

## **John Forte**

### **"Madina Passage"**

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featuring Jeni Fujita 20 Grand Baracus  
St. Nikolas Casino Red & El Harim

[Forte' Speaking]

The Madina Passage...  
Brooks Federation...  
John Forte' Jeni Fujita...

[Jeni Fujita Singing Chorus]

This town is too small for all y'all  
Where the streets are meaner  
This one's for everybody!  
This one's for everybody!

[Forte]  
Pikasoe meets Baracus!

[20 Grand Pikasoe Verse One]

This world is messed up  
So I lay back, and smoke a yeshca (?)  
'Til it burn my chest up, I'm stressed up  
From my toes, to my neck up  
It's all out, I seen niggas cook up  
In a small house, with the dogs out  
I know all about it, drugs, money, sex, even where the  
whores are routed  
Nothing's too small to doubt it  
The wolves feed upon us, so we walk the streets with  
honor  
Looking for heat that launches six shots and eat you  
harder

[Baracus]

We want acres of land, so we can plant our own weed  
crops  
52 states, we want green gaze and tree spots  
We want the better life, the mo' better cheddar life

I was a young thug when my momma threw me out  
Starvin' on the streets, the gods putting food in my  
mouth  
Taught me how to read and count  
Cook up coke, cut up dope and how to bag an ounce  
Me and my family coming to rob America blind,  
thugging since '89!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte' - Verse Two]

Yours truly, El Capitan...  
I don't small talk, y'all all walk  
We turn half them cats up into dodgers, like the  
ballpark  
Five-O drop charges,  
apply pressure the hardest, more than Japanese  
massages  
You need us, to roll mo'  
Cruise to homogenous  
You didn't list where you from, we Madinas  
You niggas speak on dough with no conception of what  
green is  
Momma Sheena's how homes get bought, vis-a-vis the  
Dow Jones  
Y'all rappers stuck on cow clones, like two tones  
We'll never match boss, at the cost, I'll fuck around and  
rip the patch off!  
My bitch's god-sent, my yacht-men, bigup to cassette  
At every soundset, I iron butts off, leaving the ground  
wet  
Y'all walking like you safe, you ain't outta town yet!  
It's for the inner-city block sitters, the glock spitters  
Niggas who used to pop - locks, and cops that wanna  
rock wit' us  
You wanna hear this like you dumb guys?  
Yo, hi! Most niggas is students to this, we alumni's!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte' ]

Nikki gunz, meets Casino Red....

[St. Nikolas - Verse Three]

Murderous, Brooklyn burglars, black rosary  
Known for making scott flees out of black hosery  
Do dirt, pull it over my face so you don't notice me  
Black Jesus, rockin' black cheeses  
Nikki Bonadon, grown scorpion

Travel on, trying to go platinum, in Brook-lawn!  
Shook ones, can't hold guns, better hold your tongue  
And grab a hang of this hear, out for the C.R.E.A.M. this  
year  
So light your clip, filled with rose hips to smoke it!

[Casino Red]

On Madina streets, Casino Red, Casino The Dread  
Roc-A-Feds of Brook-Lawn  
Crooks run out of the dead, bloodshed  
Bloody red rags and dog tags, automags flossed by  
cats  
In this game, put shine up for grabs  
I'm talking showtime, Madenic rhyme, high-crime rates  
escalate  
So play for high stakes, chasin' money and guns it  
must be my fate  
So keep the ones where they're safe!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte']  
El Harim, daddy goes....

[El Harim - Verse Four]

Disobeying all stops, word to my pops  
Do dirt and blame it on cops  
Red dot, aiming on cops  
Throw a drop, with the beast eight  
Release eight  
They hang the traitor body at the east gate  
I'm now a legitimate suspect  
Studying e-straight  
He can't breathe proper, cuz he eat steak  
Shit can fuckin'-fuckin' blow a beast 'way  
Man rolls, come to blow up east state  
My voice, echo through the valley  
The tec flow, through the valley  
Boom and bam...Hear my voice echo through the  
valley!  
Rose raise dead, from New York to Cali.  
I know you never heard-a--undefined priest capable of  
murder  
Whodini stylesque, escape a murder  
Got twice on the cross, now I rock ice on the cross  
Escape the death plot, it wasn't Christ on the cross!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 2 1/2 x & Fade

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