

Coast to Coast Gangstas

DJ Kay Slay

[*Laughing*] Brooklyn
This is the set-off
Kay Sleezy
Take it to the streets nigga
Word up
Sauce Money
Uh, uh
Proper set-off

Don't get it fucked up cause Sauce calm with his grandma
Cause I'm like baking soda bitch, I'm armed with a hammer
And when I'm strapped fool, fuck your brother
Cause like Jimmy Ivene in Virginia you in the scope like a muthafucka
Fine, niggas don't wanna let him shine
Niggas hate that fact Sauce don't give a fuckin' nine
Soon as he ran his mouth, one tre pound seven to nine
Guess who's the odd man out
I guess we got something in common
I'm just a little more calm when
I'm about to split your arm in
Put a hole so big in your noggin
That if you God body, you can fit the whole sun, moon and star in
You starvin' for more lyrics I know
Steady robbin' all them lyrics I flow
I'm Sadam-ing all you niggas fo sho
You betta know I'm a true nigga, please do nigga
Betta inquire from a few niggas
Cause bitch, I done shit on quite a few and quieted a few niggas
Get a grip, dead four-fifth in the hip
Slip, never picture me fallin' nigga don't trip

Stoned is the way of my walk
In a mini-mack eleven, the tone when I talk
When I spray niggas pray, lay on the sidewalk
Color blood red, body outlined in chalk
My rhymes, two zigs all nines
Hard hit when they spit, split wigs double time
This eightball's a strict nine
Tear apart body parts when I spark nine
At they head hard lodged in they damn spine
Leaves emcee's like Christopher Reeves, crippled and cryin'
Shittin' in a bag and a breath away from dyin'
Nigga I'm - the epitomy of raw rhymes
The epitomy of rap rock
I make a block party bop to the sounds of a hot Glock
From New York down to Georgia it don't stop
Killer Kill from Addamsville with a hot Glock
Blaaat!

They say murder is the case they wanna throw me
I guess these muthafuckas don't know me
O.G. rock called a yay slanger
PA's finest
Underground muthafuckin' king call me "Your Highness"
I tear your sinus with this gun powder
Wipe your tears with the steal, no fear this is real niggas
Here is the deal: you clear in this field

And ain't stoppin' until every hater here is revealed
Cause we don't need no fuckin' clearance to peel
Or shortstoppers runnin' and the fear is revealed
So - get off this block homie handle your corner
Keep all your heroin, rocks and you mariju-wana
I'm like a - character on the Sopranos or the Wire
You'se a - big pussy lil' man, it's over, retire
Cause the - clock's tickin', your days is done
But we know all them lil' different fuckin' ways you slum
But it's trill downtown, your momma's all free
Your house is sugar-layin' with your wife and your seed
Yes indeed, Big Bun is on a home invasion
You gon' bleed on my gun from your dome abrasions
Cause my chrome is blazin', I'm naughty crunk
Got the bop gun like Sir Nose D'Voiddoffunk
Bitch, I pull a sawed-off from under the waist
Open your eyes muthafucka, you got thunder to face
Fuck rest, we gon' lay these muthafuckas to waste
You bit the pully nigga tell me, how the fuck did it taste
From my gun...
Big guns, big power
M. Woods, sixth hour
Berettas, Tauruses, Rugers
Smith and Wesson's, Glocks and lugers
AK's, AR 15's
Mack elevens and M-16's
High caliber, so why try it?
You live by it, so you die by it
A muthafuckin' gun...

Who's the man with the strap in his hand
Homie's stolen semi-autos and contrabands
All day every day, crossin' my hood in day
In a six-trey with my nigga Kay Slay
Dub the law scan, the infrared scanner
Hangin' out the window, hittin' em up with the bandana
And I can't stand a snitch so I - clean the lid
Just in case them bitch niggas wanna sing with this
I stay on the trigger, cause lames hate me nigga
They can't pay me nigga, where my lay dates nigga
Where AK one-on-one so thirty shot
Nine millimeter Melindas aimed ready to send ya
So put your can on your vest like a Bible and pray slowly
Cause this'll leave your teflon holey
With the forty Glock ready to ring, bring the trauma to the scene
It's the Ghetto Heisman and the Drama King

It's about that time nine-milli clappin'
Dude, what's really crackin'?
I been gettin' it since 'Paid In Full' was really happenin'
I gotta do it like that to keep my street name
And pride made me kill Wayne Grove when the heat came
I don't smut but stimulation is good
I keep the hammer with me, Joey's renovatin' the hood
Difference between us, I'm gettin' loot on tours
Good shoes on the Beem, you got a boot on yours
Dudes with no names wanna put an end to me
But doggs, I'm readin' between the lines, the whole game's in parenthesis
Talk about models and how you with somethin'
When you really shootin' air balls, you ain't hittin' nothin'
Nathan, through the strip, O.G.'s blazin'
Street niggas slowly hatin' on Joey so amazin'
And hood niggas knowin' what up

Either holdin' you down or holdin' you up, throwin' it up
Oh!

Aiiyo, fuck the dumb shit, when the guns spit
One clip'll have your whole strip laid down
Thirty-two shots to your block, I had that shit caged down
And before you blink, I let off eight rounds
This the ro-yal I ain't playin'
I'm takin' this over, so y'all either layin' or dying
And I won't hesitate to blaze the iron
You cocksuckers is chillin' with a ragin' lion
I see them dudes every day, when I'm racin' by 'em
Or on the curb poppin' bottles while they hatin' and eyein'
Uh, whether the slider or the highrider
I keep my block rocker, Glock under the blue dossier
Far as Philly, it's no question to who's liver
I'm hotter, Hak Ditty, block locker
Fully prepared
I hope y'all fully aware that y'all niggas got a problem this year