respect due

Tonto Irie

(Treach)
We're on wax and it concerns ya that's make us eternal like a picture
Ya bitch ya, I'll fix ya, raise a rapture ripped ya scripture
I'll mac a meal infact until I stack the bills ta rack the skills
ta get a track ta kill them rap at will, the I is capital
double L, lower case t-o-w-n
No trouble, I'll bust your bubble then leave you for ruin
Such come a dime a dozen, fuck some
You lost the race by a dick slut's cum cos nuts won
What fun freaking it frequently, freak wit me, slick ta freak quick
Your girl's poonany's packed like tha freaknic
We get redicu-down-diculous and devious, believe me bitch
Now your fucking soul ain't so mischevious
Diss who? We're the hip-hop rap pounder founder
Ricocheting PM to AM, frying freestyle flounders
big as bouncers
Ounce ta ounces
Don't make us check you
yes you, just know respect due!
(Vinnie)
I'm hearin niggas in the game yappin this yappin that
Talkin Vinnie don't write and Vinnie can't rap
but I bet if you put a pen and pad in my hand
I could write it in your face my friend, put it on tape and then
give it to my nigga Kay Gee, he produces me
Pump it thru the Flavor Unit, spread it thru the industry
The next three weeks my single done peaked on the rap sheets

Sound's knockin from malls to swapmeets
And then there's oh mad tours and oh mad whores
We sign autographs by the G's in the in-stores
And then there's oh mad sex and ASCAP checks
So when I, um, plex it, it's me I'm in the beamer or Lexus
Guess which nigga is next to flex this
Style that I be rippin's authentic so don't text this
(Treach)
You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the people
all of the time
Some of the rhymes some of the times cos some of the 9's some of em mine

And bout a brown as Bobby wit a trolley
to bury Halle, it's chocolate so pardon Dolly as a hobby
When it comes to harm me ya don't alarm me
cos I roll wit Double I and Ron G's army
So that's 235 on a slang bang
and see Ron wit a nigga for fucking A-Train
And that's deep like the minds of Minolta
Deep ditch like the Swedish knits on John Travolta
If you don't look good we don't look good
These nuts that soon clear the room
So boom to the break and break, ah, to the snap
and snap ta the beat, I'll freak them, bring it back
So's I had no choice but ta roll wit the flow
Plus I came over the bridge and I ain't wasting my toll

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