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Young Chris "Connect 4"

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[Intro: Young Chris]Yeah... uh, C. West We do this, Joe Budden Yeah, young Chris, what, what? Yeah, uh

[Young Chris]To the heart of North Philadelph, pour my spirit and flesh

Give me the crown, watch me wear it the best, I ain't hearin the rest

Long gone, dancin with bigger fish here
Fish scale advances for glitter wristwear
Ch-chea, motherfucker this year Chris here
Homie the strong's so vital, survival of the fits here
Ain't shit sweet y'all, life about a bitch yeah
Say I drive her crazy though I ride that hoe fifth gear
Talk so much poverty cause I live here
Talk facility cause my family's doin a bid there
You ain't rappin or ballin, we got our hustle out
That's what a thug about, anything to get the fuck up
out

the ghetto, dodge the devil, prolong my demise Got a green sticky lah baby, 365

[Joe Budden]Hold up, a nigga went from lukewarm to hot

Scratch that, from coldest winter to hell's kitchen

Aside from predictable shots and shells spittin
Wouldn'ta even known it cause nothin felt different
E'rything dope in this game ain't on the radio
That proofs me, check the dames and the ratio
Brain like fellatio, I mean it used to be cane like Horatio
Fuck you, pay me though
Look for him, style in whatever I put on

Come from where you give a wrong look and you would

Broads off the hook for him

look wrong

But I treat 'em like Subway, I give 'em 5 dollars and a FOOT long

Young niggaz take your vitamins

Your 28-inch rims higher than watchin me admirin

JUMP OFF e'rything that they aspirin to be
But the bullshit gets tiresome to me
See, only one concern, gettin my bread right
Hate to see you lose your (Life) over a website
I'll feel (Sorry)
Y'all'll only know what I show why Chris Brown and
Rihanna that real story
Off puttin words together like (Scrabble)
Build your (Monopoly), they just gon' attack you
Can't (Pictionary) it, they gon' think it's (Taboo)
When you get more, they can't (Connect) the (Four)

[Outro: Joe Budden]Dawg.. geah, Joey, Chris Yes Chad, I fuckin know the sound

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