

NYOPxTONY (Interlude)

Wiki

Howard Beach, JFK, this is the express train
Keep all your belongings by your side and enjoy the ride

Ride it like that

Composure is hooked
When she be posing the tush
Turn around exposing the bush
Motherfucker, he rollin' in kush
So much loud I'm ballin' with a Busch
Three strikes deep, bonin' like I'm Butch
No three stripes whole gang on swoosh
Swoosh, home bound out the fuckin booth
Tone it down for the youth
Bone it down from the caboose, oof
I'm feelin' fuckin' loose truth, no truce
To any goof tryna stop me I'm on pursuit to the fucking loot
Coupes, I ain't got no license
Long as I got a roof, a little dough inside it
Something to roll inside that with some dope inside that
Man, let me roll my dope, don't get me fucking side tracked
She read my horoscope, look like I'm on the right path
Yeah it might be bullshit, but it might be tight facts
Anywhere I pull up, yeah I'm tryna write raps
'Cause the mix gotta keep cooking when you got it like that