

Young Gunz "Parade"

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[Verse 1 - Young Chris]

All niggaz envying chris. i gotta load up and empty
them clips. now those pussies will back up. Tommy G's
difference from
Back Up. coming through the house creeping. i'm the
new house keeping. motha fuck all that loud speaking.
call the
neighbors hear his loud speakers. no need for smalls
keeping. kill the bitch then we out freezing. now that's
some
witnesses we leaving fuck the child proofing. as i cease
ya fuck back and forth with the rappers. that's gon' leave
ya back
and forth with them clappers. and i ain't goin back to
court with them crackers. want a district attorney. stay
strapped so
those bitches won't burn me. TAKE THAT. where the F
did you earn it? take the lesson and learn it. the most
important is to
pass it and burn it. betta get it 'cause most of these
rappers that talkin ain't even live it. the niggaz that said
they with it
said they did it

Get the fuck outta here, bitch ass nigga. niggaz get
fucked at the county, nigga feel this like,

[Young Chris]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's.
Freeway that's my lean way that help me to score

[Freeway - Rhyme]

Stay fesh dress and West blessed me with this track.
him and Chad West don't guess nigga they from North.
P-H-I double L Y.
don't fuck with the props squad get hit with the sixth four.
don't fuck with them big boys. free to live fresh like them
Mel
guy. fuck ya killa with the knife it's similar to Columbine
and Free don't get down like nobody's boys. He that boy
that you
know get to workin and niggaz start hurtin let you

purchase a ? from em, yeah. keep his hammer closer
then Kim to em. So
playaz and robbers i'm out tha question. Cops ask my
fiends 21 questions but I answer 21 extras. Flex tha
Suburban,
bullets dipped in detergent. Full planes of curosion. Hit
ya fucking flesh up. have you niggaz playing catch up.
Take a
pop out tha poppers, block for blocka. Get tha beat
witout a beating

[Neef - Ryhme]

Yeah my first name Neef and my last name Buck. from
tha first time I beef or a motha fucka mess up. instead
of knuckling
up these motha fuckas get plucked. From where there
young'z snatching grass and they trippin on dust. all
they take is a
puff these niggaz be right back at ya. tryin to leave ya
niggaz living as snatchas. bout tha cream we roll
around like a
SWAT team wit beems and try not to hit no innocent
teens. about tha cream work hard now, live up my
dream. aint tryin to
stress ova no shorts or ugly things. that aint for me or
even my team. we be layin back in Suburbans and eatin
some beans.
the more i go in this game tha harder it seems. this shit
been watered down tryin to raise out tha ground. one
was sweet
ya peace still lugging around. say Neef aint sweet still
repping tha town YA KNOW

[CD SCRATCHES]

[Young Chris- Rhyme]

Fresh off tour Philadelphia is your's. Freeway thats my
lean way that help me to score. Investin in these
businesses i
make my business his. But this is Chris, adress em if
there's war. A message from Shakur all you got is a
bitch. aint no
pride in ya bitch, she let em have it she fit. she define
them clips she astatic. and she'd rather walk wit shells
instead
of matics. I get a kick outta tha bitch like Jet Lee. She
went WILD when them niggaz was hatin. got her boy
outta tha
situation wit one BLOW. so what NOW? play you chumps
LOUD. it's like red nose picture you punks GROWL. get
dumb FOUND. get

him HOW?

[Neef]

We catch him and beat him.

[Chris]

several bodies not one FOUND.

[Neef]

not loyal to feed em

[Chris]

they neva found em guilty not one TRIAL.

not one FOUND that can look any younger 'cause they
woulda been took me under

[Both]

Fuckin crackers

[Neef- Rhyme]

Girls love us thats what makes em hate us. well fuck it
dawg we make tha paper. dont make us make tha
papers. they cant

fade us, fuck what they go through HEY. halos halos go
through CLAY, go through tha WAY hit a bunch of teeth
wit pine.

dont worry i can read they mind, Fuckin faggots. you
niggaz eatin so we brought a fork. we ask for beef
those niggaz throw

us pork. we throw them all up. when i'm shoppin fill tha
mall up. cops everywhere. exit out be for they block
every stair.

now it's hot everywhere. gotta bounce all out. make you
niggaz pure tha pounds all out, i need tha chronic. now
we gotta

leave tha town and fuck tha airport we bringin ?.

coffe grinders takin chronic. lil rascals better be for
December, I'm GONE

[MUSIC TIL FADE]

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