

Da Villa

Pete Rock

Oh... yeah... yeah (oh)... uh

S Villa, nigga, that's the crew when you rep' (Who?)
It's been a long time, we shouldn'ta left you (You!)
It's the S (move!), crushin' your best dude (dude)
Spitin darts so nigga bring your vest too
Villa nigga, That's the crew when you rep' (Who?)
It's been a long time, we shouldn'ta left you
It's the S move, crushin' your best dude
Spitin darts so nigga bring your vest too

(Guess who) just stepped in the basement with Pete?
Quick, swift with the flow boy S to the V
Hear the static in the records, the dust in the beat
Grimy like the ghettos when it's pitch black in the streets
Red alert nigga better beware, bring the heat
Soul Survivor comin' through so it's hasta la vie
V.I.P. dog watch us just take it to the top
Plus we so Detroit like Murphy was in Robocop
Say we can't do a thing and man we ain't 'sposed
But I'm quick to return like I'm breakfast with the toast
Villa in the spot tryn'a gain and maintain, yeah (oh)
Tryna erase you lames, most slept in the game

Yeah yeah

Chop, retaliate your fleet with animal instinct
Walk with alligator feet, talk like Keith through alleyway and street
Avenue crime scene locked in my rhyme scheme
When plottin to blow, like watchin' a disappearing bomb string
Gone Bin-Laden; I'm a vocal assassin, my throat is a handgun
When you think I'm chokin', I'm in motion to land one
And get you open - basically sick, facin' me, nah
Your bones'll get thrown through a masonry wall
Without me breakin' the bricks
Whip, wallow in my venom
Split nozzle from a kit combo Get bravo from the womens
Lift pa {? } admit defeat and forget it
I'm well known to speak in heat of a minute
Like I'm late to a cell phone, reachin' the limit
Meet you in timely demise, I
Flow with the entire glow of a diamond insides
Let the fire blows from the cannon, I can win and I will
And render my peers still like a mechanic that builds
And strip away, nibble on simple prey
Simple minded, whistle silent when I ripple my mental rage
Trip'll ride and then flee from the scene paid (hey)
I'm on your head like a wooden contraption
Collapsin' the guillotine blade
'Til your eyes is bigger than DMC's shades
Not for low P grades, we 4.0 with the flow
You see Aze

Speak ghetto language for niggaz to hold
Tarnish bubble-gum raps when I switch and turn gold
See the plaques on the wall but we platinum status
One verse is like a gauge and blow a nigga off the atlas
Man listen, I'll break them bad habits for the pursuit of the green

I gots to get the cabbage
Me and my dudes, my man, we all savage
Can't reach the status quota your team, they all average
Comin' outta the dark, I undoubtedly spark ironically
My sane mind sharp as James Bond part for Sean Connery
Your rhyme odyssey possess a treacherous style
Bet you would bow if my nine possibly
Shot your knee on the left
Cuff gat, criminal act, tough rap, bust back
Like genital sex that's gushin with something that resembled the claps
You dealin' with a multiple manic-depressin'
And still in panic, and stress on all o' you