

## 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