

## **Banai Evyatar**

### **"Reachin' for Fame"**

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[Lynch Talking]

Yeh, yeh..

Back at that ass once again

Had to do it, bitch niggaz in the town

Ya know what I'm sayin'

I'ma tell 'em what I know

Know what I know

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Word on the streets is don't quit ya day job

I own spots while you won't even get to own a spot

I'm unconcious sippin' on that sugary Saint I-des

Your raps need that Midas touch while mines rhymes

It's suicide fuckin' wit me, believe it

I'll tuck the fifty cal now cause some niggaz tried to get me

Split me in half like a joint bitch, I had it crackin'

Slugs went flyin' through ya window, nigga I'm the captain

You just rappin' to get by, might have to get to wrapped in a 6-5

Might have to get that truckin' and get locked

Nigga you taste good like sour cream and chives over potatoes

I'm a tornado, you just a puddle

A poodle talkin' shit 'bout to get one put in ya noodle

Biotch ya got the nuts to be attackin' back at me

My chap I'm strapped have the fifty pound metal in the back seat

And it's all legal, got me dumpin' at ya Regal wid the do dirty

Gotta get mine done no matter who hurt me

Every bitch I got I got the key to the spot

Better hide yo bitch before I get the key to your spot

Stand right over ya bed wid yo glock

Put one right in ya head ya whole cake

You ain't even gon' play my shit rock up just like cocaine

You a no name I'm preachin' you still reachin' for fame

[Tall Cann]

Same old shit but a different day  
Back at these niggaz like boomerangs  
Nigga wanna come around and do my thang  
Bangin' these niggaz for the dead issues  
Call the paramedics to get you  
Not fuckin' wid me in this lifetime  
Not thinkin' in my right mind  
Like Mike Tyson when it's my time  
Got these niggaz hollerin' woof  
Baby you ain't hard as hundred proof  
My fellow you just a nigga that won't fit in a puddle  
Piece a shit, nut ridin' get your ass outta hidin'  
Dip on 21st street ridin' there won't be a survivor  
Yo ass ain't no McGuyver you done say the wrong  
thangs  
The method that I got to give 'em bustin' out some  
teeth to say the less  
You can save the rest for later  
I mean I'm way to major like E-major nigga  
You claimin' my game but you ain't nothin' but a hater  
So when I pull out my tool scram  
Ya riddled drain eggs and ham you in the fryin' pan  
The way I reach out and snap a nigga like a rubber  
band  
Oh no there goes another man tryna fuck wid the  
Siccmade fam  
Uh, Uh again?, God damn

[CO]

These niggaz talk alot of shit but don't really know  
about C-O  
That sneaky motherfucka hit ya ass like ya P-O  
When ya least expect it with the cold Smith and Wesson  
Have my bitch, set you up at the telly get you  
undressin'  
Then it's lights camera action my pistol's blastin'  
Ya night went from cashin' to missin' fractions  
But shit do happen, so ya shoulda been ready  
Instead of doin' all that yappin' shoulda copped you  
somethin' heavy  
We deadly, like rattlesnake bites y'all the taddlin' type  
Deal wit my pain and probably rattle ya life  
So instead of worryin' about ours you need to see  
What's the matter wit ya life?  
What's the matter wit ya life boy, ya can't get it right?  
What's the matter wit ya life boy, ya can't get a life?  
Then spark it up this hitter does so ya can't get no ice  
So now ya wanna hold a grudge wid, niggaz like us  
Beause we move shit like drugs where y'all stayin' and  
cus  
And talk about the same shit all day

And us we on the next page and after that the next  
page

So try again the next day if you can't fade us today  
Practice makes perfect lil' guy stay in ya place

[Brotha Lynch]

I'm a Southside rider, funk provider  
Leave you in the trunk tied up, punk ya lied to us  
Just to tryna glock wid us get a piece of the pie wid us  
We too O-G, I don't fuck wid them mics cuz  
I'm diggy down it will take plots to get me now  
And I got the fifty thou, wanna bet ya not get me pow  
I'm the threat starter fire starter put a hole in ya Starter  
And you couldn't find me cause it's time for departure  
Tryna get ya CD's out, I know it start ya  
Blame it on me I got heat, I leave ya scortched up  
I'm on the porch and nuttin' up, Southside, keep locked  
Where the G's knock niggaz out for fuckin' up, we tuck  
'em up  
Me and C-O and Tall Cann you can't fuck wid us  
We somethin' rough you niggaz be punkin' up we got  
pumps and stuff  
All up in the trunk and stuff we be waitin' for attack  
Get me sprayin' on ya pack and now you layin' on ya  
back  
You ain't payin' all ya rap taxes institute of malpractice  
I put ya raps in a casket you half plastic  
Patty mealed ass nigga put ya raps in the thrashbin  
Ya clashin' wid the Burbank titan fasten ya seatbelts  
I'm bout to make ya meat melt  
That beer breath spittin' meat chunks at ya wig punk  
I fear less rather hear less, you niggaz is tryna pay less  
I make ya days less trippin' on the famous tryna get  
famous  
Nigga please

[Tall Cann]

Ain't nobody fuckin' wit me, this side of the city  
Northside gangsta ride turn you liars to sissies  
You ain't bangin' shit so miss me wid ya bullshit  
comment  
You know me, I worship drama that was a curse from  
my momma  
So if you wanna bring it here boy  
Northgate in El camino I'm right here boy  
All day long all night strong we be runnin' the North  
And I can have niggaz from your hood, run on ya porch  
Ya little cowards keep the gun in ya shorts  
We keep the blunts and the ports to blaze up  
After ya spirit raise up you still  
think you can rap you need to give them days up

It's gonna cost you ya cap takin' cheap shots at us  
So cuz toss me the strap and put these streets on hush  
Because they full of wack niggaz and they speak too  
much  
And now we can't have that because we G too much  
So I'ma end it on this fact nigga'll bleed too much  
Ya keep talkin'

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