

Stic Fi "Connect"

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[DJ Hurricane]

East, West, check this out
Check it, ye-yeah, ye-yeah
East East, West West, South South..

[Chorus: DJ Hurricane]

I got that East coast connect, West coast connect
Dirty South connect, so show some respect
When my niggaz comin through you see we comin
correct
Who are you, what you do, who you tryin to threat?

[Xzibit]

I'm the wrong cat to call out; we fall out
The police gon' have some dead bodies to haul out
All out in the open for the world to see
Avire-X to the Z-I, B-I-T
V.I.P., you're small time, three on three
cause you can't ball accurately, tackle the beast
Stomp it down, slap it with heat, bitch behave
Shit, we blaze to make a nigga act his age
I'm tryin to write the phrase that pays
You kick it with gays, dykes, and all type of wackness
Preach what you practice
Here we seperate the real niggaz from the actors
A&R's, MC searchin, suck my cactus!
Blackness surround your sight and sound
as Xzibit hit you and you hit the ground
My chips ain't never gon' be down, watch me smoke
and flatline the first nigga to cross this line

[Chorus]

[Gipp]

It's the Gipp Goodie, we kick the soul slang
to yo' block, or they streets, we all gon' hang
We like to shine and ride, bump corners in our bumper
cars
Top down, with the candy paint job
Import export up and down the highway
Old ladies transportin straight through the skyways

In the corner in the five(?) I got purple haze
Fat knot short sess with the tree ton(?)
These streets we run, rapper refund
You ridin up but we want yo' flows old like Girbauds
We hold, everything it takes to create the odes
to North to the West to the South again
If it's war that you want just pull the pin
Rules we don't break 'em, we refuse to bend
If you don't build right you better take yo' ass home
cause some catch stray bullets all alone

[Chorus]

[Pharoahe Monch]

I got the Chevy Impala shit, street scholar with
collarless, Japanese aikido with, Rottweiler mixed
Top dollar dick now, swallow my whole nut rap
Gun in my mouth, pop shit, still sayin, "Fuck that"
You have to listen, brew, trapped in a tragic addiction
Styles, multiply like Japanese mathematicians
Cut cause chaos - my kicks kill criminals
I'm the subliminal Adolf
I'm the bomb that's attached to the time of a ticker
figure or swastika
Quicker to pick a form of execution, pull it
Bullet, to the head instead of eletrocution
The rambunctious, bump in yo' trunk shit
Totally insane, Hurricane with Pharoahe Monch, Gipp
Xzibit the West coast (??) (??) we got
New York wearin slippers and the South wearin hoodies

[Chorus 3X]

[DJ Hurricane]

Ye-yeah, uh-huh, ye-yeah
Give it up, uh-huh (Dirty South) ye-yeah, ye-yeah
Give it up, uh-huh, give it up, shake it
Uh-huh, kick it (Dirty South) uh-huh
Shake it.. uh-huh, shake it
C'mon, give it up (Dirty South)

{*fades out*}

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