

20 Fingers Feat. Juliette

"Underground Life"

Visit "[Underground Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[INTRO: Fat Joe]

Yeah, yeah
Gettin dirty, y'all
A.G.
Party Arty
D Flow
Joe the don
Terror Squad

Yeah
What's fuckin with that?

[VERSE 1: A.G.]

I hit the block and stop hoes with the drop Rolls
Flaco got those hot hoes to stop flows
Out for the nachos, knock em out if it's macho
Then head to Rascoe's for chicken and waffles
These chickens that I know be callin me Pablo
Cause they think that I know the lingo, but I don't
Hi ho, only pick chicks that swallow
These bullets are hollow, where I aim they follow
I spit murder to get further, haters can't hurt us
Me and Tone flipped burgers to buy clips for burners
Ignore you cats with the boring tracks
16 bars, that's trap, 5 grand, won't even call you back
Send you a fax and call you wack
Andre The Giant is tall as Shaq
But I was born to rap
And 5-60's what I'm wearin, they never seen a drop
Hummer
That's why they starin, multi-mill by next summer
Is how I'm feelin, blow the tec
Soak em wet, no respect, Flow is next

[VERSE 2: D Flow]

I keep dimes, while y'all niggas floss with cheap shines
I make a rapper leak rhymes, spit flames each time
It's D Flow, I burn cats with 3 lines
My niggas blow it up throwin up G.D. signs
Blunted from 'dro, my niggas cop Hummers in gold
Gun to your do', y'all niggas don't want it with Flow

Son spit awesome, see me in a 6 with a bitch flossin
Before the blitz caution niggas put up chips and lost
em
I'm feelin tense, see, fuck around and get drenched,
gee
You ten speed, I'm like a banshee
Don't bet against me
'74, bury me or die now, nigga
Man down, nigga, cause you couldn't hold it down,
nigga
Found niggas in the back with the rats, shot up
Said he died instant, they could tell he never got up
Finished product, gold and platinum shit, clap at your
click
Now you're stranded in the back of the bricks
We be the Black Mob, and it's D Flow the rap arson
Hate a nigga stuntin, frontin like he want a problem

[CHORUS: Fat Joe]

Yo, from the Bronx to Harlem
You can catch us in a Aston Martin
Switchin lanes with three dames on the way to Carbon's
You niggas starvin, me and G.D. about to shift the
market
And flip and hit your squadron
Yo, you know that shit that you be spittin don't sound
tight
You recognize when we be comin to your town, right?
Hit em up, split em up with the pound twice
Terror Squad gettin dirty, Underground Life

[VERSE 3: Party Arty]

Fuck rappin, I said what I had to say
Y'all niggas get blast away, then pass away
The feds wanna put my ass away
Straight haters, but I'm The Greatest like Cassius Clay
(I was) sippin on a glass of 'zÃ©
Earlier took your girl to a matinÃ©
(And I) (got that ass today, what, what, what)
Y'all niggas rappin gay
Need to go back and pray
C.L.K. black and gray
And y'all niggas don't really want the gats to spray
You might get hit this time when I spit this rhyme
I'm gonna shit this time, like diarrhea, keep the nine
near
You fuckin with Party Arty, the pioneer
(G.D.) My crew behind me, strip clubs where you can
find me
Bout to take over like Guilliani
Against Illuminati since I was usin puddies

To when I was a youth and rowdy
Then I learned to use the shotie

[CHORUS]

Visit [20 Fingers Feat. Juliette](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.