

Yeah.. YEAH.. YEAH!

Guru, hit 'em in the nuts son!

Take you to new heights, let's go up a few flights
We heard what was said, I'mma shed some true light
This is art, no corporate crap
Rock the t-shirt next off the hat
Watch me show splendor I'm no pretender
Caus I can bring summer during cold December
Golden embers, burnt MC's remains
They traded they name, for some sleazy pain
When it all turns out they forgotten about
Well I'm the one that the homies are talkin about
Relevant and heaven sent, 7 Grand my back
Hot lyrics from the sun that'll tear in you black
Understand if you pack enough ammo to scramble
I'm far from Sambo, I'm more like Rambo
Danger, explosive devices
And we the ones that you need to keep close in a crisis

Listen, Lord Tariq baby
Bronx, P-Lawn baby, put it on 'em God

Yo who better than he ever been, O.G. veteran
Had to get back to it, Lord never settlin
Cause it's my business that niggas steady meddle in
Any club you see me in believe I got the metal in
Saddle up, a fifty calibre is gonna level 'em
See the crowd Run like the Reverend
Dum-dums hum through your leather and it's evident no evidence
Back like Bush~! I'm the President, who better than
Uptown's finest, L.T. your highness
40 niggas with nines, we the 49'ers
Album done response most labels wanna sign us
They know we street designers and we keep that heat behind us
I can speak my piece and leave - my speech the flyest
On each and every street O.G.'s co-sign us
Cops try to stop us, men try to contain us
If you shootin at the stars you only gettin to Uranus
BRRRRAP~!