

## **Bj Thomas**

### **"Bluntz & Bakakeemis"**

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{Yogi}

Aiyo I used to roll 30 deep thru the Boogie Down  
Now it's just me, my tech and like 30 rounds  
Plus the Rhythim Blunt stuck up, mutha uck  
(The Might Ha: Hit him the head Voo)  
Word to Uncle Buck

{Antionette}

Aiyo, bring up ya weight, make moves state to state  
No debate, Antionette's been hot since '88  
What? Niggas floss since I made Who's The Boss  
Big Yog, had the stove, now the Holocaust is mad  
drama  
Mad scama, drinkin Bahama mammas,  
eatin niggas up like Jeffrey Dhama  
Illegal self dirty cats, niggas duckin down from the  
claps  
No shorts, no acts  
Sittin pretty like Frank Nitty, forgive me  
New York shit is in me, mad love for my city  
All hail the Queen of the C.R.U.  
My peeps call me too, they killin till I'm thru  
Get hit between the eye like Moe Green with the shit  
that ya fiend  
Hold the scars up with Mabeline, check the seed  
Young dums laced impressed me, but how I get the  
lex with the she  
Aiyo I used to be shy, but now I speak my mind  
I used to pack eights, but now I pack a nine  
I used to be the girl known for dissin MC Lyte  
But now that shit is squashed and everything's allright  
I used to be a female that was straight up hardcore  
Flipped R&B just to hit the dance floor  
Figured out quick that's as soft as I can get  
But now I'm back and harder than a dick

{Tracey Lee}

Shit is sick, so hit ahead nigga  
No run of the mill nigga, but a real nigga  
With flows wetter than gold diggers  
I flow niggas like Frank Glims the name list

L-Rocks, for all the changes  
But the game with the game flow  
Playin to Pakistan  
Last of the real premiere nigga with the mass appeal  
Niggas know the fact, that I got mad skills then Hova  
Mic like a rover, R.N.F. for life, I told ya  
I set off like the bridge is over  
A wild nigga who be killin more cats than Villanova  
Hittin in ease with lyrical styles open willies  
Than sippin on fifth sarilly, in the sixth under series  
You know the staff with me, is suppose to blast with me  
& bullshit  
That comes out of the mic, from studio pulls to pull  
pitts  
With full clips, get devoured like that  
Count stacks, and house niggas with the power like  
snaps  
Rollin hard deep, to weak niggas who wanna start beef  
Me and the Cru, this how we do it in the East,  
muthafucka

{Chadeeo}

Now let me tell ya niggas, what's really goin on  
Lyrical tornados, hurned and brainstormed  
But I flows for now, and gunfire later  
Leave a hole in you the size of a crater  
Rape paper chase, got lives gettin erased  
Now I grab mics, plugged them in front of my face  
Represent Cru, with rhymes or gunsparks  
Whatever it takes nigga, till death do us part

{Jim Hydro}

When my Cru be comin thru, ya better recognize  
You don't know the steez, then analyze  
Niggas be playin, so if they want flag  
We hit the tags, and the black R rags  
I got the steel, to keep it real  
Stayin strapped, with the gats  
Puerto Ricans and blacks, we heat sacks and bluntz yes  
I know  
One to the two to the Jim Hydro

{Chadeeo}

Bringin it down a level on the lay back side  
This chaz attitude is a Jeckel & Hyde  
With no matter what, you step up  
Aiyo my wild side, will have to arrupt

{Yogi}

Cuz we comin equip with the loaded Bronx Bomber  
Ya wanna step up better wear a suit of armor

And the bulletproof vest, if you try to see me  
The Rhythim Blunt a smoke ya then grab a Bakakeemi

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