

Trife Diesel f/ Kryme Life, Tommy Whispers "Listen Carefully"

Visit "[Listen Carefully](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Listen Carefully) [Intro: Trife Diesel] Yeah, Poof nigga, Vamoose, Your wack to me Casualties, All you weak emcees get slapped for free Word up, T.M.F., Theodore, Criminal Grind Uhh, Phenom the Don, You know how we do it Mental Instruments, Let's get em [Trife Diesel] Ayo, Ayo my rap style's bizarre like Hendrix on a guitar Getting lit, Blowing piff out of cherry scented cigars Ghetto stars, Black armored cars sitting on corners P.L. pimp'n, We some true definition of ballers Theodore is S.G., Kryme, Tommy and me Robbing sprees, Bob n' weave, Catch a body and flee Cause when a Ruger pop, I could care less if it's you I shot My name ring bells from Broad Street to Huguenot All the way to Crime's Hill, Nigga we rhyme ill With signed deals, T.M.F. is how I define real I wish a nigga would try to violate fam The lead will leave his head swollen like a prostate gland No disrespect to the Wu, But I annihilate clans From East coast to West coast my feet'll vibrate lands And I spit blades of glory, Writing ageless stories And walk the same path these rap legends laid before me [Tommy Whispers] Frank aint last, Nino aint last Tony Montana, These is things of the past Fiction, Played on the screen with a cast You need to listen, We all got a dream to get cash I get mine slow, You get yours fast The Building Boys, Stapleton, Broad Street is the Ave. Posted by one eighty-one, Them guns'll blast We roll grass, Decorate blunts with chunks of hash Puff pass, Blow smoke, A nigga done sold coke Truth, British walkers, See the Hawk flip'n gold ropes I'm old school, Twenty-eight year human pro tool That hold tools, No rules, Fuck cops Walk back to your block with no shoes and your socks No jewels on your neck, No ice on your watch Send a kite to the box and let the big kids rip you And get Biz with a ox, shoot out your ribs with a glock [Kryme Life] They can't stop the bum rush, The guns bust Charge, If you in it to win it Word to God run hard in the race Now a days niggas out to get that cake up Money coming slow, Better pick that pace up Hustlers never know, Where it all goes Til they get caught sleeping then that ass do wake up I'm Bo, Hit the hole like Brandon Jacob Straight

splatter a nigga, Make him pick that face up I'm a New
York Giant, Grip iron Shit fly'n out of every direction Eli
Manning arms, You better tell your mans to come I'll
put the heat on him like a tanning salon Hot shots,
Chop rocks, Make blocks pop The product get sold,
Beat the road once I got the drop Haters wanna catch
me slipping, I think not My strip stay clicking them
yellow and pink tops [Outro: Trife Diesel] Poof nigga,
Vamoose, Your wack to me Casualties, All you weak
emcees get slapped for free

Visit [Trife Diesel f/ Kryme Life, Tommy Whispers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.