[Mr. Cheeks] What's ya niggas thinkin? Mad that we increasin, while ya shrinkin? Button up your lip, your ship is sinkin You must be coked out, frontin like that ass is loc'd out I'm gettin cheddar from this shit I'm spittin And I'm gettin smoked out Scate through the streets in whips crossin five digits Takin shorts from no midgets My style is top notch, y'all niggas can't fuck with the status I'm climbin up the ladders, droppin shit the phattest Yo, toss ya niggas like a salad See ya style is softer than a love balad, don't let us get violent Keep in silent when we run through, you know how niggas come through Represent the slum too Wearin black hoodies, keep a spare segreen inside of my Timbs Jewelry shine like rims, hear ya niggas yellin Make a little bread ya head is swellin from the bullshit you sellin Who you tellin?

Chorus 2X:

It's a New York City War Call for you all Us cats gettin green, by all means love the war A midnight special billy New York call So when you squeeze it kid, of you bound to fall

[Mr. Cheeks]

Cheese and henny got me lifty I'm in the dark with shorty gettin tipsy Shorty got my back, when niggas acting shifty Spazzin when she's with me Loves to hit them niggas tryin to get me Shows and proves and she moves swiftly Yo, take Atlantic City trips While niggas backin no hood round they lips My team is stackin chips We push the hot whips, keep they kids fed Tight a part mister rest ahead That jealously shit is dead, fuck it live it up We comin through and takin shit if they don't give it up These tattoos on my body, it's no gimmick I'm takin shit to the essence, no limits I'm headin forwar, push my pedal all away Let's get this cash flowin, and start ballin we all a play To the day I'm up and gone, I'm gonna get it on Aiyo, let's all sing along

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Cheeks]

I love this New York City life, we give and take some You got a chance to get this cheddar nigga, make some The only muthafucka way to go, is gettin dough You get yours, how you gettin yours? I get my spit and flow These niggas know about my rap capabilities
I hold the streets down for my cats and the facilities
And drink my henny when the whites, and keep the L's lit

Love to talk shit, I'm on that Queens, New York shit That's where I'm from yo, the slum sound nation My hot skills, help me build my foundation Livin life up on the edge, LB Fam I pledge To my niggas Skate Scrape, Born King and Sledge But anyway I'm in this game kid, with many play Goin hard, knowin I can go like any day Let the henny stay, many say, let it go You feelin that you got game nigga, bet it yo

Chorus 2X