

J-Wall

"Live From Pimp Palace East"

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F/ Al-Shide, Huggy

(What's your next assignment?
Crowd control
It means business
But not - repeat - not
If it means the destruction of the entire city of New
York)

(Alright everybody)

[Huggy]
No truth, there's only room for ads
Got so many rhymes, need to jot em down on
helicopter pads
Pluck silly mortals off of they barstools
(?) spot a Benz, left community service in a car pool
Elegant for delf, can't describe my flows
That's why hoes say he's somethin else
(Go on down and tell em) Huggy's rhymes stolen?
That's like seein a blackman in a Klan suit live rollin
Easter suits torn, Indian burns some Newports
You make as much noise as En Vogue without Dawn
Made three rights but still one left from wrong
Frame that ass with heroin and child porn
How it got there, nobody knows
I drink to get out of bed, that's how you know I'm drunk
at shows
(Yo Hug, we got space up in here)
That's aight, I'll take the stairs
Come in more colors than (?)
In the Bronx Blancino
Upstate white boy showin off my libido
Was here more than Killroy (Killroy)
You wouldn't bring lard to a Save the Whales protest
So don't bring icy rhymes if it's Hug in contest

(Here they are)
(Their names)
(J-Zone)
(Huggy Bear)

(Al-Shid)
(He was gonna whip my ass)
(I'm supposed to be impressed?)
(Put your money where your mouth is)
(Who is this muthafucka?)
(I have someone with me I'd like you ladies and gentlemen to meet)

[Al-Shid]
I send (?) to they oblivion
I done won mo' fights with these mics than the Heighs
got Dominicans
Y'all niggas take this rap shit loosely
Couldn't touch me even if I snuffed you and afterwards
said excuse me (my bad)
Cause my click spit clips till the delirious
Shit, I menopause you, they overdue when they quit
gettin periods
So we can slap box, either pack Glock, my rap rocks
Either way, y'all don't want it like a bottle of backwash
My whole click is dumbfound, mad deep and none
smile
Fuck around, we bring more hard time than Sundow
A bunch of while alcoholics
Keepin niggas on they toes like a bunch of midgets
pissin at a toilet
I seen players forfeit when they see Huggy and Shiddy
Cause we don't see eye to eye like Ray Charles and
Stevie
Believe me, when I roll your squad's foldin
What I produce'll have niggas sayin "Holy Shit!" like
God's calling

(Now, now, don't let me disrupt things)
(Who the fuck are you?)
(J-Zone, baby)

[J-Zone]
J-Zone, I got a up at chasin Napster for checks
Because I'm broker than James Evans with platinum
respect
So I'm swingin for the back fences till the downloading
stops
And pimp and rap (?) till I'm rich as Gary Coleman's
pops
(Yo, kids got dubs of your tapes givin you pounds,
man)
Tell em eat a dick until they give a nigga SoundScan
(Haha, aight) But let me flip the subject
To rappers rockin wife beaters and barely weigh a buck
wet

Y'all need to eat a steak or something, fuck it, put
some weight on
Saw _Menace_ and wanna get your Larenz Tate on
SP's to Cubase to Dr. Rhythm basics
With beats I sell fat cans of botulism cases
Punk, you must be dumb, that's a ass whippin in a can
And rubbers make me numb, so I can never be a
Minute Man
Crusin on a date, pumpin Bushwick Bill
And I'm over due for a shape-up but I push dick still
Best producer on the mic? Ah-ah, never claimed it,
money
Fuck it, I'ma be him though till someone come and take
it from me

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