

# J-Zone

## "Live From Pimp Palace East (Feat. Al-Shid)"

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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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