

Fes Taylor f/ Lot-a-Nerv

"Lunch Meat"

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[Chorus 2X: Fes Taylor] Niggas is lunch meat, I let the wolves get em My doves holla full moon now sick em We take the collar off the bull dog sick em Wanna problem with beef then bull yard sick em [Lot-a-Nerv] Nigga you want it I got it, Shine playa shine How bright like the light that flash from the forty-five I'ma ride til the cops are screaming at homicide Killa Hill Staten Island is where I fucking reside Where the wild wolves sick you and the weak niggas die And you see a full moon when even the sunshine I'm alive and I'm breathing, I'm moving in on my prey I don't care if you a rhino I'm knawing down on a leg When you dead see we see you like lunch meat Thank the Lord Biggie Smalls I know the meaning of beef Lesson One, It aint beef if he aint rolling with heat Then you pop a nigga top let's hope he thinking it's sweet Like a pepper when it's hot, Then I catch ya And leave you on a stretcher while homeboy leaking a lot of ketchup Nigga who wanna grind, Nigga who getting shine Top Guns, Lot-a-Nerv, I told ya this year is mine [Chorus] [Fes Taylor] Raised by the wolves, Young Mowgli It's two-four like the number of Kobe, The one and only Tony Reed-Van on my birth certificate The first to finish in a ten mile race Like life a marathon, I just carry on Like I need Jesus in my life, Maybe Farrakhan Become the new Don I'm good gwap you niggas is coupons White golds no silver I don't do no bronze Cool like the Fonz, Two thumbs up If it's beef we like D-Block, Two guns up What, Keep your mouth shut, I got a South slut That'll set your ass up while up on the couch nut The fuck niggas wanna do, I already warned you Run up on your bitch ass, Take your corner too I curse a lot, Niggas hear my verse and pop So when they try to play my shit yo they music stop You hit the turn table one more time Like Bilal in House Party, Nigga come outside I ride, Glide on twenty-six inch wheels Bad bitch with some six inch heels That's how I feel, Fuck it, I do it like it's nothing Cause I was born to be a super star emcee, Momma look at me Listen, Scrooge McWolf, I do the back stroke Swimming in my money, A handful will get your ass smoked [Chorus]

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