

## Trife Diesel

### "Prey Vs. Predator"

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[Intro: Kryme Life]

What the fuck, nigga  
It's T.M.F. in the flesh, man  
What up, baby, Tomahawk, Diesel

[Kryme Life:]

Yo, it's Kryme, all my life I've been thugging  
Before niggas knew what it was or what it wasn't  
Inherited the game, passed down by my cousins  
Look, ain't no tears, when cutting up these onions  
Look, nigga for years, I've been walking on these  
bunyons  
Parked with the holy west, now we touring in London  
From Stapleton to France, niggas do my dance  
They call me, Bruisy Columbus, cause I take new land  
I got the Nina, the Smithon and the Andy Garcia  
Hit the corner with my hoodlums like they march in  
Korea  
Niggas know we mean business, every time they see  
us  
Ya'll a bunch of a lame niggas getting beat for your re-  
up  
Can't hold us on the block, better get that D up  
Tell a promoter bring the gwop, time to pay that fee up  
We rock, all scenes got something to make 'em all lean  
Come and get your dose of this T.M.F. morphine

[Chorus x2: Kryme Life]

How you want it, we sending you three hundred  
It's prey vs. predator, hunt, or get hunted  
No matter how you say it or write it, we be the nicest  
No matter how you cook it or whip it, we gon' slice it

[Trife Diesel:]

Uh, I am the prime example on how to grind and  
scramble  
Put the fire to the whip when my pops provided the  
candle  
Niggas rhyming over beats, see me, I'm riding the  
sample  
Sorta like the Iron Sheik when he be riding his camels

On the couch, flick a few channels, while gripping the handle

Shedding tears, looking at my cousin's flick on the mantle  
Conversating with his spirits, and it's telling me  
Trife just keep writing them lyrics, cause fam, they gon' feel it  
Took the clip out, and put the burner back in the stash  
Grabbed the keys, hopped in the whip and went straight to the lab  
Yo, fiend, twist some daquiri's up, let's start recording  
Close the session, cause we ain't leaving until the morning  
Heat the booth like global warming, if hell's calling  
Tell the mormans, the God gon' strike without warning  
The most high, AWOL like Sosa  
Keep a toast close by, blow your wig with the four-five

[Chorus x2]

[Tommy Whispers:]

Pistols, you fucking with a man with issues  
Let it whistle, snatch your peacoat, and hit your tissue  
Official, T.M.F., S.S. missile  
We live the ritual, same old, same old, sick of you  
Lame-o, one in the chamber, I let the flame go  
Range Rove', pull up to the show, floating off angels  
It's painful, the slums I'm from, a lot of camel  
Ain't no half stepping unless you came with your play shoes  
Disgraceful, you hating ass niggas, want me to take food  
Breakthrough, see what the fame and all that cake do?  
That's why I'm grateful, kiss the sky, you ain't taking Whisp alive  
Ditch the ride, switch the whip, no disguise  
Mask off, rolling right pass the homicide  
Blast off, six shooter spitting, the cannon fly  
Three hundred niggas is with me and down to ride  
Three hundred niggas is with me and down to ride, ride

[Chorus x2]

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