

# 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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