

Fat Joe F/ Big Punisher

"4 My Peeps"

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(Get on the mic) --> Biz Markie

Check it out yo

[Red Hot Lover Tone]

For all my muthafuckin niggas, word to Hurb, we got stupider

Runnin mad circles round your crew like Jupiter

Oops, I mean Saturn, rappers sadden

Cause I madden, I have been, suckers wish they hadn't

I'm baggin the bitches grabbin my pockets - fatten

Like Madden, then I just lamp like Aladdin

So what you gonna do when I come through your town

With mad niggas who +love+ bein locked down

Facin convictions, throwin canipions

I got more riches than them royal Egyptians

Step to this mic, you're a goner

Cause Red Hot Lover's right on like Cynthia Horner

I better warn ya, you'll get your ass kicked, I'm blasted

That's it, I drop it like a clumsy black bastard

I'm gettin figures from my rap niggas

Got my shit-kickers, yo, this is for my niggas

[The Notorious B.I.G.]

Introducun the black bastard from Bedrock

Guaranteed to make your head rock

Tote Glocks, drop cops that mistake me for Rodney,
strictly headshots

I knock the twist out your dreadlocks

Who got the props? Biggie

Who got the Glock? Biggie

But who is he?

You can't get my description

You need a prescription

Two doses of the ferocoius

Feel the weight when I'm crushin them

Bumrushin em, stuffin em

I put the pressure on em, hon

Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ

He's just nice, he just sliced

Like a ginzu, look what I been through

The Brooklyn streets, the obese thug nigga from the East
The black nine, hard to find muthafucka
After the rhyme press rewind, muthafucka
Strictly for my niggas

[Prince Poetry of Organized Konfusion]
I nod my head cause the flavor hovers over
The Universal Soldier of hip-hop, somebody shoulda told ya
40 Projects Southside Jamaica Queens, please don't
??Sleepwalk?? the unforbidden when most MC's won't
Check it, if you ever felt sceptic about my intellect, it's
Hectic, I'm like antiseptic on record
Disinfect your ??????, sound seizen your sector
Local areas, across seas, even in Rome and Mecca
I'm known, Prince, Organizin with the Red Hot Lover
And the bad brother Biggie Smalls from another
Planet called Brooklyn, hey good lookin
Do you like it, hot chocolate after dark, uh, or scared to
get you hooked in
You might have to seek medical attention, the
unforgettable type
Representin my niggas rockin, rockin the mic right
Harcore M.O.P. type shit
Peace to my other half and my niggas doin bids

[Li'l Fame of M.O.P.]
I used to start more shit than high school bullies
I was doin my thing since my nigga Bu-Bang used the
steel carts for pullies
I break niggas up like referees
Put em on point, pack out my joint and makin em move
like refugees
Li'l Fame rep, is Brooklyn down still?
Niggas that fuck around'll catch a beatdown from
Brownsville
I'm goin all out the western way
Old school or new school, I beat your ass like it's
freshmen's day

[Billy Danzenie of M.O.P.]
For y'all wanna-be MC's f.a.g.'s
You gon' fuck around and make that nigga Bill squeeze
I'm representin for all mines with nines
Hardcore's in town, my niggas that get down
A Hillfigure on the trigger (true)
Them Crooklyn sounds that pounds and break through
Stopped puffin the lye, still sippin the brew
So I be on cruise when you snooze and then you loose

[Red Hot Lover Tone]

(It's Li'l Fame, muthafucka - slap, Little Mallet)
Word, and Red Hot Lover Tone tossin suckers like
salad
Incredible vocabulary comin from the Brooklyn freak
Peace to Fulton Street
Knuckleheads'll get wrecked with the quick mic-check
My intellect shows no respect for suckers who slept
In fact my rap style attracts
I have your girl lookin for me in broad daylight with a
flashlight
- pillow and mattress on her back
Cause yo shit is wack
So here goes the No-Doze, I'm puttin it on foes who
oppose
Comin off like porno pantie hose
Peace to Organized Konfusion and B.I.G.
The M.O.P., from R-e-d
For all my niggas in the NYC

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