

Street Tax

Philly's Most Wanted

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Just gimme the cue, this is it
This is it, most wanted [Incomprehensible]
PA To VA, this is it, nigga
This is it, this is it, yo, hey, yoFirst of all I'm a T H U G
Boobonic, nigga, who the fuck you be?
If you don't really want this block then move over
So you don't get big weight an' lose it like OprahCaught a case down in Green, then in VA court
The game change every year like EA Sport
You see, now they got platinum, mad you got gold?
My corner's like the Beatles, nigga, get your rock 'n' rollNiggas mad 'cause the Feds stay on me 'cause they in
cars
Mad 'cause I oversee the Projects like A&Rs
Try not to do hits myself, I order that
While you cooked four an' a half an' got a quarter backYou play the tough guy role good, I ought to clap
An' did a lot of rappin' too, I should've bought a track
I had to check this comb in your rug, checkin' for soil
Got popped while you was under your hood checkin' your oil, niggaI graduated from eight balls to blow that's
cake size
Match though grand for grand an' let's make these stakes rise
Mahavaji rich, in Egypt with eight wives
While my fam rocks links an' medallions that's plate sizeYou up against The Clipse, believe there's no chance
What you feel about hollows piercin' through your throat glands?
See, I sweet talk the Devil, take him on a slow dance
While your hardcore posse's is extras an' road handsGet your fifty deep, us rollin' in Convoys
You fuckin' with grown men an' y'all is young boys
Love double action, pack anything with loud noise
As we kidnap your partners an' use 'em as decoysIf y'all ain't got guns, I don't represent you
If you ain't got coke, I don't represent you
If you ain't got dough, I don't represent you
Fuck ya clique an' that bullshit you been throughIf y'all ain't got guns, I don't represent you
If you ain't got coke, I don't represent you
If you ain't got dough, I don't represent you

Fuck ya clique an' that bullshit you been through I never hold back, I cock back an' twist ya
I never been shot, mothafucka, it's Mista
I scream, Who coke? Who whip is that?
I want the main coke source, not just the crack I want the one who cook it up an' make you push the pack
You don't like that we cut at you, nigga? Bust back
An' I never been the one to talk an' chill shit out
I shoot 'til it jam an' the clip don't spit out You heard I'm 'bout to run in your house? You better get out
Mista take stacks an' coke an' sort shit out
Whoever don't like it wanna come, then come
An' you smart mouth niggas get popped with dum dums Who the fuck wanna see us? Chrome double barrel
heaters
Mothafuckas better bow when they greet us
Red, green an' black strapped on Gucci wifebeaters
With platinum paint jobs on 3.8 liters Two ways to live, cocaine or showbiz
Knee deep in crime rhyme in blow, my shoulders
What you know about hidin' your bricks in Folgers
With Grandmothers an' Aunts as primary holders? Whassup, lover? Tell 'em take aim or take cover
'Cause we poppin' cross hand an' christen your little Brother
Eagle eye block strutters composed of baby mothers
How they chuckle that forky talk, we seen double If y'all ain't got guns, I don't represent you
If you ain't got coke, I don't represent you
If you ain't got dough, I don't represent you
Fuck ya clique an' that bullshit you been through If y'all ain't got guns, I don't represent you
If you ain't got coke, I don't represent you
If you ain't got dough, I don't represent you
Fuck ya clique an' that bullshit you been through If y'all ain't got bitches, I don't represent you
If you ain't got riches, I don't represent you
If y'all niggas snitches, I don't represent you
Fuck ya case an' that bullshit you been through Niggas started snitchin', only got a year an' probation
Bitch ass niggas, Clipse, most wanted, nigga
[Incomprehensible] most done it, nigga
Dick riders, put your seat belts on, buckle up for safety
It's gone be a long ride, nigga, you ain't comin' back, nigga

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>