

Next Level

A

A+, you know what I'm sayin
You wanna send some shout-outs to your peoples?

Yeah I'd lie to give a shout-out to Parkside
Whole Strong Island, the east coast, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan
Lindenplace, all my peoples on Parkside militia keepin it real
My man crazy Sam, Russel Simmons, my moms
Kedar Entertainment, the Smith brothers, my whole label
And everybody out there supportin east coast

Alright, well this is A+
Now you should get his autograph sweetheart cuz he's about to blow up
Hit 'em with some flavors, let 'em know what you about

Yes yes, check it out
Know what I'm sayin? A+

I'ma show you how the east coast rock
A+, no doubt he'll turn the party out (4x)

Confession

We keep it representin our section
So guys hit the shorty for the east coast resurrection
YEAH, destruction of the wack MC
We gone get back on that tip like it used to be
Now who remember when MC's couldn't touch the mic
If they skills wasn't tight then they best took flight
Prepare for combat, wield the contract, let the labels front
I be like Wu-Tang and put the joint from out the trunk
My situation is mad tight
So corny MC's take a hike
Before I ignite wit the dynamite
And blow your crew away just like McVey
I get you, and hit you wit the Parkside militia
I gets iller, than any disease that's known to man
Destroy the race of rappers like a Nazi plan
Damn, so A&R stop teasin
Before we flip the script like a female pit when it's matin season

I'ma show you how the east coast rock
I'ma show you how the east coast rock

OK now peep the situation
My manifestation is to rock the whole creation
Despite all the negativity, the publicity
It really ain't that hard god it's simplicity
So I'ma maintain and let it rain let it rain
And just like the MethTical I can bring the pain
I had somethin to say so high class pulls the track out
I'm out to blow the spot like the seventy-seven blackout
Seen rappers come and go cuz they had no flow
And if you ask 'em who was who or her I bet you they don't even know
Now who's that wack MC wit all that mouth
I'll rip him in New York and work my way down south
I be the true I live it, non-fiction never slippin
MC's they gone learn if it take a verbal ass-whippin
My tolerance is gettin short

So rappers that can't walk the walk grab your tape and escape from New York

(A typical night on the streets of Hempstead
Drinking, drugs, gambling, just hanging out
Not the place for kids, but this is where the kids are into the early mornin
g
hours

The idea of having a curfew in Hempstead is just that at this time
An idea, but the people here on Terrance Avenue say if enacted
It won't work, and they say for the police, it will be a nightmare)

Here comes the juvenile child wit the Luger style
Lyrically cock back and load BEAKOW
Mad but cats are jumpin, I try to stay humble
The snakes body gates of Hell want me to fumble
I use my third eye G to see the unseen
Cuz real little brothers like us come clean
The streets envy, yeah he was frontin like you wanted somethin
But through his shirt my third eye saw his heart pumpin
We be the realness for those that can't feel this
Your joint is weak, so take a seat while shorty speaks
I gets deep, speak to the streets
Big up to all my peeps in the back seat of badges
Peace to the hardcore juvenile crew
Always schemin on the blunts and brew
Try to maintain hold your troop till we get the loot
And next time think about your life before you [Gunshot]

Andre get your ass in this house