

Procol Harum

"Three"

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Yo dun we got guns in the grass
Its three at night
I'm about to take the last swallow of the EZus Jesus
Who got fifty on the next tree
We gotta stop at the store
We need D batteries for the theme music
Snatch the biscuits from out the lawn
Fuck a cab lets take cracked out Yolanda's Saab
We gave that bitch two wibbles
And skated off the a vehicle for that pillow
All outside the borough dun
What happened to Queens like Sutphin and 121
Farmers and 116th
The got us on the BQE
Just to get a taste of that greenery
We took our smoke out to Coney Island posted up by
the Himalaya
Pina Colada Champales mixed with Dainey
That's St. Ides in dun lingo
Spillin it on the floor for our dead people
While I spark the sequel
My niggas got lungs
When we smoke that shit only go around once
Dogs we just killin time
Somebody just got they shit twist on the block fucking
up the grind
So til it pipe down
We just going at the sluts
Bitch we wanna fuck right now

Cormega
Son I'm on a bench high eatin chicken wings and french
fries
A crackhead fuck spent his last bucks on six dimes
I'm one gram from big time a spliff away from
overdosin
My heart is broken my man started smokin again
P I heard the tunnel open again
I spoke to Flex he said he's gonna let both of us in
Its time to load up the autos and semis
I wish my nigga Spank was in the physical form of life

I got my uptown Nikes thugged out and icy
Mad deep
Jumpin out the cocaine white Jeep
Through with strugglin so I resume hustlin
Rap game or crack game my crew is still bubblin
Yo three in the morning and them Ds on the corner still
Seems we was born to kill
Yo P meet me on the hill
So we can jet through Queens in SUVs
And show these motherfuckers how we rep this thing
Ya know

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