

Dj Envy

"Grand Theft Audio"

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(feat. Fabolous, Joe Budden, and Paul Cain)

[Fabolous]

Yeah, uh huh, uh, uh
Ghetto! Oh yeah
Please believe it, believe it please
Uh, Desert Storm, okay, that's right, uh
Street Family, yeah
They call me G-H-E-T-T-O

[DJ Envy - overlapping Fabolous intro]
New Fabolous, Paul Cain, Joe Buddens
This shit's called Grand Theft Audio
C'mon maan!

[Fabolous]

The kid's usually armed
Especially since I put canary jewels in the charm and a
mule on my arm (Yeah!)
And find who you fools wanna harm
Make sure ya kids wear a vest underneath they school
uniform (C'mon)
The pound slugs look like combos
A couple in the face will make celebrities look like John
Doe's (Who dat?)
I'll show ya'll what the X7 look like almost (Yeah)
Private jet interiors that look like condos
Ya security look like Arnold
But he never had so many stitches in his head, they
look like cornrows (Uh ugh)
Two long Desert Eag's, four on the chest
It feel like you got no shirt in the Tuscon desert heat
Crib got large screen cinema, garage look similar
To looking in a Dupont registry
I'm assuming you cats spread rumors like that
'Cause you never seen ya moms speak wit a aluminum
bat
Ghetto

[Joe Budden]

OK thugs, call the troops, tell them load they slugs

(Buddens)

In the closet is the long nose and O.J. gloves
I don't care what type burner ya using
Gangsta it out, let's put the heat down, do some
furniture moving
Look, tried and acquitted
Rap suckers, all ya lives I lived it, remember I'm the guy
that did it
Who drives the 6's? Dogs, you can't ball out
No matter how much you customize ya Civics
Block work, glock work, give him CPR
(For what?) For trying to play his A-dat in a VCR
Keep on following Scarface, I'm plotting a car chase
Stop! It's Jumpoff wit Desperado's guitar case
I ain't gotta call on hounds (Why?)
When ya guns is like the last Lennox Lewis fight, short
on rounds
I'm used to dra-ma, ride wit the tool and hammer
All you young rap dudes is bammers

[Paul Cain]

Don't let me out of my cage, the world ain't ready for
Cain
The black talons and the calico confetti ya brain
I rock Lacosta, the kid wit the roaster is back
No top, sitting on 20's opposed to them black
Hang rappers from helicopters, Sosa of rap
I don't talk, I pull toasters, approach ya, and clap
I still hustle coca and crack
Just got in the game and already platinum posters and
plaques
I don't write, I speak what I feel
And pop off po's dog, I don't need a reason to kill
I'm like 2 weeks from a deal, like 2 g's from a mil
Right hand, few feet from the steel
They wonder how I flow so strong
'Cause I live what I spit, my smallest hammer is a 44
long
I spit pain rap, when Cain clap, duck for cover
Hot hanger, torch ya girl, and pluck ya mother
Always ready to clash wit titans
And the princesses in my watch look like a flash of
lightning
Same box I got for the gun you stash ya ice in
Make niggas sell they soul and cash they life in
Motherfucker!

[DJ Envy]

People's choice
Don't forget Desert Storm
My man Kah, Paul Cain, Fabolous, Joe Buddens

Fat shout
Varcity clothing line
My man James A.D
Desert Storm mixtape Volume 1 Blok Party
You know!

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