

Trick Daddy F/ Slip-N-Slide

"Final Four"

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Esoteric, representin' in my home territory
Boston, rock the house

[Reks]

Enter my tea party, mind ya manners
My fingertips flip more alphabets than Vanna
Raisin' the banner, count em' sixteen, it seems y'all
MCs forget
We got to have it but we can't have it yet
After the Reks number seventeen
Follow, I swallow and spit bobbles
Like the hollow tips, shatter ya dreams a mass lotto
Northern border slaughter runnin' up
B-O-S-T-O in the state to blow the whole planet when we
flow
Skydivin' off the Prudential like I'm demented
Cause I chill with all these drunk MCs who
schizophrenic
Reks and Eso mix like Terry Glenn and Bledsoe
Pass complete, E how the rest go

[Esoteric]

Yo, we breakin' necks of these space cadets
Makin' threats, J and Reks make checks and star-laced
cassettes
My rap style whoops MCs like a crack vile
You suck vibe, like whitey duck five
Up inside march the mass, rap and talkin' trash
Cats in body caskets
Don't have to ask when it come to rippin'
Just chill, I fit the bill
Fit the skill from that abandoned hill
I know you sucker ducks wanna join in my fleet
When ya see me in the Lex swingin' up the street
Straight destroyin' the Bean, you could learn from this
Esoteric and Reks, two microphone mass murderers

It's ya man Mr. J-live
And it's ya man Sahdeeq I be a household name

[J-Live]

In New York we conquer like Ghengis, with no need to
con
Straight up and down like ya head when the beat's on
Infiltration camp just like Marine recon
And kick ass with cleets on, dangerous to sleep on
Like cats with mattress but you put the sheets on
Equipped with the lost by stewards from dusk till dawn
In other words, you made ya bet so lie in it
Career-wise the sleek shall now be infinite
I punk and pro-name from proper to pronoun
Cause we chase clowns from Medina to Beantown
Whatever's left, let my man Reks shut it down
Cause they banned from both spots, yo Shabaam how
that sound

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

It sounds monstrous, most MCs poposterous
Wearin' hoes in they straw like rhinoceros
In BK, we quick to light shit like phosphorous
Leave ya burnin' like a witch huh, screamin' like a bitch
huh
Ride till you die like a kid in a hearse
Slummin' a verse, leavin' layin' under a nurse
Worst flow I heard since rappin' dukes flute
If we was on a plane I'd push you out the cargo chute
With a parachute, full of dishes, best of wishes bitches
Bater up this rap game's all hits and misses
Keep it cookin' like kitchens
And lace y'all fools with the fixins
Start up ya engine, I'll race y'all niggas till the endin'
That's all that matters

Pacewon

It's Young Z I gets high off ends
Represent it in my home territory
Straight out of Jersey, you heard me

[Pacewon]

Yo, nigga been jayed, Redman and El De Sensai
Ballers hit the club every Wednesday
Flossin' love us, tall boy dizzy off of us
Chillin' on Chancellor right by Ruckers
Check it, CEO see me blow
Man with more friends than the TV show
Like milk, got a creamy flow
Easy yo, roll like C3-PO
Kidnap the president, don't leave evidence
Body get injured don't use medicine
Even if I'm guilty, step off innocent
Born in Brooklyn, now a North citizen

[Young Z]

Look, a motherfuckin' stoned crook
Erase ya whole family name right out the phone book
Accident, is you kiddin' me
We enemies, I blast them niggas deliberately
In North, it's lil' niggas on the creep
I'll take Jigga's rims and sell that shit to Bleek
Run yo mouth they catch you in the street
With the 4-5 out just smacked you to sleep
Yeah, he ain't know def is real
Yeah, half a Sweet up in Bed it's real
Yeah, all y'all talkin' slick
It's Bricks motherfucker get off my dick

Danja Mowf...Lonnie B.
Represent

[Danja Mowf]

Hey yo, my words get around like he say, she say
When I rhyme and connect the lines like freeway
Tried to be the most def like I'm from BK
But I'm Danja Mowf, Down South from the VA
Since I came I been in the game like EA
When I had gazelle and the snake skin BK's
Now I run around niggas like I was a freeway
Get up in they ass so fast I should be gay
Don't give a fuck and keep talkin' like BJ
Talk shit but I back it up like a DJ
VA nigga what, make it look easy
As I pass the mic to Lonnie B. watch what he say

[Lonnie B.]

I got something for all y'all who like to battle niggas for
fame
VA gon' tear y'all other spots out of the frame
My name alone will have you gaspin'
I be dashin' through ya lines like a running back in
action
Head crackin' wack rappers like Bo Jackson
Ya out for lifetime, never deal with ya right rhymes
Face who, I'll make ya hold ya breath till ya face blue
Ya whole crew gon' look like Smurfs when I'm through
I'll go on and on like Erykah
Maybe next lifetime I'll be scared of ya
But right now I'm ahead of ya
Out the hucket bucket, ya funeral when they bury ya
And scream VA up in this bitch, who wanna carry ya

