

## House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck, King Just "10304"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

U.D.'s, yeah, yeah

[Inspectah Deck]

We grindin', down to the bone, my name grounded in  
stone

Admist the founders, we loungin' with chrome

And mix the finest, we down to this home

Hit the housin' or roam

Shinin' like a hundred thousand in stones

Move mountains with poems, got a jones for Deniro

1-6-0, my zone, we throwin' elbows

The hoes bling, sure thing, we known kings

Only dime types, with minds right, we chose queens

5-0 sting, they want me thrown in the bing

Cuff me up, fuck me up, still your boy won't sing

Authentic like the U.S. mint

The hood hear me like when two techs spit

Seen me movin' in the blue S6

With some new red kicks, and a few ecst' hits

A ounce of purple and some Wu head chicks

Make the Planet Rock like Baambaata, the mad doctor

Bad mamma slit that ass out the Prada

Hit the jackpot, slots for grands in Nevada

Pop a brawl like Muhammed and George, and Kid Sha-  
Sha

[Donnie Cash]

Since 12, I've been damn near grown, so I'm scared?

I'm gon' fuck niggas, Cashmere knowin'

Past year, showin' gray hair, beards

I bares arm, lost fears in the modern day 'Nam, my  
tears gone

Prepare, it's on, now that hibernation, street violation

Creep while you faking, study your card, niggas is  
fraud

Fuck that shakin out the don, I spit for a nation and spit  
it hard

These shots from abroad, they hit your car

It's war when the jails from the four, blow through the  
door

And hit your broad, I draw like an artists, hard target  
Get the job, start to the finish, if I gotta die  
Let it be, gettin' high off the spinach  
Chase it down, H E Double N Y, with Guinness  
Dedicated street chemist, street image  
Stick to heavy metals like a magnet  
Rip automatics, spit rapid at your cabbage  
Flip faggots backwards like a mattress  
Drop bodies like a bad habit, it's Cash, ya'll niggas  
Will slug ya'll niggas, yeah

[La Banga]

Yeah, yo, we can stay, back to back, while we handle  
these tracks  
Or like when your raw, back to back, handlin' gats  
The finest in guns, a submachine repeatin' it's claps  
Prettiest sound, deliverin' rounds, destination  
Layin' anyone down, coroners essemble your scraps  
Burnin' them down, whose turn is it now, yours perhaps  
This shit is a rap of riddles or mummy, like  
rubberbands on money  
As the belt embrace the gun on my dungeries  
I worry not, and look for a dealer to hit the block  
If the rap game fail, the streets always got  
Perserve you a spot, like what goes up, it must come  
down  
Fuck if you accepted or not, knahlmeman?  
These raps stretch out like Yao Ming  
Took block shots, whose blockin' your goal? It's La, me  
It's hot, always rollin' that la-la-la-la green  
That la-la-la-la green, that la-la-la-la green

[King Just]

It'll only take ten to destroy you and your men  
Mr. Tokeback, strokes, ain't a joke to the end  
Who can swim low and sky dive high, against mine  
In my prime, Optimus shine, the booth be the bottom  
line  
Fine as wine, get to the point like a porcupine  
Throwin' gang signs, slittin' dimes in my spare time  
Crime doesn't pay, as far as they say  
Shit, let me tell it, I got pain every day  
Which way the mix D.J., he play what I play  
Most rappers can't rap, so they say what I say  
How you gonna lie and try to deny  
It's the Art of Dart Throwing...

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