

Deja vu (Uptown Baby)

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz

New York to the heart, but got love for all
Lie and die in the fire, where I learned to ball
Uptown is the place where I lay my dome
On the streets of the Bronx where my fa-mi-ly roam
Hoe damn it, we home, Peter got a nine millimeter
Playa haters can feel the flame from my heater
I never really liked to play a fool like that
But I love to succeed and see foes fall flat...
... splat, like Deja Vu
And I got another clip that'll daze y'all crew
I sip Cristal, Dom P, Mo' with pist-al
Just cause I'm pissy, don't mean you should misdoubt
Keep em near da fifties and, hundreds all arranged
Anything less than that, you keep the change
Not filthy rich, but bitch I'm barely broke
Blessed with flows that keep you hooked like dope
Friends call me Gunz, sons call me trife
Cause I'm quick to slide off and slide this dick up in your wife
And that's life, you should learn how to treat her
I guarantee Peter, knows how to eat her
and beat her, niggaz in the Bronx call me Lex
cause I push a Lex, and I rock a Rolex
and I lounge on Lex', and I love sex
And I wave techs on sets that be tryin to flex
Like Dex, nigga God rest your soul

But when you're playin cards for Gunz, it ain't time to fold, ho
Chorus: Peter Gunz, Lord Tariq (two parts)[Peter
Gunz]

New York niggaz got crazy game
But outta town niggaz is all the same
Brooklyn niggaz get crazy loot
That's because when it's beef they ain't scared to shoot
Harlem niggaz know how to play
Mack the 600, gettin crazy pay
Niggaz outta Queens got shit on lock
Strapped with the glock, runnin up in yo' spot[Lord Tariq]
But if it wasn't for the Bronx
this rap shit probably never would be going on
so tell me where you from?
PG: Uptown baby, uptown baby

PG: We gets down baby, up for the crown baby
 (repeat 2X)[Lord Tariq]
 Yo, the RM-80, is parked in the lot
 Right next to the Mercedes, keep the heat cocked
 For these blocks that are shady, you're crazy if you walk around
 thinking shit's gravy; stop me? Maybe
 I'm livin life lawless, makin big investments
 on them 8-class flawless, and hoes call us
 I'm comfortable like Ri-carro, two quarters of my life
 walkin roads type narrow, deep thoughts which I abide by
 Puffin high, got my mind's eye, points sharper
 than an arrow gettin high, keep your eye on the sparrow
 Riches like the pharoahe, bought a new five
 with the snitches for these hoes, trunk full of ammo
 Keep my toast closer than most niggaz keep they own shadow
 and I strap for my foes like a saddle
 I rock stones, other niggaz rock gravel
 Talk shit? Whatever have you, I'm from Soundview
 Bronx most wanted, front get confronted
 Playa, we rollin deep in the one point five hundreds
 Like Big I., red eyed, mad blunted
 You step outside and get blooded have your whole block flooded
 With the Bronx it's a warnin, stormin guns out
 From, Dusk Til Dawn and it's on, no doubt
 Keep a eye on yo' bitch when I'm roamin about
 And put a eye on yo' lip nigga, watch yo' mouth
 I'm from the Bronx, wipe yo' feet when you step in my house
 cause youse a small-time nigga, bout a half an ounce now
 Chorus: Lord Tariq, Peter Gunz
 Uh, Peter Gunz
 like what
 Uh, The Lord Tariq is like what
 Uh, Soundview like what
 Uh, one-seventy-fourth like what
 Uh, Money Boss like what
 Uh, The Gun Runners like what
 Uh, and KNS like what
 Uh, and Uptown like what
 Shao-lin, play, play on
 Strong Isle, play play on and a
 Mt. Vern, play play on
 And Yonkers, play play on and a
 Puttin' it down for N.Y. ya know what I mean
 N.Y. and world wide

Songwriters

BECKER, WALTER CARL / FAGEN, DONALD JAY Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>