

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz "Cross Bronx Expressway"

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[Lord Tariq]

Yea, yea, one more time
Seventies shit, got the lean
Shit is leanin, it's to the left
It's just leanin, dribblin
Like he gave it a bag of dugy
Or a bag of that Tango and Cash
It's just leanin and shit, seventies (The Lord Tariq)

Aiyyo I been through many places
Done many things
Seen the eyes of many faces
From New York to Texas
To the faces on Rolexes
Not a racist or sexist
And the best is the Lord, none the less is Gunz
Nothin less than a Lexus
Bubble eye with V-V-S's
Trouble minds and troubled times
Stacks, I'm tryin to double mine
I'm in a six wit double dimes and a couple of nines
Me and tracks back to back, circle the block a couple of
times
And we searchin for this nigga to try
I'm bubblin mine
If we don't get him now then we will in due time
I bust enough shots to kill him two times, I do crimes
I get caught then my mind's defendin my son's rhymes
Cause my thoughts stay runnin like thugs from one-
time
I been through it under the influence
Bustin off I'm runnin into it
See me say he didn't do it
Put the nine to his mind and blew it
Cause some times I lose it give me a gun and I'll abuse
it
Puffin with my family, my bitch, my money or my music
Makin killas say he's too sick when he do shit
But I'm on some new shit, and it's too late the fuse lit
I treat my nine like a new bitch
And the shit do kick, word

Chorus: Lord Tariq

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand
Soundview, Monroe, Castle Hill, Bronx Dale
Rose Dale, Academy, Lafeyette, Cozy

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand
Commonwealth, Theriott, White Plains, Randall
Omestead, Bointain, Colgate, Watson

[Fat Joe]

Play rap loud, politickin business
Wit the crack crowd, fact file, funny how I never seen a
rat smile
My last trial's one of the reasons why I rap now
But still could blaow any nigga actin irate now
Fuckin with me's worse than duckin police
After puffin some trees I'll probably be abductin your
niece
Murderin beats since the days of permanent crease
Been around the block seen grams converted to keys
Aah Cartagena, breaks hearts in Argentine
My misses slugs to love me, my wife act like Anita
Terror Squad'll die for the cause even if it means
blowin up things
And takin over City Hall
My shit is raw straight from the Panama shores
If the feds can't catch me then they make up a law
Can't take it no more, niggas is fake to the core
My state pen friends'll leave you broken negative nore
Bet it all on the Terror Squad click from Forrest
Real Bronx niggas that's heartless that spark shit
Regardless, niggas shouldn't have tried that shit
That's why mothafuckas gotta die like this

Chorus: Fat Joe

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand
Forest, Melrose, McKinley, the boulevard, Washington
Paterson, Broadland

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand
Brook Ave., Cryprus, Hunt's Point, Saint John, Little Vil.
Trinity, Creston, Walton

[Peter Gunz]

I had a dream that a team had a scheme keepin the

beam

On my head like a infrared he's dead, but I redeem

Now I'm back nigga, it's on nigga

Run nigga, Joe nigga, Pun nigga, Lord nigga

Gunz motherfuckers ain't really knowin I'm really goin

And feelin I'm showin that my main objective is Benz

and Lexuses

Cop Rolexes, get bigot in Texas

So fierce bitches they be callin me exorcist

Far from a devil, Im God I mean I'm Gunz

And I shine like sun, rhyme like none, find my gun

Got beef with this nigga with hits and shit

Chips and shit, run around here switchin shit

Tellin people don't play that, you gotta play this

Tellin school you ain't sayin that, you gotta say this

You can't wear that, you gotta wear this

Well hear this, I'll go in yo chest and leave you earless,

fearless

The only thing between us if you stop my cream

Is a glock nineteen, and I'ma pop like steam

Tryin to stop me and mine from eatin you need a

doctor

With a hundred gauze pads nigga to stop you from

leakin

And a prayer from the deacon as you weaken

And words from the Funkmaster Flex dogs shouldn't

have been reachin

There's only one Gunz, from what it's worth

That's me, that's it, buryin shit, right in the earth

Chorus: Peter Gunz

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man

On the West side of town with a gun in my hand

74th, Vice Ave. Bryant, Longfellow, Hope Ave.

Crotona Park, Boston Road, Prospect

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man

On the West side of town with a gun in my hand

Lambert, Tremont, Concourse, Jerome Ave.

3rd Ave., Hogdan, Webster, Simpson

[Big Punisher]

Yo we the Bronx avengers

Partners in these peelan adventures

We the monster niggas in your dreams that be stompin

ya senseless

So be conscious of us, if you march against us I'ma call

my gentas

And you nondescriptors gonna have to face the

consequences

We large placentas and you small change
Hittin niggas long range, wrong gauge
Leavin niggas John Blaze
Crime pays if you nice with yours
The Bronx is where you fight for yours
Ice across, slice cigars, light cigars
All day, wylin freestylin in the hallways
Broadway ain't got more drama than Watson off a card
game
This ain't the old days shorties was bustin, ain't no
fuckin jokin
Some nigga called me a German, I had to bust him
open
My brothers holdin me down with heavy artillery
Chevies and Willies be chilin in front of every facility
Joey from Trinity so he raps Forrest
You could save the best for us
But you still better place your bets on us
The Bronx baby, where the best get blown
My restin zone, come on nigga test your throne
I'm blessed with chrome, so leave your vest at home
I don't aim for the chest bitch, strictly necks and domes

Chorus: Big Punisher

I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens
Runnin up in your spot with a mack in my hand
Pure energy, checkmate, Blue Thunder, Obsession
Pulp Fiction, Purple Rain, Punisher, South side

I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens
Runnin up in your spot with a mack in my hand
A-T-L, L-A, Chicago, Detroit, D-C, Carolinas, Boston, N-Y

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