

L'Amour East Redux

III Bill

(Verse)

E Train, last call, 10 deep, left em drippin
Blacking out, catching wreck, fly tags, speaks the Griffin
Sneakers with Scotty Pippen, venomous probably just
I've been the renovate, I'm still rockin still big fest
Polo fresh, axo, polo bands axo
Free dancing in the backstreet with our Glocks off
Hard rocks, hammers and heaters, pick up the blocks wall
Family objective being gold before the cops swarm
Golden checks, never sex, we was not born
Streets made us then they raised us, we are not born
Gang shit was on the rise, but most my clique was neutral
Go get a fucked up nigga why? Most my clique will shoot you
Blam blam, without beats over bandana
Bullets will make your face blurry like a back hammer
Peace to Queens nigga, home of that fly shit
Cop killa central, you got quick, wuddup tho?

(Hook)

Quarter to l'amour east, we all beasts
From across seas to cross Queens, we all creeps
We all we we all we we we we we we all creeps
Hibbie geebees to l'amour east, we all beasts
Smoke PCP, kids get stabbed over graffiti beef
Graffiti, graffiti, graffiti beef

(Verse)

I took the 6 train killa bronze for infinity lessons
With the rise of the crack riot had the vicinity stressin
My zulu medallion over whatever we was wearin
In the late 80's we wasn't born wild, we was made crazy
That movie Big Street was so misleading
'Cause some of the breakers I knew were stick up kids that leave you cold to
bleeding
It wasn't a happier time, New York was a fuckin mess
Little yellow envelope stuffed with skunk in chest
Then I'm in the back of the B train with a full finger ring and a gold roll
Didn't look like a rapper, I looked like somebody that sold dope
And maybe I did cuz back home was no hope
But maybe because Rakim said he was no joke
And I wanted to be just like the god
Excelling my skill level, plus life was hard
Dog it was more realer back then, you would even deal a rap
The industry snatched from Brooklyn, I steal it back

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(Verse)

Double L train Kenassi, flip tags, drippy Marcus
I be square connisee and 50 deep in king's plaza
Flat leavers, crack slingers, god peelers, rap singers
Blasted Desert Eagles, turning tracks forever ether
Walk aboard, plain Scotty new corpse, space fly that goon
Sort they magic shrooms, more strange ethic soon
Last container full, dog day afternoon

Had to pay my dues, 4 James afterschool
I snuffed John Hayes and finally kept a video
Next to the alt steiner, Joey Haskall was with me too
That was before the gunplay and dapper them jackets
Bootleg Timbaland leathers and automatic ratchets
Before all the automy no blew his face off
Playin Russian roulette, have to be valued up a 8 Ball
From child hunt to lead the hurricane king's county
From my hood to yours we represent it proudly
Represent New York, represent Rowdy
Represent my whole crew, represent Howdy
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