

Blessid Union Of Souls

"Peace to the Niggas"

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[Mr Lawnge]

Now, if you got it going on make some noise
Peace to all the real grimy ghetto girls and boys
In my neighbourhood , whether black or hispanic
Yo, this is some positive shit but please don't panic
You can still rock to it so flock to it
Just open your mind, unwind, recline or pop and lock to
it
Come and rock with us, all night like Michael Jackson
Leave your guns and knives at home, black, that's all
I'm asking
I'd like to go to jams and not see bullet sparks
So we can do some hip hop shows in public parks
A lot of the voters and promoters are scared of rap
But we can all come together clever and say bullcrap
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over
I gotta wake niggas up like I'm down with Jehovah
Knock on a few heads and beg for some common
sense
As I commence to convince, yo, I'm kind of tense
Cause niggas still wanna buck wild and profile
They're fronting hard but ain't go no style
Steadily teaching my younger brothers to kill each
other
I hate to have to break out my glock and teach another
Young soul about a bullet hole
For trying to play and sway me, acting hard like the
videos

Now, To all the shorties in the world.
Listen up, That shit is just TV.
Far from reality.
And half the niggas you see on TV.
Are fronting, They ain't saying nothing.
So take your little ass, Somewhere.
And watch Barney or something.

[Chorus: Mr Lawnge (Dres) x2]

Peace to the niggas in my neighbourhood
(Where?) In my neighbourhood
(Where?) In my neigh-bour-hood

Peace to the niggas in my neighbourhood
You're not dead so that means you're doing good

[Dres]

Yo, one time ripping it quick it's the clever brown boy
Joy to the world, girls and boys, there comes a choice
To advocate bad ass, bet I did it before
My POs name is Jord, he let me go on tour
Where I'm from, yo, you might see a finger in the
gutter
In the ghetto with toast, best believe my shit is butter
Got to have it long before this rap shit, get back, bitch
If I'm stuck up much like a bandit I crank shit
Niggas get reprimanded, remanded and then branded
I delve into myself to draw the strength to overstand it
So ill as I roll up on the block theory yot (??)
Keeping it real with ShowB-I, yeah, we build a lot
Yo, move your b-u-t, the B/QE gets strong on the low
Giving a pound to Shorty Long, hop in the ride I gotta
go
Gotta hit Queens, flying American, yo, Sammy, where's
Troy?
Cleaning up on the streets, I goes there with my
motherfucking boys
Shit's wrecked like grands in no time Astoria expands
Peace Russ, Jock, Tonto, but let me not forget Shamgod
My man since Holland Cove, making moves like Rucker
Live since one-oh-five, yo, it's Tiki motherfuckers
Jets to 'jects, I flex them cheques, my fam in the plan
And kick it to my cousins with some weed in my hand
Original bumrush was getting money on the hush, B
Keeping it real forever with my peoples working OT
Back in the seven, pick up the celly now I'm dialling F in
Put the volume up on BringIt, Legion getting in a
session
>From there to a Brucie tape, I'm almost on the fifth
An Uzi for my birthday, you know I shoot the gift
To a chickadee talking about she's wanting to get with
me
Hey, I look up the block and see Lord kicking it with E
Hon's like "I want you", better believe me, baby's
gonna got checked
I said "My memory's bad, honey, I just fucking forget
Plus I've found my one love now, hon, I'm going to jet
And if we ain't playing Shaka we're catching power
wrecks
Fucking it up in the BX, I see Chi flexing his dome
Good vibrations, rocking the nation as I represent my
home

[Chorus: Dres (Mr Lange) x2]

[Mr Lawnge]
To my man DJ Stan, Rajaski
And the whole Times family

[Dres]
Yo, Monty, Go-go, Big Sid from Madrid
Big Tom, and Rico, Conji, who loves you, baby

[Mr Lawnge]
DJ Craze, IBP
And the whole Mellow Zone family

[Dres]
Astoria projects, the Bland
The Bronx and Queens, NFL
Lafayette and Laurelton, man

[Mr Lawnge]
The Doughty clan, my peeps on Prospect
And to my brother down South, nuff respect

[Dres]
Benedecion, mija, Papi
My cousins Big F, Pote
Michael and Jerome

[Mr Lawnge]
To all my engineers
Native Tongue and Flavor Unit
Peace, man

[Dres]
One Love, Jennifer Perry
3D Entertainment, Jan and Morry
My Polygram fam
And my little cousins Angela and Ray

[Mr Lawnge]
Now all the people we forgot
I hope your ass didn't get shot, peace

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