

# 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 Wimbeldon  
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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