

## **Tariq Lord**

### **"Deja Vu"**

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[Peter Gunz]

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 fa-mi-ly 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, Dom P, Mo' with pist-al  
Just cause I'm pissy, don't mean you should misdoubt  
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, ho

Chorus: Peter Gunz, Lord Tariq (two parts)

[Peter Gunz]

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

[Lord Tariq]

But if it wasn't for the Bronx  
this rap shit probably never would be going on  
so tell me where you from?  
PG: Uptown baby, uptown baby  
PG: We gets down baby, up for the crown baby  
(repeat 2X)

[Lord Tariq]

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 Ri-carro, 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 pharoahe, 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 youse a small-time nigga, bout a half an ounce  
now

Chorus

Outro: Lord Tariq, Peter Gunz

Uh, Peter Gunz like what  
Uh, The Lord Tariq is like what  
Uh, Soundview like what  
Uh, one-seventy-fourth like what

Uh, Money Boss like what  
Uh, The Gun Runners like what  
Uh, and KNS like what  
Uh, and Uptown like what

Shao-lin, 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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