

Dutches Vs Phillies Vs Bamboo

Capone-N-Noreaga

Yo, shorty, man
Yo, I been seeing you, man, for real, man, come on, man
Yo, man, tell your girl let me sleep with her, man
I give you a thousand grams

He throw blow in lands, hit good pussy up, kush me up
My dough is advanced and rover with the lambskin coat on
Lighting reefer, my mans and them
We got plans, man, but first show me where the grams went
Ten fold scheme in the doorway, we all the way in now
What they rolling for? We blowing them bowling balls
Rifle with the knife on it, lifers jump right up on it
Maseratis double piping, wrist lightning
I rhyme for the flight men, the drug boys, thug noise
They want, they come get it from me, it's like done
I'm just a scholar with some street drug news, plug dudes
No kidnappings, we mug dudes, I love jewels
Might take your man shit, up in the jam and shit
Listening to Eric B. and Rakim planning shit
I'm all for the vandal shit, good nights
Bet I got a good gun with long bullets and a Taruga light
Come to the palace, chalices, hood pussy from Dallas
All of this is childish, I allowed this
Rap saved the babies, all these young niggas with these 3-80's
Fronting like they robbed down Macy's
Stop it, we them cockpit boys, we got shit
Plus pop shit, grab your bird twatty; obnoxious
Flashin' knots and shit, yachts that smell like piss
It's all good, we only fucking in her mouth, partner
The lock men, I rock, was robbing, met her out in Africa
Yeah, yeah, bought her my glock, let me hold that man...

We the Dutch Masters, the blunts with the gun flashers
Love maxing, watch niggas last moves
Keep it cool, get those ones, play the building
Get your run game on, and stay stashing

Aiyo, octopus hands, slash backs of the gold roly
Shootouts in the liquor store, my man on parole owe me
Old man freedom still preaching on the block
Still talking, you can't sling drums and hold a walkman
Fishcale dumped inside the quarter water juices
Staircase madness, the hammer stash gooses
Went to time flow, yo I heard they let Shyne go
Big whip spaces, betting at the horse races
Old school with it, banging Julio Iglesias
Suaded leather seats, feet reclined, line back of moves
Homey with the chipped tooth from Faragent, he arrogant
Did a bid with him, gave him razors in the church hall
Then he turn Muslim, Jihad to hurt ya'll
Hooligan goon shit, never onto FUBU
Never on computers, niggas never heard of Google
Mink slippers lounging with the cashmere headband
Still spending Euro's, Germany, Dresden
Dubai high, drinking all the French water
Champagne-yah, my campaign a, macarena
Aim a flamer, his accent was Dana Daner

I mean Dana Dane, distribution crazy 'caine
Elvis sideburns, his appearance always crazy lame
Move big weight though, winnebago
Remind me of DeGo, and Jose Canseco
The man in San Diego, that's where he lay low
His soldiers do what he say so, all day though
Yeah, little nigga you gotta respect protocol
That's where you come from homeyboy

Aiyo, cigar niggas, Phillies my favorite
Beat the affidavit, that good weed, you save it
Run through the alleyways, ever since the valley days
We been on that New York shit but smoking Cali haze

Aiyo, five grams crushed in a bill fold, he snorted it
Coke professor, test it before he ordered it
Lamping on a La-Z-Boy, real McCoy, flick the ashes
Champagne bitches is butt naked, filling glasses
Whips with the mean stashes, ox spitting gun clappers
Onasis money, she fly with the package
Easy Wider rider nigga, I'm a bamboo vandal
Ran through cities, looking for white paper, that rice papers
That bullshit, the back of the Bibles, the light saver
I blow joints to the head, Al Queda raider
Black bandanna, old hammer, phone scrambler
Niggas wearing wires cause shit bad, lit on fire
Old school marvels, pardon the middle, waves bust to the side
Still rocking diddy bop like '85
Them pinky rings, diamond crust Diors is diamonds dusted, trust it
My niggas rob to rob niggas, so fuck it
Hip hop awards, I was low in them bucket, blowing kisses at Toya Lockett
Before that I was backstage puffing

For my bamboo niggas, lay low playing the benches, relentless
Fresh home from a sentence
You know the rules, get your money and move, blast tools
Clap dudes, keep they ear to the streets with tattoos