

Curtis Stigers

"Symphony"

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[Parrish Smith]

Huh, Erick Sermon, EPMD, check it, M.O.P.

Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats

Hold me down, hold me down *echoes*...

[PMD] Yeh.. Erick Sermon.. EPMD.. check it

[E-Dub] Redman.. Method Man.. Lady Luck.. Def Jam

[PMD] Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats

Hold me down, hold me down (*echoes*)..

Uhh.. yo!

I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time to shine

I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for mine

Ill cat, slick talk, slang New York

To break it down to straight English, what the fuck you want?

Remember me? You punk faggot crab emcee

Get your shit broke in half for fuckin around with P

Aiyyo strike two, my style Brooklyn like the Zoo

Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through

Word is bi-dond, rock Esco, FUBU, and Phat Fi-darm

Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the gridiron

I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel

We keeps cool, no need for static, I strap tools

[M.O.P] Next up!

[E-Dub] Yo I believe that's me

[PMD] Yo, get on the mic and rock the Symphony

[Erick Sermon]

Yo P!

Time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot

Makin necks snap back, like a slingshot

E hustle, and muscle my way in

then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazin

Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it

Then leave them like -- who done it?

Sucka duck, I do what I feel right now

When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, "Wow!"
YO! I get looks when I'm in the place
That's that nigga, makin you +Smile+ with Scarface
Uhh, +It Ain't My Fault+, that my style Silkk enough to
Shock ya
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial
Be +Downtown Swingin+, M.O.P. style

[M.O.P. & ES] NEXT UP!

[Billy Danze] Yo I believe that's me

[ErickSermon] Yo (Danze) get on the mic and rock the
Symphony

[Billy Danze]

Say hello to the devil Danze'll kick
Whenever tragic hit, It's (E)(MO-PMD) blastin shit
Put in work in this cold game
Soldier *echoes* I use work as code name
Told ya, line em up its Soul Train
(B-r-r-r-r-ra!) And I give em the whole thing
My family has been trained, to swat em if they blast it
Hit em and make em do a gimme backflip (bad shit)
I'm donatin a casket
We have raised hell in midtown and gunned down in
traffic
(Tell em what you sayin) Get the bozac
Before I tear your maggot ass flat (BOOM BOOM)
They're back

[M.O.P.] NEXT UP!

[L Fame] Yo I believe that's me

[BDanze] (Fame!) Get on the mic for the Symphony

[Lil' Fame]

For gettin the real, straight from B'Ville
Motherfuckers don't like Fame cause I'm not cream
filled
I feel what I speak so I speak what I feel
Sleep and I will, reap and I kill
Motherfuck (who know) jump out a HUGO
Open up your back with a mac, UNO UNO
Ghettoville nigga, I break all laws
Drink brews, curse out bitches, and piss on walls
This rap game is a street game now, the game
switched
Rappers are gettin killed now with the same shit
I ain't no motherfuckin role model, kids don't follow
Cause I'ma hit this bitch full throttle
The type to RAISE UP 5-0 in your lobby
Rap is my religion, yeah, bitin is a hobby

Show love when you meet us, its love when you greet
us
Or THE FIRST FAMILY will come kill you with the heaters
BLAH *echoes*

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