

Hell yea I'm pullin' my thang out, you gettin' banged out  
Bitch nigga, you shit done came out  
Kick it with a 914 nigga, four niggas beefin'  
Guess what? my 914 niggas  
I warn niggas like whoever will come through  
My shit stay kicking so I'm calling it kung fu  
Master my own style, punk show 'em what gun do  
I'm lethal like a heroin bundle, yea  
The beat rocks from Pete Rock, the flow from the ghost from D-Block  
Four pounds send you to Esau, in other words Jesus Christ  
Man, my shit stick together like beans and rice  
All I need is weed at nights to smoke and rhyme  
And I'm probably the nicest nigga to breathe in light  
And can't nobody prove me wrong, I'm too strong  
And the motherfuckin' street niggas need me right

Ayo fuck what you heard and what you thought you saw  
Been all over the world reppin' 914  
Styles P and Sheek Louch, they wild fo' sure  
Been all over the world reppin' 9-1-4

Raised in the ghetto singing songs for survival  
Late night, Valhalla, rollin' out the bible  
914, every corner store got a nigga with the raw  
Just bring your straw  
Piff by the O's, pussy galore  
Little thief bitches get the monkeys out the store  
Shit look real but a nigga ain't sure, yo  
You know a real nigga when you see him  
Jewelry dripping, white tee, you wanna be him  
Burner on him and don't care about freedom  
Bitches with him, other girls wanna' beat him  
I'm trynna' stay alive, what up Mount Vernon?  
Rest in peace two-five, Pete with the knot  
Who else to ask for but Sheek from D-Block  
Two guns down, calico up  
I'm done here, pass my cup

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Nigga I get fresh like Easter  
Who wanna get sliced like pizza, while I light my reefer?  
You could come through with your crew nigga  
Burner go through niggas  
One shot is knockin' off two niggas  
I might come through with the Uzi, shoot niggas  
Filmin' on Fuji, put the shit in a movie  
Who wanna' get burned with a loose?  
Black tie affair, I grown up

You get stomped with the Gucci's  
You oughta' be playin' me two feet  
I don't need five, I gotta' knife you ain't leavin' alive  
I said the green and cream Beamer is mine, the Z8  
I see hate, you get the three-eight right in your eye  
Yo Pete, play this shit for the street  
Niggas licking they heat, got a brick in the whip on the seat  
Them niggas no different than me, so they listen to me  
I understand all the shit that they see, what

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