

Trife Diesel f/ Kryme Life, Tommy Whispers "Prey vs. Predator"

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[Intro: Kryme Life] What the fuck, nigga It's T.M.F. in the flesh, man What up, baby, Tomahawk, Diesel [Kryme Life] Yo, it's Kryme, all my life I've been thugging Before niggas knew what it was or what it wasn't Inherited the game, passed down by my cousins Look, ain't no tears, when cutting up these onions Look, nigga for years, I've been walking on these bunyons Parked with the holy west, now we touring in London From Stapleton to France, niggas do my dance They call me, Bruisy Columbus, cuz I take new land I got the Nina, the Smithon and the Andy Garcia Hit the corner with my hoodlums like they march in Korea Niggas know we mean business, every time they see us Ya'll a bunch of a lame niggas getting beat for your re-up Can't hold us on the block, better get that D up Tell a promoter bring the gwop, time to pay that fee up We rock, all scenes got something to make 'em all lean Come and get your dose of this T.M.F. morphine [Chorus 2X: Kryme Life] How you want it, we sending you three hundred It's prey vs. predator, hunt, or get hunted No matter how you say it or write it, we be the nicest No matter how you cook it or whip it, we gon' slice it [Trife Diesel] Uh, I am the prime example on how to grind and scramble Put the fire to the whip when my pops provided the candle Niggas rhyming over beats, see me, I'm riding the sample Sorta like the Iron Sheik when he be riding his camels On the couch, flick a few channels, while gripping the handle Shedding tears, looking at my cousin's flick on the mantle Conversating with his spirits, and it's telling me Trife just keep writing them lyrics, cuz fam, they gon' feel it Took the clip out, and put the burner back in the stash Grabbed the keys, hopped in the whip and went straight to the lab Yo, fiend, twist some daquiri's up, let's start recording Close the session, cuz we ain't leaving until the morning Heat the booth like global warming, if hell's calling Tell the mormans, the God gon' strike without warning The most high, AWOL like Sosa Keep a toast close by, blow your wig with the four-five [Chorus 2X] [Tommy Whispers] Pistols, you fucking with a man with issues Let it whistle, snatch

your peacoat, and hit your tissue Official, T.M.F., S.S.
missile We live the ritual, same old, same old, sick of
you Lame-o, one in the chamber, I let the flame go
Range Rove', pull up to the show, floating off angels It's
painful, the slums I'm from, alot of camel Ain't no half
stepping unless you came with your play shoes
Disgraceful, you hating ass niggas, want me to take
food Breakthrough, see what the fame and all that
cake do? That's why I'm grateful, kiss the sky, you ain't
taking Whisp alive Ditch the ride, switch the whip, no
disguise Mask off, rolling right pass the homicide Blast
off, six shooter spitting, the cannon fly Three hundred
niggas is with me and down to ride Three hundred
niggas is with me and down to ride, ride [Chorus 2X]

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