

House Gang Animalz f/ Fes Taylor, Inspectah Deck, Leathafase "Parkhillz Finest"

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[Fes Taylor]

Yo, Fes Taylor the gangsta, ride on you wankstas
Now I pull it and shake ya, or bullets and bang ya
Park Hill, 240 building we make a killin'
Rap gang make a million, it's like ransom from takin'
children
Ya'll create the villain, and then wanna see 'em dead
When he seein' bread, you be soaked like you peed the
bed
I'm the reason you bleed
I'm squeezin' fly lead, right through ya fuckin' head
Always somethin' said
Spread love to my wolves, shed blood for my crew
Gangster it out, do what you wanna do
Want to talk city to city, and coach state to state
Betty Crocker ain't got shit on the kid, when bakin'
cakes
I brake you an eighth, get on your feet, but I ain't wit'
Niggas livin' off me, wake up and smell the coffee
I know you cowards wanna off me
I ham shower, on they walkie talkies
Pull the caliber on porky

[Leathafase]

Livin' star, a constellation that can't shine
I'm hungry, when facin' starvation, I plant nines
Divined in the cut, you get touched our imposts
To the spine of the gut, when you get bust by the toast
Now you roast from the things, that I cut you on post
Smoke a Dutch to the roach, with my criminal approach
My material soaks in your brain cells
Cats with scratch serials, will crack ya egg shell
It's Leathafase bitch, get the correct name spelled
Your son, your a lame, and I'mma make your frame
melt
Under the belt, lies a 3-89, loco I'm crazy
I got big guns larger then a premature baby
Now you see us all gravy, over white rice, home slice
Bring animosity, precise to your doorstep
No remorse, no regrets, I just inject death
From a handheld object that'll lay you to rest

[Interlude: Carlton Fisk]

You know how we do, lay you to rest nigga
Comin' for ya'll niggas, explosion

[Carlton Fisk]

Nothin' to say now, industry beef
We gon' spray rounds to lay down, crime boss pay now
Don't get it fucked up, drape that'll extra grime
When I pop up, you next in line
Swift with a nine, and conflict, the four foot five
And we AWOL, can't control these Animalz, and mind
that
Staten Island's back on the map
Why, the PLO, fugitives that, get used to the fact
Drama in the streets, you gon' see it, son get used to
the clap
Block bust emotions, picture doggie preview that
Carlton Fisk, low on the Lex, gorilla Homicide Housing
Came to collect, no sound, just pain in your neck
This Homicide Housing, comin' for ya'll niggas

[La Banga]

I run with, R felons, and reputed assassins
Reckless criminals, who live for the action
Like when it's on, beef becomes merciless
And this coincides with slashes, stabbings, and
murders
Countless with bleep on the scene
Jet in crib, to change outfits
Hopin' they ain't seen at the time
To return to the scene of the crime
The shake cops and snitches
The name of the pitches, incorporate with a mind
Who eliminates problems in any bank in it's path of
ritches
See your treasury, and life is through ya math and
bitches
Half made it, half seen it, and half statistics
I know, niggas bein' tried for bodies
Cause when they got snatched for ratchets
Their guns had match for listens
Trays ya presented, is somethin' like words of a
witness
That got permission, to go and criticize my flow
But one things for sho', which ya'll can't condemn this
Get with infinite glow, and ya'll can't just end it
You got beef, then kill yourself, fuck your henchmen

[Inspectah Deck]

I roll with a dirty dozen, thirsty hustlin'

Crawl back, you heard me cousin, ya herbs be frontin'
Dangerous I came with, banger and fists
Majorin' this, you think not, wager your chips
We lay in the pits, with weed bags, razors and bigs
Fuck this cow hide, this how I, been able the gift
Make them thugs get down on the floor, we found on
the low
For them pesos, we pound on your dough
Wolves in the wilderness, from bricks on the juggle
Equip with the muscle, big fish in this hustle
Chicks that'll fuck you, then bust you
No love in the struggle, and don't talk to me, I don't
trust you
Raw like ants that'll bite, how to get hype
Runnin' with the mountain bike, shoutin' my kite, what
up?

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