

## **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?)