

House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck, King Just "Do You Really"

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[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Do you really want it, do you really?

(House Gang on the chow)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Get ya plates out, we 'bout to eat now)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(First in line, the fugitive)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Carlton Fisk, geeeee!)

[Carlton Fisk]

House Gang on the chow, last warning

Cuffs and ID's, now we walkin' out

New York City, I'm a animal, stalkin' about

Fuck around with the fuck around, blood in ya mouth

And I rep for them green haven, cats who smuggle
grams

Bubble in the yard with they fam

The type to send money home on the pink slip,
whenever they can

You the type to turn day in the can, bitch the wave of
my hand

Have you runnin' with your face in your hand

Threw the mess hall, as fast as you can

Mothafucka, Carlton Fisk, Karl Malone when I'm settin'
the shit

Donnie Cash, Jason Kidd, when he on the assist

And we Loose Linx, House Gang, who's fuckin' with
this?

[Chorus]

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Yeah, we in the yards)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Gangstas shoot time, our own weight like workin' ants)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Eyo, I'm 'bout to send this kite out to my nigga King
Just)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Eyo Just, hold me down baby)

Do you really want it, do you really?

(Yo, come on!)

[King Just]

I do what it takes to carry the whole weight
Ya'll the crumbs on the table, while we the fuckin' whole
cake
Battle ya whole state, off of one dub plate
I.N.S. we goin' platinum, off of one mixtape
Get ya shit straight, before you be floatin' the cold
plate
The big fish eat the small bait
The sharp knife cut the dull steak
The seven wonders of the world, and King J is the
eighth
Stay in ya place, and bout face
I ain't gon' loose the race, steady pace
I'm a carpenter rapper, I keep hammers on my waist
Drink Remy by the case, and smoke trees that's laced
I get that ass robbed without the base
Make you leave the game alone like you Pastor Mase
We the All Madden greats, we the planet of the apes
We the reasons why DJ's gotta dig in they crates
For given sake, hit it, only take one tape
As if I'm down on my last, we gon' cook back the shake
And double back to an eighth, I cause trouble for my
papes
In the food fight you couldn't bust a grape
This goes out to the late, and the ones that can relate
Welcome to Park Hill, home of the fire escapes

[Chorus]

Do you really want it, do you really?
(10304, all that war)
Do you really want it, do you really?
(We got the ninth floor on lock right now)
Do you really want it, do you really?
(Come see us, House Gang, yeah)
Do you really want it, do you really?
(Sendin' the kite out to my nigga D.C.)
Do you really want it, do you really?
(Yo Donnie, meet me on the gate son)

[Donnie Cash]

The Animal handles business on the zone
Call for knowin', like I got no minutes on the phone
All I need is the spinnach and the chrome
A couple of clips, couple of whips, got me spinnin' on
the chrome
Catch a vick, run up in a nigga home
Clap up his chick, wrap up the bricks, then I empty in
the dome

You's a bitch, I can sense it in your tone
Your bitch is a whore, and I'm a dog, wanna tempt me
with a bone
But the only thing I'm meant to is a dome
I'm usin' a moose cat to booth cracks, then I send her
home
Court dates, face sentencing alone
And never did I tell with the jail, did the bidding on my
own
Since 12, I've been livin' on my own
From D.C., originally, never needed ya'll is written on
my bones
Like, ain't nobody kiddin' when you grown
And don't respect your visions 'till you show em, then
they miss you when your gone
My life is like a scripture in a poem, if not in the cell
Then where I dwell is like a prison of it's own
You can tell, I'm bout to into to a zone
The sum is 'bout as high as I'mma get, still twistin' up a
bone

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