

House Gang Animalz f/ Fes Taylor, King Just "Graveshift"

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[Fes Taylor]

Yo, I rap for the love of it, spit for a couple million
Run the officers crash my truck, through the ton of
buildings
Jumped out, pillars like pilgrims, I'm the illest like Bruce
Willis
Die Hard, like germs mixed with penicillins
Run with niggas who killed men, and smack bitches
I crack liquor, run when the track switches, give ya back
snitches
You free like a coward, and pee like a bitch
Sat down on the toilet like you takin' a shit
I got chickens in the hotel, face on my dick
I fuck all night, the wonders for your waist and your
hips
Staten Island, this new foundation, my crew lounge
patient
I tell a nigga turn around, after twelve paces
This ancient rap flow go back like fades and afros
Now you see me on stage, is like plateaus
Rhyme on the incline, nigga ain't no kin in mind
Tell him my business, to the bitches instead of gettin'
time
Voice hoarse from shows, sip Bacardi lemon lime
I eat a nigga food, quick like it's dinner time
Fes Taylor, I don't give a fuck who you are
Pull up on the side, leave your ass slumped in the car

[Carlton Fisk]

Lets get this money baby boy, fuck waitin' in line
'Fore I catch football numbers, wavin' they nine
Graveshift in this is dangerous grind, you ain't built for
it
Find another way to survive, cause we hit for it
Homicide Housing, stick to the plan
Animals through the city, jungle live of the land
Stop cryin' mothafucka be a man, confront your drama
Black talents that'll shatter your armor
Pump the llama, gave birth to young Osamas
Carlton Fisk, P.L.O. in this bitch, nigga it's not a
Damn thing, that you can do about us, but watch us

Intruder alert, manuever my work
I'm in the hood, cops approach me, and I'm used to the search
On the graveshift is where me and my animals lurk
Got two little niggas, black down with black pounds
Can't wait to spray when I say now
Tips and big waves, big clips click your nest cage
Fuck what you dicks say, I'm doin' it this way
This may cause you dismay, my display high
Make moves with Rebel I and King J

[King Just]

You done lit dynamite on Mr. Excite
You been rappin' for a long time and don't sound right
Not quite as the hype that, you recite
Mr. All Day, I do it to ya ass all night
On sight, I smash anything you write
With canine teeth for niggas who back-bite
Walk to the light and bring ya mic
You won't last one minute in a ten round fight
The Al Qaeda type that'll snipe ya windpipe
And seize ya General and strip him of his stripes
Either you, men or mice you gon' still pay the price
You need to take my advice and roll the dice
Real life, still trife, walk with a gun, talk with a knife
Double CD so you could buy me twice, hold tight
And you just might take flight
MC's got left, while you think they not right
Hang-glide like a kite on the turnpike
With two bad bitches that suck Dick Van Dyke
Pay per view satellite is a need to feed my appetite
Pick up ya weight cuz you ain't got the hype
Battle me? You need an invite, black or white
And I still drink a 40 with Ike
I still smoke a Lee joint from Spike, aight?
I'm the reason why Coca Cola had to fuckin' remix the Sprite
He's nice! And safe like Chinese rice
If I'm the shit on the stick, you the baby wipes
You the Latter Day Saints, I'm the Poltergeists
I'm the whole damn pie, nigga, you just a slice
This is a heist, I suggest you remove ya ice
Before you be Up and Close and Personal with Christ
Get on ya Big Wheel bike and take a hike
Cuz around these parts, you not liked
Parasite, don't have me flex my mic
I don't rock Air Force 1's, I call air strikes

