

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz "Make It Reign"

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Intro: 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)

Verse 1: Lord Tariq

Ayo 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 B-B-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 a 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 definidin 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 to 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, Randoo
Omestead, Bointain, Colgate, Watson

Verse 2: Fat Joe

Play rap loud, politician 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 irrat' 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
Forrest, Melrose, McKinley, the Boulevard, Washington
Madison, 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

Verse 3: 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 mothafuckas ain't really knowin I'm really goin
And feelin I'm showin that my main objective is Benz
and Lexuses
Cop Rolexses, 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
174th, Vice Ave., Briant, Long Fellow, Ho Ave.
Platona 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, Schremont, Concourse, Jerome Ave.
3rd Ave., Hogdan, Webster, Simpson

Verse 4: 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'm a 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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