

**Lins Ivan****"QBX"**

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{Tommy Gibbs}

Times be desperate, spit ya best shit  
In this business, on some life or death  
I've been high in these streets, cried in these streets  
Willing, but I'm trying not to die on these streets  
Got my mind on my stack, vibe on a track  
Hang with them cats that twist niggas back  
Gibbs moves state to state, cakin a stash  
I sware, trying to watch them there, don't wanna crash  
Destination far, got killas in the car  
Minute we touch down, niggas know who we are  
Bubble in the spot, till it get too hot  
And then we blowin that one horse town back on the  
block  
In the mix, my click stay back to back  
We gon' the metal clap, till the shit jump back  
Guarantee to get wet, when my bronze connect  
Make moves when it's on, straight bomb ya set

Chorus 2x: Both

Gibbs and Tariq

Got ya scared to speak  
Cuz when it pop, ya might not drop  
But you gon leak  
Ready to die, two of the best from NY  
Niggas feelin theyselves, it's welcome to try

{Lord Tariq}

The name of the father, son, holy ghost and spirit  
If it's rhymes, I'mma spit it, Dutch, I'mma split it  
Cash we gonna get it, Coke money to credit, we do it to  
debt it  
These rules and bet it, Loan to Tommy Gibbs,  
by any means get cream  
Nigga mob we is, BX to Queens  
Give a fuck about the set you screen, the set you ream  
Cuz when I wave this motherfuckin tech you lean  
Logic, we in it for the prophet  
Won't stop less the barricade, the white stone and cars  
lit  
Hot shit, we spit, got shit to get

Doin are own thing, 90 in a slow lane  
Smoke the cocaine, trying to own things  
In a Jag, bumpin Cuban, you own grown things  
Two of the illest niggas, ain't shit gon' change  
For this paper, I split ya brains, so get your things

Chorus 2X

{Tommy Gibbs}

Bet it all on we, watch us push red line on these niggas  
Bring the whole squad, go hard on these niggas  
Ain't thinkin bout the law, just walk up to they door  
Beat them to the jaw, heat them to the floor  
Stop till they drill and they wrists is locked  
Funny how they ain't go no more shit to pop  
Make it hot for the paper, you drop for the paper  
Run up in your spot, twin glocks for the paper

{Lord Tariq}

Drug caper in the rap game, quick to pull a swami  
Met up with my O.Y.G. niggas in Miami  
Die for the cause together nigga we family  
They can't stand me, thugs up for a Grammy  
Feds wanna snatch me, they caught works and scriptures  
Think I don't see them in the club takin pictures  
Call the phone, hang up, times they say "We gonna get ya"  
If the studios bugged, with all respect  
Get off my dick son

Chorus 2X

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