Everyday, just like Mary J.

Sippin' iced teas in the E and JPartyin', till your bare remain

You're killin' 'em, okay you bring it to 'em

Everyday, just like Mary J.

Honeys at the bar sippin' AlazeCru and Lox is your hair remain, I know you brailin' me, baby

Yogi's in the lead, you're trailin' me, baby

The PHd's can't compete mines is better than yours

Then we can take it to the streets, my rum's redder than yoursBX where the attic sniffy chalk outline

And the clubs they shout mine, shit's about time

Chad and Mighty Ha, key the predicate felon

When he make bell he eat more booty than Ellen

Who you tellin'? The world is mine like Esco

If not, at least a house and Esgro

Turnin' ghetto stars into Uncle Tom's

Yogi, the mellow low keyUnderstandin' my crew is strictly Shark Bar

Champagne toastin' while you splittin' Clark Bars

I'd rather be live at The Tunnel with Flex

Then on the corner holdin' bundles, nextY-O's time to see the hunger in me

And I see the same thing in niggas younger than me

Like they live, they ain't got a slice to give

In the broken down home and they priceless kidsWhy wouldn't it grab the gun, heist the crib

And the never learn shit until twice their bid

Like the world turn around funny clown money

Everybody laugh when they have itWhat about the addict niggas that'll hustle for years

Till they see the graveyard up at the tip

Playin' spades, you in the world and playin' sharades

If the wait jumped off you ain't touch a grenadeWanna die for the cause? Lie for the doors

Niggas wanna play but never took time to pause

Learned to remind and check the phat four

Try to plug it in they wanna slice up the chordsYo, yo if you got the doe, B, then show me 'Cause I'm walkin' these streets and no one know me

It's gon' change though, with the ill strange flow

In the 9-8 push my a black Range RoveI keeps the real, separate from the fake

If I kill, yo, I'm doin' so for the cake

Blastin' go to a distant land

See my gun's like church to a Christian manIt's the code of the streets no time the explain

Free that soul on up to the next plain

Remember the pain, two shots from the flame

Remember the bloodstains, the cold wet rainLittle light guys with little white lies

We takin' out cash and flippin' big white pies

You rather run wild with your 9 mil. slant

You watchin' too much Stallone and Van DammeYo Lox, what the fuck, what the fuck walked in here? Where my crew at? Wave your shit in the airNow bust 'em once for the niggas who ain't with you

And jam above, show muthaphuckin' love

We make cake but to make cake you need batter

So it ain't kickin' that shit the beat ain't gonna matterLox and Cru, el familiar to you

So if you want it you can get the 60 shot pronto

Sheek that kid that spit out like tobacco

Lyrically fucked out, a fit ain't chips, we ducked outWon't touch out if it ain't a 7 figure route

Aye yo, Chad papa, where that cranberry and vodka

Let's get flicks, spit on the niggas like this

From Y-O to B-X y'all niggas straight C. S.But we count the Benjamins and collect Che-X My begets shine on my neck like I'm flexGive 'em what they want, this what they lookin' for

Y-O-G, Chadio and The Mighty Ha

Hit 'em in data once again with buttah hits

Baby Chris ridin' with my peeps Mark PittsComin' with the buttahs, production Y-O-G

Grab a chickenhead, lets crack the bubbly

Flows by the Gods cause the styles pronto

Dayes ya go, dayes ya go

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