

Cannibal Corpse

"E.W"

Visit "[E.W](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

After the D there be the E and it suits me well
D-Sisive on Eglinton be the street where I dwell
The Westside is parallel where my legend propels
Also my brethrens as well, but it ain't hard to tell
Cause lyrically I'll be representing spots of all kinds
I drop dimes on any competitor trying to take mine
And when it's all said and done, and I possess the full
claim
I hit the soul train back to E.W. (my domain)
The home of insane crews paying dues and making
news bulletins
Ganja entrepreneurs, my street is full of them
And hooligans of all types avoiding sentences
Oriental men selling New York imported denim
It's heaven when I start walking my block, taking all the
sights in
I know I got the white skin, but I fit right in
And if you fighting, make sure you bring the right men
Cause from Marlee ave to York Quare, we got nothing
but titans
Ready to battle, with words mad provacotive
It all ain't positive, but living here is my perogative
So keep it on the hush for all the hesitating people
And check the unity at the Caribana pre-show

(Chorus)

The E.W.-

The streets where the po-po roam

It may not be much to others, but to brothers it's home

The E.W.

Let's make use of this coverage

And don't throw up the W without an E in front of it

I take a breath of fresh air and still be destined to get
there

Whether I'm at Glencairn or West of St. Clair

I still be close by wondering if my street's still operating

So I travel 32 bus lines straight throught the station

And staying connected like lmediat paging

Blazing up my quad, waiting for return calls from pay

phones

Y'all know the deal, if you don't ask my man Rhyno
He'll tell you E.W. rocks the spot (T-Dot)

(Rhyno)

Athletic sweaters have imbedded my chest
Claiming Eglinton West where the buddah gets blessed
Nevertheless, it's the place where my head takes rest
Multiplied drug sales til the cops get stressed
Understood it's my hood and I don't complain
Easy shopping when I'm rocking on the Keele domain
Simple and plain, we trying to get our blocks sewn
together
Throwing E.W. signs and sporting ECKO sweaters

(Chorus)

The E.W.-

The streets where the bashments play
And roots men work night and day to earn the fastest
pay

The E.W.

Let's make use of this coverage
And don't throw up the W without an E in front of it

For 18 plus years I be walking the streets clear
Of any beef, mad peace and hoping that it will increase
But when the beast gets there way, the peace is gone
away

And the pieces spray, leaving the peace a memory
It's a hard thing to say but they be always harassing
The DJ's clashing at local bashments in an orderly
fashion

Depriving our imagery while they physically
Sending our citizens through misery, it's killing me
So while we chilling, B, we gotta unify and skillfully
Try to get Snoop screaming out "EWC"

White pregnant bitches and clothes from Stitches
Running from 13th division

Through avenues and boulevards, pulling cards from
those not on the
blueprints

So get nyammed like Albert's with more cuts than
Loose Ends

My crew extends therefore I'm crazy true to say
That I'll forever be representing the E double vee

(Chorus)

The E.W.

The streets where the blocks are shaded
It ain't crew affiliated, but its our hood and we named it
The E.W.

The street where the po-po roam

It may not be much to others, but to brothers it's home
The E.W.
The street where the bashments play
And roots men work night and day to earn the fastest
pay
The E.W.
Let's make use of this coverage
And don't throw up the W without an E in front of it

Visit [Cannibal Corpse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.