

Nana

"Straight From L.I.P"

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Chorus: [M=Mighty Ha][Y=Yogi][C=Chadeeo]
[M] Straight from L.I.P., he be we be actin foul
[Y] I'm from the isle
[C] I'm from the isle
[M] To the ghetto niggas and the kids on lock down
[C] I'm from the isle
[Y] I'm from the isle

[Yogi]
Aiyo we make it go whoo! like Pete Rock at the track
The C R U uptown attack
Scandalous from here to Now Just
Back up to the isle where it's ill like dust
Now who's rollin thru?
And yo who fucks with Cru?
And yo who got bamboo?
Aight blow the Lydians, gets the blunts and some brew

[Chadeeo]
Yo I be in the staircase drinkin biz
Smoke pass while I freestyle for my peers
Thought play ya front, with cars in they peeps
Peeps askin me for new Cru treats
Junk like a skunk, mad wet, no doubt
Go see my joint, get they back blownd out
Place L.I.P. the name Lafayette
Lock it to ya brain, so ya never forget

Chorus 2X

[M] Comin from L.I.P., keep it real
[Y] And ya don't stop
[C] And ya don't stop
[Y] And ya don't stop

[Y] If you buffin
[M] Shippin
[Y] If you rollin
[M] Rollin
[Y] If you smokin
[M] Smokin

[Y] If you hit it
[M] Pass it

[Yogi]
Yo inhale the blunts that I got from Havana
I'm waitin till the tale like Burnaby in Tavana
Toast with this butter, go to cook this
To have ya head bobbin like a hunch born uckin

[Chadeeo]
Yo it's the Island were Urban Knights dwell
Few blocks from the number six train 'L'
Can be a good stay in the hood way
Or the fun can turn to guns and it could spray
But that's the way of the concrete jungle
Walk humble, ya be ready to gun bumble
Cuz it's real like that, all around
And the same thing applies when ya come to my town

Chorus 2X

[Mighty Ha]
It ain't gonna rain no more no more, it ain't gonna
rain no more [2X]
Knock knock on the door, it's the Mighty Ha
The one that bring the hooks with the rugged and the
raw
I rest in L.I.P., and to my props
Bring more noise to chip ??
Check it, word one two check it
Have ya head noddin and for bag in the deck
In the Bronx, L.I.P. back to rocks
Bounce to the ash, like the Atlantic ??
Chillin with boricua sittin in Ferico
Oh shit, now I'm dito
Shot to the head, butter lingo
See low, head crack, L.I.P. hit bingo

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