

Connected

Tha Eastsidaz

Come on man, Eastsidaz
Eastside...
Infamous Mobb
Infamous Mobb Deep

Out the muthafuckin depths in New York, its P
You couldn't get close enough to even touch the kid
If you did, you wouldn't get far enough to bag
I put my guns to work on your bitch ass
Hold up, niggas fuckin up the game
Put my name in statements, cooperating wit these and talkin
Fuck it, I'll still buck em and gamble wit my freedom
These niggas gon learn to respect the P-Dub
I don't take no shit off of nobody
No nigga, no bitch, lets get rich and party
Lets not test my gangsta, thats how you get bodied
Thats how hearts get took, pride get damaged
Lives is shedded, fuckin wit these east side niggas
We teach y'all niggas bout this murder shit
We got Tray Deee, Goldie Loc, Hav and P
Kokane, wit my nigga Snoop D-O-G-G

Big hitters, wig splitters, give niggas the blues
Fools loud mouth we all about spittin them tools
From the coast of the locs were the Gs was born
And we raise up B.G.s to keep it goin
In the alleys, not the valleys, killa Cali the zone
Long Beach bringin heat takin off when its on
Fuck pretty, come gritty when we bring the noise
Big boys play wit keeps when we bring the toys
Wet T-shirts, we search to put in work, cuz
Come back for ya homies as you gettin ya dirt dug
Congregatin, operatin Gs and hustlas
You other muthafuckas can't concieve our structures
The DPGC, the M-O-B-B, stricly east side and we ride on G.P.
Bandanas, hoodies, timbos and chucks
Stay mashin on bustas not givin a fuck

Eastsidaz and Mobb Deep
We connected
From the West to the East
Connected
Oh what you got beef?
Connected
Run up on ya while ya sleep
Stay connected
My nephews play wit keeps
We connected
From the West to the East
Connected
Blast ya ass in the streets
We connected
Eastsidaz&Mobb Deep
Stay connected
For life

Connect wit my dogs be that serious shit

Serious things when M-O-B and sidaz bang
Ice and chains, be best that you hide those thangs
And pressure to that ass we apply those thangs
Told you fucks before, when it rains it pours
Its a cold ,cold, cold world nigga its Doggy Dogg
Better walk or crawl(for real), cause on the real homeboy
Fuck around and you'll be up in the morgue
Moms praisin the lords, rev paintin the picture
Of a wise young man who didn't get the picture
We keep it gangsta nigga, don't get it twisted nigga
Cross me nigga, you'll wind up a missin nigga
QB and we trully, rep for ours
Wars and scars, bitches in a gang of whips
When it came to this game though we changed the shit
And fuck who you wit, its what you up in the club but yo

Uzis, AKs, Glock 40s and Tech 9s
Tryna take mines, you'll be a dead muthafucka
Come up short, wit yo life on support
Burnin rubber down the street in a black super spoke
Fo' pokes to the neck, five sticks to the dome
Gun powder on my clothes when I smacked him in his nose
Real talk, show you how to walk the walk
All black all times when I scheme and stalk
Its somethin about bein a cold blooded killa
I'm bananas my nigga, like a black ass guerilla
I'm G'd up, smokin all the muthafuckin weed up
Drinkin on a full cup nigga

Yeah, defintely connected
How you love that?
Uh, like I said you can't spell the West wit out the ES
East side up eastsidaz
From QB to the LB
You see what I see and G how I G
Feel me?
Eastsidaz, duces and trayz the old fashioned way
Alchemist...
Uh, yeah-yay