

(feat. Doc Doom, Force MD's, Freemurder, Madam Scheez, Shyheim, Timbo King)

Come on, come on  
Yo, ye-yeah, ye-yeah  
Where Ya At? Where Ya At?  
Takin' it back to 1982  
Runnin' Brownsville as we bring you (Where Ya At?  
Where Ya At?)  
That phat old school shit  
The best of the troupe could find  
BOODOODOODOODOO!  
Yo yo

My crew is super duper fly and we came to get pai-aid  
We pack those glocks and razor blades, duckin' spa-a-a-ades  
Rollin' that sticky chocolate thai, we 'bout to get bla-a-azed  
Y'all cats can't play with us, it's not a ga-a-a-a-ame

Roll up the Winchester, pull my whites, that's the poindexter  
Tell him bring back the black iron Mac strapped with two extra  
Clips was a natural, worms in the Big Apple  
Potholes in the street crack the Benz axle  
Well let me come and descend my mens at you  
You can't just catch this fish Jack mackarel  
B-O-B boy, fast like Bruce Lee-roy  
Caramel sundae honey set the decoy  
For you soldiers seekin' to de-stroy  
me, what the fuck you think we got the heat for?  
You dunns, we knock out your gold fronts  
Shorty got bigger and strong once she start smokin' blunts  
With beef they get found in Hunt's  
There's no chance to score, your best bet's to punt

I know R&B niggaz that's harder than you  
Young T.G.'s with more street smarts than you  
Hit liq', shit you ain't got the heart to do  
And I bet the click you run with they bustas too  
Fuck a pass, we come strapped when we passin' through  
All types of straps, you get clapped just for actin' new  
Collectin' more guns ever since my cash done grew  
Bad ass with no dash so I'm a bastard too  
Ask your crew, nigga, I gay-bash 'em too  
Grab his strap then ski-mask and bash 'em too

West Cost rider, credit card slider  
Roll up the windows and pass the lighter  
I done turned into a lover, used to be a fighter  
Now I pull out my guns and take 'em out one by one  
You're a beautiful bitch, sittin' on pins and needles  
I done seen bitches emotions breakin' up like The Beatles  
Who's the real bitch now? Seen the fear in yo' tears  
Now Tyrone folks is talkin', shut the fuck up here  
A product of my environment until my retirement  
Have a habit of the automatic breakin' up the static  
And if y'all niggaz wanna trip y'all can suck my dick  
I got eight or nine of 'em, different colors and shit

Smell like the rain forest, got diamonds in the hood - flawless  
Sable Taurus, spit a verse, no chorus  
You're on the wrong turf, one of my songs worth  
two mil', eh-yo, red pill, blue pill  
Still stay focused, off-white lotus, brokers  
I'ma dead y'all slot time, no spins on the hot nine  
Eh-yo, my hot nine got my whole block sign  
I rhyme gangsta, pops was an O.G.  
I'm a junior, my son'll be the third  
Let 'em learn degrees, the bees and the birds (uh-huh)  
Let 'em learn degrees, the bees and the birds

Why you actin' cuckoo like you just flew over nest?  
Like I give a fuck how much weight you bench  
Shyheim, my government and my attributes  
BIG left me the Tec and the nine at my crib, so Gimme the Loot  
Or L.B.C. ya like Snoop, I'm out to get coof, again coof  
Turn up the thermostat, peep the murder rap  
'Bout to bring it back, in the name of crack  
In the name of dope  
Ridin' through the hood in the Diamondback with spokes  
In the name of thai, cliches and skunk  
I came to get high, came to get drunk  
I came with the Tec, Bobby came with the pump  
We left with the shines, left with two dimes  
Sittin' on dubs, royal flush, five of a kind  
Countin' the spare for the deuce-ooh-ooh-one  
Nigga, our year, niggaz, our year

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yo, talkin' all drunk, makin' a rap right here  
Fool remainders, like he can't get clapped right here  
Fuck the walkin', Freemurder pack right here  
On some napalm and bamboo track right there  
Fuck twenty-five, shit, I'm strapped to the chair  
Cuffie Crime Fam', my fifth black in the air  
Y'all don't want none, lead ya back down the stairs  
Once the Mac appear  
Four heat, I ain't hit 'im, shoot back fire wit 'im  
Whole empire wit 'im, never plea guilty, I ain't hit 'im  
Guess who lyin' wit 'im  
Left po', ya dead broke like Holy's ear when Tyson bit 'im  
Still on point like lime segment  
Pull out joints, the nine wet men  
Double action, don't want no trouble, askin'  
"Who I be?", Murder like Tai Chi  
Get ya brain tilt  
New Yorker, Brooklyn is where he come from