

## Connected

Tha Eastsidaz

Come on man, Eastsidaz  
Eastside...  
Infamous Mobb  
Infamous Mobb Deep

Out the muthafuckin depths in New York, its P  
You couldn't get close enough to even touch the kid  
If you did, you wouldn't get far enough to bag  
I put my guns to work on your bitch ass  
Hold up, niggas fuckin up the game  
Put my name in statements, cooperating wit these and talkin  
Fuck it, I'll still buck em and gamble wit my freedom  
These niggas gon learn to respect the P-Dub  
I don't take no shit off of nobody  
No nigga, no bitch, lets get rich and party  
Lets not test my gangsta, thats how you get bodied  
Thats how hearts get took, pride get damaged  
Lives is shedded, fuckin wit these east side niggas  
We teach y'all niggas bout this murder shit  
We got Tray Deee, Goldie Loc, Hav and P  
Kokane, wit my nigga Snoop D-O-G-G

Big hitters, wig splitters, give niggas the blues  
Fools loud mouth we all about spittin them tools  
From the coast of the locs were the Gs was born  
And we raise up B.G.s to keep it goin  
In the alleys, not the valleys, killa Cali the zone  
Long Beach bringin heat takin off when its on  
Fuck pretty, come gritty when we bring the noise  
Big boys play wit keeps when we bring the toys  
Wet T-shirts, we search to put in work, cuz  
Come back for ya homies as you gettin ya dirt dug  
Congregatin, operatin Gs and hustlas  
You other muthafuckas can't concieve our structures  
The DPGC, the M-O-B-B, stricly east side and we ride on G.P.  
Bandanas, hoodies, timbos and chucks  
Stay mashin on bustas not givin a fuck

Eastsidaz and Mobb Deep  
We connected  
From the West to the East  
Connected  
Oh what you got beef?  
Connected  
Run up on ya while ya sleep  
Stay connected  
My nephews play wit keeps  
We connected  
From the West to the East  
Connected  
Blast ya ass in the streets  
We connected  
Eastsidaz&Mobb Deep  
Stay connected  
For life

Connect wit my dogs be that serious shit

Serious things when M-O-B and sidaz bang  
Ice and chains, be best that you hide those thangs  
And pressure to that ass we apply those thangs  
Told you fucks before, when it rains it pours  
Its a cold ,cold, cold world nigga its Doggy Dogg  
Better walk or crawl(for real), cause on the real homeboy  
Fuck around and you'll be up in the morgue  
Moms praisin the lords, rev paintin the picture  
Of a wise young man who didn't get the picture  
We keep it gangsta nigga, don't get it twisted nigga  
Cross me nigga, you'll wind up a missin nigga  
QB and we trully, rep for ours  
Wars and scars, bitches in a gang of whips  
When it came to this game though we changed the shit  
And fuck who you wit, its what you up in the club but yo

Uzis, AKs, Glock 40s and Tech 9s  
Tryna take mines, you'll be a dead muthafucka  
Come up short, wit yo life on support  
Burnin rubber down the street in a black super spoke  
Fo' pokes to the neck, five sticks to the dome  
Gun powder on my clothes when I smacked him in his nose  
Real talk, show you how to walk the walk  
All black all times when I scheme and stalk  
Its somethin about bein a cold blooded killa  
I'm bananas my nigga, like a black ass guerilla  
I'm G'd up, smokin all the muthafuckin weed up  
Drinkin on a full cup nigga

Yeah, defintely connected  
How you love that?  
Uh, like I said you can't spell the West wit out the ES  
East side up eastsidaz  
From QB to the LB  
You see what I see and G how I G  
Feel me?  
Eastsidaz, duces and trayz the old fashioned way  
Alchemist...  
Uh, yeah-yay