

## **Tariq Lord**

### **"Deja Vu Uptown Baby"**

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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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