Reunion

Slum Village

Yo EL and 'Tin kill'n em, Three kill'n 'em
You thought we broke up but we was just reassemblin'
Ladies and gentlemen you barewitnessin
The villa on some classic shit like vans emblems
It's the guerrilla pimps, we bustin denim in the club
That you can't wear ya denim in
Freakin a rhyme til every line ends with a then and than
You dont wanna rump and stomp in Timberlands
Shout to my nigga Killagan
And all of my peeps that rep more D than 12 Eminems
Who let the dogs out and let Dilla in?
Fuck wit this is ya loss Gilligan
Sounds similar I'm not feelin 'em
Get the balls like Venus in Wimbelon
While I'm in them fly whips five Will and them
On some Kim and them All About the Benjamins
Still hereStill here, never left, just switched the style up
Came through, made moves to get the crowd up
Its hard time "V" time nigga ya times up
Get rowed up for the ReunionL kill'n em, Dilla kill'n 'em
Maybe we could hook up again back wit 'Tin and them
Together again like armed forces on some Fantastic Four or Four Horsemen
Can't do it without ya crew boy
Guess who boy, comin' through with two boy
Nobody but us that rap in a clutch
Passed and switched it up like kids in double dutch
Some couldn't feel our style or feel flow
Never talked our slang, never walked our road
All they know is these niggas is tainted
Don't know about those rovers that candy painted
We've been miss quoted, miss construed, miss understood, and over used
So we take this time to set the record straight
Critics skipped and did it anyway
Now you hear our raps wit Dilla and you all on our team
Till you heard 'Tin was gone was apart of the scheme
See! We still got love where was you at at?
Just cuz a nigga go solo think we turn our backs
Maybe we will reunite on some shit like that
But I gotta set it straight 'fore you twists the facts niggaStill here, never left, just switched the style up

Came through, made moves to get the crowd up
Its hard time "V" time nigga ya times up
Get rowed up for the ReunionYo T kill'n em, Three kill'n 'em
You thought we broke up and ya you rite we really did
I wrote a verse that I recited it was hot
But I had to rewrite cause I thought we was united and we not
But though all the love that I got for you
Partna I picked apart ya words and I'm shocked in the interviews
I been accused of not carin'
When the city threw your furniture out
Its not fair when I'm learnin about how stress you fell in a article
Forget a rhyme I'm just as real when I talk to you
And you know that we share Kodak moments
I wish we could go back
But don't act like you wasn't bugin out like a phone tap
Chasin' cars in the street
I saw you throw up hard in the sink
Then after hit the bar for a drink, who asked you to slow down?
Even though niggas told me you was gon' clown
But I tried, and you know I cried when I saw you wild'n at the State Theater
In the door by the side
Throw you in the trunk and found a preacher for you
Cause I thought you had unlawful demons on you
Sinkin fast in the deepest soil
Ya parents finally got you some help
You came out seemin normal and
I heard you on medication
Had a illness you couldn't heal with herbs and meditation
And believe me; Me and T, Three kept it low
Don't take this as a dis this is just to let you know that I love you
But watch the company you keep
Sware niggas don't care, but they love you in the streets
Get ya mind right nigga

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