

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz "Deja Vu"

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New York to the heart but got love for all
Lie and die in the fire where I learned to ball
Uptown is the place where I lay my dome
On the streets of the Bronx where my family roam

Hoe, damn it, we home, Peter got a nine millimeter
Playa haters can feel the flame from my heater
I never really liked to play a fool like that
But I love to succeed and see foes fall flat

Splat like Deja Vu
And I got another clip that'll daze y'all crew
I sip Cristal, Don P, Mo' with pistol
Just 'cause I'm pissy, don't mean you should mis doubt

Keep 'em near da fifties and hundreds all arranged
Anything less than that, you keep the change
Not filthy rich but bitch, I'm barely broke
Blessed with flows that keep you hooked like dope

Friends call me Gunz, sons call me Trife
'Cause I'm quick to slide off and slide this dick up in
your wife
And that's life, you should learn how to treat her
I guarantee, Peter knows how to eat her and beat her

Niggaz in the Bronx call me Lex
'Cause I push a Lex and I rock a Rolex
And I lounge on Lex' and I love sex
And I wave techs on sets that be tryin' to flex
Like Dex, nigga, God rest your soul
But when you're playin' cards for Gunz, it ain't time to
fold, hoe

New York niggaz got crazy game
But outta town niggaz is all the same
Brooklyn niggaz get crazy loot
That's because when it's beef, they ain't scared to
shoot

Harlem niggaz know how to play
Mack the 600, gettin' crazy pay

Niggaz outta Queens got shit on lock
Strapped with the glock, runnin' up in yo' spot

But if it wasn't for the Bronx
This rap shit probably never would be going on
So tell me where you from? Uptown, baby, uptown,
baby
We gets down, baby, up for the crown, baby
We gets down, baby, up for the crown, baby

Yo, the RM 80 is parked in the lot
Right next to the Mercedes, keep the heat cocked
For these blocks that are shady, you're crazy if you
walk around
Thinking shit's gravy, stop me? Maybe

I'm livin' life lawless, makin' big investments
On them 8 class flawless and hoes call us
I'm comfortable like Ricarro, two quarters of my life
Walkin' roads, type, narrow, deep thoughts which I
abide by

Puffin' high, got my mind's eye, points sharper
Than an arrow gettin' high, keep your eye on the
sparrow
Riches like the Pharaoh, bought a new five
With the snitches for these hoes, trunk full of ammo

Keep my toast closer than most niggaz keep they own
shadow
And I strap for my foes like a saddle
I rock stones, other niggaz rock gravel
Talk shit? Whatever have you, I'm from Soundview

Bronx most wanted, front get confronted
Playa, we rollin' deep in the one point five hundreds
Like Big I., red eyed, mad blunted
You step outside and get blooded, have your whole
block flooded

With the Bronx, it's a warnin', stormin' guns out
From, 'Dusk Til Dawn' and it's on, no doubt
Keep a eye on yo' bitch when I'm roamin' about
And put a eye on yo' lip, nigga, watch yo' mouth
I'm from the Bronx, wipe yo' feet when you step in my
house
'Cause you'se a small-time nigga, 'bout a half an ounce
now

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Peter Gunz like what? The Lord Tariq is like what?
Soundview like what? One-seventy-fourth like what?
Money Boss like what? The Gun Runners like what?
And KNS like what? And Uptown like what?

Shaolin, play, play on
Strong Isle, play, play on and a
Mt. Vern, play play on
And Yonkers, play play on and a
Puttin' it down for N.Y., ya know what I mean?
N.Y. and world wide

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