

Peter Gabriel

"The Foundation"

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[Verse 1]

When there's beef whoo I come through with the cray
troops
Rip up your fucking legs turn them jeans to daisy dukes
Spray your trucks, spray your coops, spray your
Kawasaki bikes
Starting hockey fights - Tyson lefts Rocky rights
Your moms a khaki dyke, your father dress in drag
Stick out his chest and brag how he molest a fag
like father like son
bet you rock Victoria Sec's sit on the toilet then leak
and take it raw up your cheeks
tonight I might just take a buddha spot
Dread better take me to the pot
ain't no killer I just shoot alot
I ain't no boxer I just punch alot
jabbing niggas in they belly's got them spitting up they
lunch alot
fuck a Merry Christmas
yo thats the terror day
my father was murdered that night so I don't celebrate
If santa hit my chimney with them bozo clothes
Ima make the .44 blow
fill his fat ass full of holes holes holes

[Chorus]

why you play
knowing that my style is Y2K
you can die today
nigga there's a price to pay
fight for game
we could bounce from night to day
cause only one of us is leaving alive, ok?

[Big Pun]

Who wanna wrestle Chris a.k.a. Pun the exorcist
Your neck can twist like an owl
when I piledrive its effortless
who next to get suplexed off the roof ledge
20 feet in the ground
pass the blueprints

life's long
but cut it off short trying to fight strong
you soft think you can handle the force of the 24 inch
pythons
strike one, I cut out your eyes and leave you Ray
Charles
strike two, you outta here nigga, this ain't baseball
it's hardcore - for my street rapping outlaws
quick to clap something
but rather go out for the South Bronx
South Bronx niggas got it tone
I shoved the shotty chrome up a nigga ass
stuck a motherfucking maricon cause daddy's home
Kids, don't make me lie to you
Cause everybody can die right now, mami too

[Chorus 2x]

[Sunkiss]

Aiyyo I respect ho's who scam food stamps, wics and
shit
also work a nine-to-five driving whips and shit
gasing niggas for their chips and shit
?? laps tops getting over on some offense em shit
you might think I be promoting this songs here for the
selling
how we live
some work, some are career felons
we laugh at house-a-dity ho's and niggas geling not
conceded
but Ill show you the feist that reduce the swelling
when my moneys involved, yo anybody's for the
snaking
some niggas who may think is yo fams, the ones thats
faking
Lemme find out, dadd'ys stealin my bacon
you see me pull a .9 and start poppin like I'm Turbo
from "Breakin'"
I had that cat folding, rolling aces no faking
Talk this, dump him in the furnace in the basement
with no traces
Im a hit em first then pay off a witness to spit a verse
to get rid of his dental work
do ya'll niggas think it will work
well ima make ya'll believers cause
I'll be damned cuz moneys comin up short like the
Keeblers
I make ya'll feel in some breathers
see Sherrif with the heaters
six in your piece
leave the shells line your toes like Adidas

this nigga is off the meters
yric glocks, gunnin dem down
too many Big and Pacs running around
its just me and the 400 pound
Sunkiss with original sounds
repping the Bronx, huh
you know we mean now

[Chorus]

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