

## Live

# "Green Island"

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Motherfuckin, ladies and gentleman  
My style's rugged like Timberland  
When I clock lyric then women give me more love than  
Wimbledon  
My style flow local like New Jersey transit  
And I can't stand it  
And you'll need Teddy to unjam it when I cram it  
I'm from N-to-the-E  
W-A-R-K, Newark NJ got the AK  
When I wave bitch you better say heeyyyyyyyyy  
I'm a Kid From the Hall  
I got big balls to make your pussy walls dribble in my  
drawers  
Hey boy this is the way the East coast swing it so bring  
it  
Man I told you ass Brown-er than James with the Sex  
Machine shit  
I keep the chronic patrol on the road  
in case you're wondering why I keep my izm  
Cause I smoked everybody else's shit up  
My style's the ultimate funk when I mic checka  
One two checka  
And I give effects to niggaz with my Black and Decker  
So check the, manuscript, man you flipped  
Put it down if you can't handle it  
Got a B-R-C-G, Blunt Rollers College Graduate  
I got a degrees in Physics on how high I can get  
Then next I check how many niggaz that can die from  
my Tec  
Cause the N-E-W-A-R-K is where the niggaz robbin and  
stealin  
and fuckin niggaz everyday  
Now Jersey's on max so pass the dutchie on the  
lefthand side  
Hide the hidash, in case we cridash, in my ride  
So, sliiiiide, before I call the medics  
You can bet bitch you couldn't get fly if you were FedEx  
Can I, drop the funk on ya, run it on ya  
Strong as ammonia, smell it from here to California  
Cause Reggie Noble dropped that cock named Noble at  
Sunoco

I'm better than rice and beans when I rock you ocho to  
ocho  
My music more underground than a kid at 300 XL  
Convertible, fuel-injected, that's why my style's well-  
respected  
I'm dope on the ridealz, so fidealz, on my didealz  
And chumps are wondering what two niggaz dropped  
the funk funk

Verbally you never heard of me I smoke you third  
degrees  
and cause surgery for emergency  
cause Reggie Noble's known like burglary  
I get hot busted when I dip my nuggets  
Hey, if it take a million niggaz to stop it just like Chuck  
did  
Cause we run around Newark with the nine cock  
Keep it heated for the brothers that's not off my block  
And if ya don't know the flavor, be a tough guy and  
enter  
So go show you more nigga events than Jacob Jaffrey  
center  
I'm genuine, to the rhyme, get your canines  
Cops that got the hot glock stocked for when it's  
playtime  
I rock around the Robin TWEET TWEET on the calendar  
Cause you couldn't pull my number if your class major  
was Algebra  
I make bitches moan to my Stallone without Sylvester  
Cause I'm more deadlier than a whole school system of  
investors  
So check us, I always smoke mad blunts before  
breakfast  
Cause I, Get Around like 2Pac with Poetic in my Justic  
Hold tight, hold tight, everybody hold tight  
I'm sooper like my man cat, cause I keep my styles jam  
packed  
I wrreerawwwowwww like Anthrax, split my pants like Bill  
Bixby  
You could tell the tracks was fat from the work of my  
MP-60  
I smoke the chronic that's why my sinus always fucked  
up  
Them bones, them bones, them bones will have you  
fucked up  
I blaze blunts with my nigga Mellow, yo say hello  
(Yo whattup dogg?)  
Really, now pass the second blunt to Quilly

Now sit your big ass down cuz I don't know about this  
rap stuff

There wasn't rap when I was pickin cotton, sayin massa  
Y'all y'all whippersnappers, with the caps on backwards  
Man, y'all fuck around with Quilly I kick a bone out yo'  
ass quick

Watch out now, I ain't bullshittin  
I representin the oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-G's from forty-three  
goddamnit  
And if you keep on with that dirty mistreatin  
I'm gonna whoop your ass, til your heart stop beating

And yo, chronic bubonic the funky bionic  
you find it I'll have to rewind it where minds are blinded  
Time 4 Sum Aksion so time to find it  
I smoked out like a cookout, look out my dick's out  
That was last album when I was bouncin on trains like  
Malcolm  
I was hiiiiigh, I thought I wouldn't survive  
That's why I quit my nine to five and got live  
Because this hip-to-the-hop shit fills my pockets  
And I'm Audi for ninety-four because I already got my  
props  
Hoes, hoes, and more hoes...

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