

## A+

# "Enter Hempstead"

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A+, you know what Iâ€™m sayin  
You wanna send some shout-outs to your peoples?

[A+]

Yeah Iâ€™d lie to give a shout-out to Parkside  
Whole Strong Island, the east coast, Bronx, Queens,  
Manhattan  
Lindenplace, all my peoples on Parkside militia keepin  
it real  
My man crazy Sam, Russel Simmons, my moms  
Kedar Entertainment, the Smith brothers, my whole  
label  
And everybody out there supportin east coast

Alright, well this is A+  
Now you should get his autograph sweetheart cuz  
heâ€™s about to blow up  
Hit â€™em with some flavors, let â€™em know what you  
about

[A+]

Yes yes, check it out  
Know what Iâ€™m sayin? A+

Iâ€™ma show you how the east coast rock  
A+, no doubt heâ€™ll turn the party out (4X)

Confession

We keep it representin our section  
So guys hit the shorty for the east coast resurrection  
YEAH, destruction of the wack MC  
We gone get back on that tip like it used to be  
Now who remember when MCâ€™s couldnâ€™t touch the  
mic  
If they skills wasnâ€™t tight then they best took flight  
Prepare for combat, wield the contract, let the labels  
front  
I be like Wu-Tang and put the joint from out the trunk  
My situation is mad tight  
So corny MCâ€™s take a hike  
Before I ignite wit the dynamite  
And blow your crew away just like McVey

I get you, and hit you wit the Parkside militia  
I gets iller, than any disease that's known to man  
Destroy the race of rappers like a Nazi plan  
Damn, so A&R stop teasin  
Before we flip the script like a female pit when it's  
matin season

I'ma show you how the east coast rock (2X)

OK now peep the situation  
My manifestation is to rock the whole creation  
Despite all the negativity, the publicity  
It really ain't that hard god it's simplicity  
So I'ma maintain and let it rain let it rain  
And just like the MethTical I can bring the pain  
I had somethin to say so high class pulls the track out  
I'm out to blow the spot like the seventy-seven  
blackout  
Seen rappers come and go cuz they had no flow  
And if you ask 'em who was who or her I bet you they  
don't even know  
Now who's that wack MC wit all that mouth  
I'll rip him in New York and work my way down south  
I be the true I live it, non-fiction never slippin  
MC's they gone learn if it take a verbal ass-whippin  
My tolerance is gettin short  
So rappers that can't walk the walk grab your tape  
and escape from New York

(A typical night on the streets of Hempstead  
Drinking, drugs, gambling, just hanging out  
Not the place for kids, but this is where the kids are into  
the early morning  
hours  
The idea of having a curfew in Hempstead is just that  
at this time  
An idea, but the people here on Terrance Avenue say if  
enacted  
It won't work, and they say for the police, it will be a  
nightmare)

[A+]

Here comes the juvenile child wit the Luger style  
Lyrically cock back and load BEAKOW  
Mad but cats are jumpin, I try to stay humble  
The snakes body gates of Hell want me to fumble  
I use my third eye G to see the unseen  
Cuz real little brothers like us come clean  
The streets envy, yeah he was frontin like you wanted  
somethin  
But through his shirt my third eye saw his heart pumpin

We be the realness for those that can't feel this  
Your joint is weak, so take a seat while shorty speaks  
I gets deep, speak to the streets  
Big up to all my peeps in the back seat of badges  
Peace to the hardcore juvenile crew  
Always schemin on the blunts and brew  
Try to maintain hold your troop till we get the loot  
And next time think about your life before you  
(Gunshot)

Andre get your ass in this house

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