

Lord Tariq

"Marmalade"

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Can I fuckin' play?
I got a quarter mill' in the bank
No one to thank but me
Break me "Gunz"
Bronx ball playa
Take the gatas and suits from niggas rich
See me I'm stackin mah chips flippin' mah chips
Bitch I...
Peter Gunz I...
Listen I gobble pour all I broke
No joke clear the smoke or get smoked
Nigga what?
You stand ya plan
You faka's join but what's the point you makin'?
Nothin' taken
I seen nigga's come and go
But I'ma say a
A mothafuckin' Bronx playa
I went from eatin' outta trash
To walkin' and pushin' the E-Class
From chickens, to fuckin' bitches that's lookin' like
Stacy Cash
An'-now flash
Moms prayed to God that she'd be green
But it was hard for me to raise somebody, I never seen
Cherish
I testify when they ask me ta speak
I said that only Lord knows two rants to praise the Lord
(Nah)

Chorus

I think it's bout time we'd shine (shine)
Nigga's made chips off mine (mine)
Climb the same rhyme, recline
It's time to bring pain to these nigga's (haaahh)
Drain these nigga's, if they wanna (who wanna?)
I gotta crew from Soundview wantin' war (c'mon)
Start a revolution with mah niggas from the fall (from
the faaall)
We gotta bring it all Uptown in the party (uhhh)
Cause Lord Tariq won't you come and get shit started?

Chorus

Verse Two

Check it yo, I'm in the big black Bronco
Sippin' Rimmey out the bottle
From the Bronx like Billy Blanco
Fortin' high-on on the throttle
My shit dates back like American Bandstands
So ya'll niggas sit and relax while these grands change
hands
Stand tall, stick yo chest out boy
And be a man
You bust one, you let them all-out, and go all-out
Wit' dat bug you had to fall-out wit, head-chest
Don't let-'em fall-out, shit
And if I fall-out, quick
It's Money Boss
I'm at the midnight blue
Three times to excite you
Have you drippin' off mah chest, wantin' ta be crew
Wantin' to be flauntin' the shit that we do
But ya can't nigga, ya still young, it's still a lot of shit to
go through
I been through enough drugs to get you high, think "I'm
Bout It"
Think I'm lyin'? 'Cause I'm rhymin? Nigga mah path
would be routed
Shit is real, don't you battle, now get ya bricks fa' tin
Now that's the Steel House of "Bout It" (House of "Bout
It")
Money Boss...

Chorus

I think it's 'bout time you'd shine (shine)
Nigga's made chips off mine (mine)
Climb the same rhyme, recline
It's time to bring pain to these nigga's
Drain these nigga's, if they wanna (yo who wanna?)
I gotta crew from Soundview wantin' war
Start a revolution with mah niggas from the fall
Gotta bring it all Uptown and hit the party (party)
Peter Gunz won't you come and get this shit started?

Chorus

Verse Three

'Ey-yo
When you gettin' chips, you got mad tricks ridin' ya
pony
But when ya slip, the same stank bitch is wanna journey

Ya baby motha', probably fuckin' brotha' if he trickin'
You resort to ass-kickin', she dick-lickin'
Now you in the mountains up north
Gimme the Nine, time ta think about the dumb shit ya
did, play a mind
Sekikes, to all the chickens you treated, like they was
queens
Ain't never rolled a nigga recenin' up in his greens
Conversatin his low, ho'
Ain't you gettin' chips?
You get a check on the first birth, help a nigga live
I used to get... rent money, I sent and spent money
I never lent money, I burned and bent money
So why you actin' funny, wit' yours?
Put them drawers on yo ass, and I knew the stash, a
baby of course
When ya baby bounce up into the slack
I took your son like he was my son, he never lack
And baby wise up

Chorus

Nigga it's 'bout time you'd shine (shine)
But nigga's made chips off mine (mine)
Climb the same rhyme, recline
It's time to bring pain to these nigga's
Drain these nigga's, if they wanna (yo who wanna?)
I gotta crew from Soundview wantin' war
Start a revolution with mah niggas from the fall
(haahah)
We gotta bring it all Uptown and hit the party (party)
Lord Tariq won't you come and get this shit started?

Chorus

Verse Three

'Ey-yo
I be the Bronx narrator, recitin' my ghetto stories
To mah playas, from the smallest to the tallest
category
While you got shadow warriors, money ain't mah
problem
You want aches and breaks, of that shit? Well I got 'em
Money Boss, get crossed off, so ring the alarm
Bronx roots, I recruit the thoughts, I'm making bombs
I'm the calm and the stong, Hiroshima the bomb
I have you in protection programs, somewhere on the
farm
Wit' mah eyes on you niggas, like the feds and faka's
Got they eye's on the sippa's, big tippa's, and dice
shaka's
Small head-build, means you the small-time nigga

With small thoughts, and small means, of gettin' small
figures
By all means, expedite, "Live long -- prosper"
Ya live-wrong suits, got'cha
Remember that mink you bought? For 9 G's and
somehow split the scene
It's in the government auction, for 900 -- what does it
mean?

Chorus

I think it's 'bout time we'd shine (shine)
But nigga's made chips off mine (mine)
And climb the same rhyme, recline
It's time to bring pain to these nigga's
Gotta, drain these nigga's, if they wanna ('ey-yo who
wanna?)
I gotta crew from Soundview wantin' war
Start a revolution with mah niggas from the fall
We gotta bring it all Uptown and hit the party (uh)
Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq ta get this shit started? (get it
started)

Chorus

Outro

(Peter like --)"Like what?" (Like?) "Like what?"
(Philly) "Wanted... like what, like what?"
(L.A., uh...)
"Like what, like what?" (From the V.A., play on)
"Like what, like what? (Shytown just; play, play on... and
uh)
"Like what, like what? (In Detroit they; play, play on...
and uh)
"Like what, like what?" (And in Atlanta they; play, play
on...)
"Like what, like what?" (Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq we
here ta; play, play
On...)
"Like what?"(Big Mac on the tracks) "Just
waaanntedd!"
(Uh, it's gonna be wax) "It's a waaanntedd!"
(Ya know?) "Say waaanntedd!"
(Rest In Peace to mah man Frank D.) "No doubt, Frank
D."
(Uh, uh... yeah)
"I feel ya"(Uh, uh, yeah) "I feel ya playa... Money Boss,
step runners,
Peter
Gunz, Lord Tariq and..."
(Kevin Mitchell)
(Uh, Uh, Yeah) "KNS... E. Beez"

(To mah man E. Beezley... yeah... uh...)
(E... we bounce on) "Day night I can feel ya... The V.A."
(We bounce off...) "The V.A... that's what I'm talkin'
'bout... get
Money"
"I can feel ya'll..." (You know how we do)
"I can feel ya'll..." (All day everyday) "Yeah nigga...
Codeine like what?
(KNS... Big Ski) "Illeagal drugs takin' ova'... '97"
(Uh, Brooklyn) "Right..."
(Uptown...) "Like what, like what?" (New York Sound...)
"New York Sound, New York Sound"
(Jersey)

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