

Unanimous Decision

Mr. Cheeks

Ay yo listen, I blow the spot hot, chicks I only get with
My nigga says, 'Got me shit, to help me spit with?
Me and my crew, man, we don't got the same dimes
Don't got the same style, don't got the same rhymes
Ay yo, this shit is major, blow my cell and pager
Say, 'I love but hate ya, love my cousin Hasha?
I'm in the strap game tight, I'm in the mix of things
Ay yo this spot here is only for the folks who came
Why were the niggas talkin'? You better keep on walkin'
You reppin' Queens nigga, I'm reppin' East New York
We keep the blunts sparkin' keep all the bitches talkin'
Stop all the yappin' nigga, before you in a coffin
Yo why you startin' Cheeks and then I stop to cough
On this track like a newborn orphan, I stay boss face
Up in the club flossin' with Dave Chanel
I just met him but I be tossin'
Yo before this niggas did it I had to Yankee fit it
With the black bandannas, yo this shit bananas
They think they doin' them, they really doin' me
They think they doin' R O L Q L E
They need to knock it off, I got the bank tight
Ay yo I'm back up in this game as if I'm Frank White
It's time to give it to these niggas, kid it's really time
No doubt you gettin' burned, you need to learn to rhyme
Fuck from a dummy nigga, it's nothin' funny nigga
We rockin' gold fronts way before cash money nigga

The wife beat if off, I keeps the heater warm
You thought G was gone and now you see it's on
I keep it really raw, that's how we give it to 'em
I'm holdin' down my G's we need to get to doin'
I got these kids growin', at least they right behind me
I live in 2 0 7, East New York you know where to find me
Ay yo let's get this money, let's stash some real estate
No doubt I feel the love, no doubt I feel the hate
It's no stopping us, some corny niggas hatin' us
Who pushin' us back to back, who skatin' us
On twenty inches now, with my tens down
I push a truck now, don't give a fuck now

I got my ho with me, she wanna roll with me
You wanna smoke with me? Well, bitch roll up with me
Yo, I keep it low key, the whole world know me
I put a lot of niggas on, niggas owe me
Niggas know how I get down, how I do
I know I bit off more than I could fuckin' chew
Ay yo I hit you nigga, never forget you nigga
Dynamic duo, you's a slim grim, I'm holy chulu
The greatest tag team ever, got our shit together
Yo I'm a field jacket, yo I'm a butter leather
That's how we make a hood Queens, Brooklyn
Once again shit is on, can we gone
C'mon, c'mon

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