

## Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel "Guard Your Grill"

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Intro: Kay Gee

\*phone dialling\*

(Hello?)

Hello, it's '91. Buckle up, guard your grill! Hee hee

(Har what the fuck?)

Has this ever happened to you?

Can you name this tune?

These victims knew how to guard they grill, this  
would've never happened!

Verse 1: Treach

I put two and two together and I came up with four  
You are forever, forgot, forbid, shouldn't have to say  
much more

I been thru more crews than a flute, yeah I'll show ya  
This is so damned scrap I betcha bro don't know ya  
You tried to get cool and say peace, save that peace  
for a jigsaw

Stay back and watch a real MC get raw

I never know, never know when another will come to  
diss this

But if and whenever they come I'm runnin this merry  
fist miss

I shooker the crook and shaker the fake to get like a  
quick stick

It's just another one dud and is dismissed

Kitty guard your grill, well be for real, you ain't built

I'm silly-ho smackin MC's on a ninety degree tilt

The reason that it's tilted cos you're guilty, too hard to  
guard

It's not you're tryin too gay, you're tryin too hard

How hard can your guard be, I say wuz up?

Guard your grill, knuckle up, put em up, yup!

Chorus:

Guard your grill, knuckle up

I ain't the type to give up

Guard your grill, knuckle up

I smoke first, so what's up  
Guard your grill, knuckle up  
Put em up, you ain't tough  
Guard your grill, knuckle up!

#### Verse 2: Treach

I give em much business, an Aspirin  
Damn, I love a glass chin  
What are ya askin for mercy, I'm laughin  
Huh, you know the game, you know the name and you  
know the rep  
You know the Kay, you know the Vin and you know the  
Treach  
There's no sleepin, no nottin, no rest and hey  
No snoozin, no dozin, no f'in way  
Heapin things up like a Coke cup  
Wind me up but y'all I gets the low wits tha rough stuff  
And after enough to cut ya off a piece, still have nuff  
Then go around to them and him because ??? ???  
I I got posse full a fighters all fly like a chopper  
Use to couldn't take em out cos they was rowdy hip-  
hoppers  
There's so much gold for roast, the ??? don't knock us  
My nuts are my only homies that can hang proper  
At school I had a lot, I filled with VCR's and Vodka  
I had two girls, one a runner, one a trotter  
Back then I wore briefs, tella starter, gettin hotter  
Then I grew yea long so I had to switch to boxers  
How hard can your guard be, I say what's up?  
Guard your grill, knuckle up, put em up, duck

#### Chorus

#### Verse 3: Treach

I don't lay, I lie, who knows like Pinnochio  
Never been to Tokyo or \*?Keeper's Day Bolochio?\*  
Guard your grill, here's a feel, I rush hard  
I got the fliest ride out here, the '91 bus card  
So callin me for a ride ain't the answer  
Huh, you want a lift ya better pick up a transfer  
Sayin we will go for one cut, now we're dead  
Oh yaeh, that's bout as funny as Barbara Bush in a  
bobsled  
Now how wrong can you be to think we play  
Even a broken clock is right at least twice a day  
So now ya feelin real low, ya no flow-crow  
You slow hobo, stiffer than Robo  
Oh, here's another side of bein real quick  
You might speak it fulla cracks, but you still ain't shhh...

So don't try at those same style battle cry  
I rock the U-train, the routes that I battle by  
I listen to sister shit, it til they quite slow  
No matter that white rap, shoot a pharoah with a  
psycho  
Put down ya handgun, up which'cha hands son  
Look cops they come, I ain't the damned one  
I was only three steps from a peace prize  
Pieces laid, piece of his eyes and his left thigh  
Knuckle up, put em up, yeah guard your grill  
And that's comin from Illtown, down the hill

Chorus

Outro:

[Vin Rock] This goes out to the 118th Street Posse  
My man J Scratch in the house, y'knowhutl'msayin?  
And oh yaeh, pss pss pss pss  
[Kay Gee] Don't forget, guard your grill, knuckle up!  
[Treach] A strong what up to my man Kid Capri  
[KG] This goes out to my man Jack Don  
I gotta say what's up to my man Pop Dezza Dezza  
[T] What's up to Clark Kent and my man Face!  
[KG] This goes out to my man Fitz and the whole Down  
The Hill  
Cos they know how to definitely guard they grill  
[Vinny] I gotta say what's up to my man Dre and Easy in  
the house  
[T] This goes out to my man Tamere  
He's definitely in here  
What's up to my homey Kool G Rap and my Brand  
Nubian brothers  
Special shoutout to my man Grand Puba, one of the  
fiercest MC's out  
there  
Peace goes out!  
[Vinny] Peace to my man Frank Ben, we outta here  
PEACE!

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