

The Tunnel

Onyx

Yeah!, yeah
We take niggas back
You know what im saying?
It's sunday night
Westside Highway
27th and 12th avenue
The notorious
Home of the Jukes, home of the robbery, home of the bodies
The illest club in New York
The Tunnel

Yo! Let's take it back to the tunnel
Where the hoods will run upon you
For the jux son, as soon as they play "Shook Ones"
The wars of Brooklyn, always roll deep "Who Shot Ya"
Somebody getting rocked to sleep
Security making take your Timbs off in the winter
Had to walk through the metal detectors before you enter
When you get inside, might be a homicide
With that New York Hip Hop, somebody might get shot
This is where they snatch jewels, razors splash you
Flex screaming out in the club, don't let em gas you
Niggas taking pictures of money you know, cash rules
Bitches giving head in the unisex bathroom
This is hell where the criminals dwell
Half the goons in the club just got home from jail
Other half couldn't come, cause they couldn't make bail
It's colder than westside
It ain't hard to tell
In The Tunnel

The Tunnel
(Let's take it back)
Let's take it back to The Tunnel
(Let's take it way, way back)

Posted up, goons ferocious, jewels cold as fuck
Those who dream about scheming, we woke em up
My Fort Greene niggas was born to squeeze triggas
My Queen's regime was at the bar deep chillin'
The tunnel was the place for all the street niggas
You know it's real, you can go in there, see people you know from jail
Home at last, hold the stacks and throw a hand
Moments of silence, Big L was always there
And Chris Lighty ran The Tunnel, he was the man
I seen Diddy by out the bar and shut it down
Please believe, we and Diddy didn't fuck around
I walk the crowd with timbs on, because my style
It's New York to the fullest, we don't bow
All these tools who want the crown, are fuckin' clowns
The Tunnel was proof
Street niggas run this town!

Sticking niggas at The Tunnel was how I used to eat
Soon as you set foot on that cobblestone street
And this is the same spot where Hype shot Belly
You could get popped, end up getting shot in your belly

Come through stuntin' like your ass is bad
You'll get juxed up, send out in a plastic bag
This the grimeiest club in the whole city
I'm talking stick up kids, murderers, NYPD
Westside the 26th down to block from the projects
Just walk in to The Tunnel, you get shot up and Carjacked
I party with killers, rappers, and lifers
If it wasn't for the bitches you would think it was Rikers
This back when, I never smiled a lot
Was on my NY State of mind shit, around the clock
And it wasn't just niggas from NYC
It was C.T, D.C, V.A, P.A, N.C, L.I, M.D, N.J
At The Tunnel!

Sticky, Mega, and Fredro Starr
Black ski masks, hoodies and crowbars
Hip Hop purists, prestige lyrical flow gods
Grew up in the tunnel we came here to expose y'all
To the most dangerous night club in the whole world
Unemployed, ex-con, thugs thuggin' with no job
Chains snatchers, stick up killers who came to gold rob
Pocket knife Gem Star boxcutters to blow y'all
Drug trafficking coke, pills, and hydro jars
Fly diva hoodrat dime bitches with no drawers
Fingerwaves, braids and shades giving out blowjobs
Rap around the corner the tunnel line was so long
Skip everybody, Brooklyn niggas was so strong
The ice grill era, face bite and get stoled on
Punch you in the face and give you a fuckin' nose job
These bougie clubs and day parties control y'all
The real recognize the real we don't even know y'all.