

DJ KaySlay & Greg Street f/ Big Daddy Kane, Ghostface, Kool G. Rap, Lord Tariq, Raekwon "5 Deadly Venoms"

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[Verse 1: Ghostface]

Yeah! Come on! I know many boney niggas that knock
big niggas out
Force MC's to write more when my pen is out
Indian Gym's pedestal prince sit on thrones
Crack bones hardly pay back loans
Fuck a Maybach I hash back a three G stone
One bitch, four fifth, rubber grip, never hidden it's
shown
This is for dirt balm niggas wingworm babies who smell
like piss in school
Smoke wombs, rob and tote tools
Jail and poke fools, bash niggas in the head
With forties after thatm shake your hand and get more
brew
Please be at ease God, fuck the disease God
You rap niggas front on me, I'm a squeeze God
Headline, man get sprayed by retard
Ghostly thing, he left behind the red clark
His gun bark up big trees
Made his best with a bomb and fluid, olivie oil and mint
leaves
When y'all bag up your fuckin bottles is empty
We serve glaciers that's why the fiends is friendly

[Chorus]

Streetranner gotta stop runnin sometime
I'm gonna make you leave, I'm gonna make you leave,
I'm gonna make you leave!!!

[Verse 2: Kool G. Rap]

Then, uh, what! Bread ridiculous, heads want a whiff of
this
Glad for hypocrites layin back and triple this
Model heads hollow heads and the nickel fifth
When I juggle fuck a double nigga flip with chips
Sets I cripple this let a nigga nipple kiss
The scene'll hit or miss I'll show you where you ticklish
The more iceyed out need to bang your wifey out

She like the way my Rose Gold chain swing my thing
bang
Know I got niggas in Sing Sing like Ving Rhames
I'm not a nigga that maintain the same dames
I'm steady switchin up, Chevy truck glistened up
I'm not them other suckers motherfuckers listen up
This nigga riffin what, who the fuck is kissin up
You own the cake you'll get ducktaped listen up
The goon trace when they say Buck lift 'em up
New York plates on the interstate shiftin up, what

[Chorus]

Streetworker gotta stop runnin sometime
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I'm gonna make you leave!!!

[Verse 3: Raekwon]

Aiyyo! Squeezin your hammer jammin it
Each of my niggas gamblin with people don't think we
family
Clark whip up call up Sammy
I clash with major paper my blood is an alligator
My style is a mile away from y'all niggas Sal of haters
We came to take it over my plane is delayed I drove up
with hangers and back up rovers
Movin through the rain with golfers
Who carry heavy armor with bangers and rep
regardless
Chef will play the Jeffrey Dahmer dig you when I'm in
your garments
Y'all niggas is 'spicious, supercrabfragilistic
Niggas that I'm against is ginzu 'em with the quickness
Rappers is pussy so soft, mad gushy
Go north, your your dad pushed me schooled him
cause he had a pussy
We puff crazy reefa too tough the thing'll heat ya up
Got them leeches off your ass nigga keep shit up
We blown the speakers and Chef go and season shit up
Release of the gutter and still wanna beat shit up,
whattup!!!

[Chorus]

Streetworker gotta stop runnin sometime
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I'm gonna make you leave!!!

[Verse 4: Lord Tariq]

Lord the borough's mainframe, I remain the same
chain
Lames play the game to gain cock and aim the than
thang (Bang!!!)

I let the thang rang then became the king of caine
Gettin chains slingin thangs no different than Richard
mane
Call a order off the water y'all native New Yorker
Caught a case the law was lacin y'all with eights and
raw the states applaud
Facin it for sure with just the taste the states and laws
Made to degrade my age limit diminish my cause
Ain't nothin to us nothin move us tightly knitten up and
through us
Type of shit the hype the gripe I got despite my life is it
And what you talk is what we walk
And what we up we love this spot
Place none above me of course faithfully yours
I hate when it warms, rapin the law
Came through the door with a cape and cane
Sayin my name wavin the four
Displayin the false aim and then buss claim it was
yours
Ain't no team hotter than Team Saga sign the Lord!!!

[Chorus]

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I'm gonna make you leave!!!

[Verse 5: Big Daddy Kane]

Who wanna feel the fire from me fuckin with the don
Just save the Ying Yang for Lil' Jon kid it's on
Got the coffin case Slay they try to connect
They know that, Stuyvesant vet a be the livest we get
rid of
Greasy is from where the sleezy is from
Devious one, and anytime you need me it's done
Some talkin off the yap trip and what they gonna do?
But know they couldn't find the fuckin heart with John Q
I'm hear to warn you, we vouched your plans
My name is sent to 'mounts of millions you get
thousand fans
Little fly by night nigga that's about to land
Let me take the shit up out of your hands
Understand, your games won't work can't hide your
own jerk
And any technicalities I'm pullin on skirts
Beside the mink jacket that be where the chrome lurks
So make sure my paper write like we checkin
homework, come on

[Chorus]

Streetworker gotta stop runnin sometime
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I'm gonna make you leave!!!

[Outro: DJ KaySlay]

DJ KaySlay Drama King!!! Five deadly venoms!!

Ghostface Killah, Kool G. Rap, Raekwon The Chef, Lord

Tariq, Big Daddy Kane!!!

We out!!!

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