

Dj Kay Slay "New Jack City"

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Feat. Poster Boy, Shells, Grafh, Cassidy, and Jae Hood
[Poster Boy]
Poster Boy, Fosterville, Kay Slay the Drama King
Fuck with the kid, gotta throw ya moms over the bridge
RP put the hawk to ya over ya ribs
Keep thinkin' that the god is chillin'
I'm the reason custies is comin' to the Carter Buildin
And it aint no tellin what I do
They may find ya body on 16th smellin like a (*jew*)
I'm the number one stunna when it comes to the east
In the Jag with the .40 cal under the seat
Nigga this is my block, Name a nigga who run me out
Friday come, you and you have your money out
Son, my gun'll bring a playboy bunny out
Somebody gotta die, I'm a try ya hunny out
Send her to ER with half her tummy out
No C-section, no infants comin out
She can't have babies again
Me and Kay gettin money so it's feelin like the eighties
again
Holla!
[Shells]
Ayo, You boys is silly, i'm next since Pac and Biggie
And I'm Bout Major Figgas like Dutch and Gillie
Catch Shells all-star weekend down in Philly
On my hip, pack heat like a bowl of chilly
Look - I Clap milli's, act willy, you a chump
Only kid in the hood with elevators in his truck
See, I flash bucks, rock all black doors
And my watch ice'd out like Jacobs store
When you boys gon learn I got this game lock
What you got for your deal, I spent on X-Box
Keep frontin like you hungry, I'm a feed you a biscuit
I got rock and roll bullets, leave limps like bizkit
So hey, it's ya life involved - act like it is
My chain light gray like trash can lids
If one of yall take my chain - none of yall live
You like, "I aint do it Shells", One of yall did!
[Grafh]
'Cause A lot of yall are fakin', one minu

