

A Jugend - Tsg Kirchhellen

"Peace Akki"

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In the name of Allah.. Al' Tariq..
(?) abduallah.. God Connect y'all..

[Al' Tariq]

What? Uhh, this how you do (this how you do)
This how you do it (this how you do it nigga)
This how you do it, uhh, uhh
Like Mike Jordan on this one (like this, it be fat)
Like Mike Jordan on this one (comin at'cha, we comin
at'cha)
Like Mike Jordan on this one
Like Mike J, nigga take it away

[Psycho Les]

Straight out the ruggedest streets
we bless you with the ruggedest beats
To bang speakers through the metro got you petrol
Once my tec blow, hollows at yo' project-o
Your heartbeat, go from (?) garden, to techno music
Especially the old loud music
Chop it and make hits and bounce
Itto ghetto way Buick with a forty ounce, between the
laps
Makin cream off raps, we display, con dis way

[Al' Tariq]

I bust these chickens like they clips, live fat as Jimmy
Walker
The stalker, speak this new talker native New Yorker
Straight out the Q-Boro, my shit thorough
Like ki's of uncut, raw nut up in yo' gut
Say what, say what, say WHAT? My blue steel lethal
plus my peoples, rollin two deep, there ain't no equal
Ain't no sequel to this horrifyin, stars are dyin
I peeped you in that show nigga so stop your lyin

[Chorus]

You're frontin (you ain't sayin nuttin)
"Yo we steady hittin home runs kid while you be buntin"
WHO WE? THE BEATNUTS, puffin lah lah, got this game
on lock

Competition HA HAH.. ("ha ha, ha ha, ha ha..")
World Famous on that ass.. WHO WE? BEATNUTS
Puffin lah lah, got this game on lock
Competition, look, look

[Al' Tariq]

I'm cold blooded as a, matter, of fact we shackin
with the slack, and pumpin them kids that live in Staten
Combatin, these individ's, that burn they bridges
Come on our street, and we greet you with the feet
nigga

[Psycho Les]

All these wannabe drug dealer rappers, come on
who steps in my zone and get clapped like a pawn
Run up, and run you, off the avenue
Once you crash I'ma tackle you.. (what?)
Empty out your pock's, out to get my fat knots
like a gas attendant, makin, presidentes
(Presidentes.. dead presidentes.. presidentes..)

[Al' Tariq]

Aiyyo reality's really the individual's mentality
Some seek eternal life, while others seek fatality
It's sad to see young niggaz born to die tragically
New York got a nigga fucked up, and livin savagely
I'd rather be buildin cause ignorance is like drilled in
Niggaz'll feed they ego but they won't feed they
children
But still then, you see 'em in the club
Moet'n and forgettin it, actin like Allah ain't sweatin it

[Chorus]

[Al' Tariq]

Look, look - was the above par, at the Shark Bar, like an
all-star
And laughin, cause all of these chicks thinkin I'm
Fashion
They out of focus, smokin jokers
Won't see the raw 'til the deal lest I peel out with the
steel
Cause - {*singing*} - I see the sucker MC fall
and the beauty of it all, when the 'Nuts come shinin
through.. yeah

Yo peep the presentation, we dealin with innovation
Junkyard shit stay up in heavy rotation
Intimidation, seem to be yo' key factor
I'm pushin all that shit back PUNK, like a tractor

{*ad libbing as the song fades*}

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