Yard 2 Yard

Consequence

Yo, this is a...
A Mark Ronson and Kanye West joint
And I'm the Cons- to the -quence
With my man, Rhymefest
And we go from, uh...
Yard to yard on y'all
Like, uh...

Y'all niggas hold grudges, but what we hold never budges
Everybody win one fight like Buster Douglas
Busta, you love this, these hoes so luscious
This game is penalized for unnecessary roughness
Ayo, I post up on Frederick Douglass, making sales out a Cutlass
So the feds and the judges want him dead or in dungeons
One more trained in the dungeon
When I'm aiming or lunging (Ugh!)
Niggas better have a payment on that onions (C'mon!)
Because this onion getting chopped up, cooked and rocked up
Yeah, I get that time back before you see my ass get locked up
Too late-the cops popped up, popped us
Helicopters with doctors and chiro-proc-tors
It's like a dope-deal documentary, follow me into the penitentiary
Where they hid niggas for centuries
Hopping out the Century, 'cause they sent for me
I put in more legwork than a centipede
I make your legs don't work if you mention me
I put the AK to work for a friend of me
Before a enemy, I dyed his hair with the infra-ree
And give him a fatal injury, yo!

So if you coming through the Chi, I'ma hook you up
And as soon as you get to Queens, boss, look me up
And if you ever in the Hundreds, dog, look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us
Consequence-if you rolling in the Chi, let me hook you up
When you in NYC, baby, look me up
And if you ever in the Manor, dog, look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us

Ayo, Rhymefest and Cons: the two-headed monster
Nah-Pierce and Walker! Your bitch a stalker
Sucking me off while your kid was in a walker
'Cause all my slimmys bad, dropping Jimmy Jazz
Drop and give me cash (Ugh), popped in Jimmy's cab (C'mon)
Cop squares and halves, got Glocks that tear ass
I let the milly blast and popped the silly-ass
Niggas be tryna run, but bullets is really fast (Pyoom!)
You tripping like white girls in horror flicks (AHH!)
I'm the Black Jason with Jordan kicks
Chasing you through the for-a-rest
On my block, there's no rhymes and choruses
Moes and folks dying every day in the orphanage
Just the Ds and torches, LBs the origin (Ugh!)
Need the money fast, so I took keys to Oregon
Got 'em all quick, so I came back with more of them
'Cause I'm bullheaded the same way that a Taurus is
And you'll get it as fast as my nigga said it

Y'all niggas ain't poetic, y'all nigga is po'-thetic (Ugh!)
Don't sweat it: go-getters gon' get it; don't miss it
When you come to the Chi, bring your strap every visit

If you coming to Chicago, I'ma hook you up
And as soon as you get to Queens, boss, look me up
Look, if you ever in the Hundreds, dog, look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us
When you rolling through the Chi, I'ma hook you up
And when you get to the Deuce, boss, look me up
And if you ever in the Manor, just look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us

Yo, 'Fest, soon as you hit the hood
We going straight to the Ave. (Aight)
That's where you get fly and spend all your cash (Huh)
I take you down to Ford City, get some crazy gear (Alright)
Let's drive down Lake Shore Drive to Navy Pier (Word)
But it ain't like a timeshare when you stroll through Times Square
'Quence, straighten up your hat, these niggas crazy here (Man!)
They got a place in Queens where we do the same things
It's called One-I-Two where them bulldogs'll bang (C'mon!)
We can eat at Harold's down on 87th and Jeffery
Cruise through Hyde Park where them girls is sexy
(All right, I'm really with that right there)
It's so high-class, nigga, don't ask (Yeah)
Just tell 'em you from New York-they'll give you some ass (Word?)
Or we could go to Jimbo's with them same bimbos (Ugh!)
Throw 'em all the passes and turn 'em into nymphos (Mmm)
This the home of yellow diamonds, red tape
And them three airports the only way to escape

If you ever in the Windy City, dog, I'll hook you up
And if you ever Uptown, pimp, look me up
And when you come to the south side, homie, look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us
And if you ever in Chi-Town, I'll hook you up
And when you in the Big Apple, playa, look me up
When you come to the Wild Hundreds, just look me up
And when you're down on your luck, yo, that jux is us

From ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard
I tear it up, y'all! (One more time?)

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!