

J-Zone "Metrocard Millionaires"

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F/ Al-Shid, Huggy

(Yeah, I see some mo' low-lifeted muthafuckas over here
I know I didn't invite em, they must be party crashers)

(Who are you man?)

[J-Zone]

Zone come again, ain't a damn thing changed since the last EP
(No) Dad, padlock your daughter when her ass see me
40 Bottles of Whup Ass I sipped
Then pissed all over your whip for runnin your lip
(But did you do a freak show?)
Do I get groupies on lean or lease?
(But I thought you was my dog) Cool, not even Snoopy is paid
It's a Old Maid thing, you couldn't comprehend it
We do royalties like cokeheads, catch the E and we spend it
Fuck a Benz, if I pimp I keep my beat-up-ass Protege
Shit ain't got no rims, still pullin three hoes a day
Radiator leakin, in a week I got 21
Ain't no runnin game, I use threats and pull the ugly ones
Finger-fuck MPC's to pay Con Ed
I'm ambidextrous in case she don't give head
I'm down to play my part but I'm past tryin to save rap
Still holdin it down like Al-Shid in a wave cap

[Al-Shid]

See, I could care less, (?) to tear flesh
I still walk around bare-chest, not near vest
(Hell no)
Still doin me, still spit a murderous slang fluently
Tearin down joints like ligaments in Patrick Ewing's knee
Fuck who it be, y'all know the name, I'm not known to change
Shid's synonymous to Novacaine, won't expose the pain

No emotion in my soldier brain, I use the ink militant
And think like I drink - when it's real I'm spillin it
Shid's the most dilligent, with or without a million
shipped
I'm still killin it, fuck if y'all feelin it

The only reason y'all considered fans of stars
(Why is that?)
Cause the heavier the rotation the cooler we are

(Who are you anyway?)
(J-Zone)
(He's romantic)
(When I shoot the video my hoes'll busted)
(Ill)
(Al-Shid)
(He's rough)
(He's rugged)
(Smack the shit out you)
(Huggy Bear)
(He's dangerous)
(...popped to death with his own flashlihter)

[Huggy]
Huggy got problems deep-rooted
For what you talk it's assault and the battery's included
A two-bit MC with nothin to lose
There's six million ways to die and I won't even let you
choose
Defuse a bomb just to throw it at you
Slice your chest at the v-neck (?)
So what the fuck you spray?
Muthafuckas wanna stop the Old Maid
But losin (?) quicker than chickens at the Puero-Rican
gay parade
Watch me change shades when you rub me the wrong
way
Like sway I got you going home a long way

[J-Zone]
(?) with Monopoly dough
A dead rose and some fake-ass gold
For when she turn up her nose
I broke every rule of rappin, I'm still out to get paid
Rock a 'Fuck a Bath' fade and I'm still out the get laid
At a show Al-Shid's drinkin Screws by the sixes
Postin up stickers, gamin dumb chickens
Hug use the club for anything except rockin your wheel
Beats you with the (?) till you're droppin your steel
And dumb chicks get dissed in the crowd
(You really hurt her feelings) Dumb bitch, I'm allowed

And you say her man is dangerous? (Aiyo, they roll
mad strong)
Tell him go remove asbestos with no mask on

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