

Jo-Burg

"Live at the Tunnel"

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[Jadakiss]

It's all for real, word, word
Yo, my outlet is full of powerful niggas
Electrify ya tie, spark up the lah
Keep the room dark, let me feel out my high
Then slap box my ghost 'til one of us cry
J to the MUAH, can niggas fuck around?
Then they better say "nah", word to Allah
They all dyin' down, I got iron now
Run upon 'em, cock it back, then tie 'em down
If he try to move then I gotta lie him down
From Y-O, aka Riot Town
I used to buy it, but I just supply it now
Y'all used to talk, but you're all quiet now
You know what it is that really make it scrape it
Have a lot of cars, and the lot still vacent
And you won't stop speakin' 'til I leave you on the
cement
Leakin', all hot none eatin'

[Yogi]

Slow down son, you're kill 'em
Ok you can bring it to 'em
Everyday, just like Mary J.
Sippin' iced teas in the E & J
Partyin', 'til your bare remain
You're killin' 'em, ok you bring it to 'em
Everyday, just like Mary J.
Honeys at the bar sippin' Alaze
Cru and Lox says "You here, remain"
I know you brailin' me, baby
Yogi's in the lead, you're trailin' me, baby
PHd's can't compete mines is better than yours
So we can take it to the streets, my rum's redder than
yours
BX where the additcs sniffin' chalk outline
And the clubs they shout mine, shit's about time
Chad and Mighty Ha he the predicate felon
When he make bail he eat more booty than Ellen,
Who you tellin'?
The world is mine like Esco

If not, at least a house and Esgro
Turnin' ghetto stars into Uncle Tom's
Yo-gi, the uptown mellow low key
Understandin' that my crew is strictly Shark Bar
Champagne toastin' while you splittin' Clark Bars
I'd rather be live at The Tunnel with Flex
Then on the corner holdin' bundles, next

[Styles]

Y-O's time to see the hunger in me
And I see the same thing in niggas younger than me
Like they live, they ain't got a slice to give
In the broken down home and they priceless kids
Why wouldn't it grab the gun, heist the crib
And they never learn shit until twice they bid
Like the world turn around funny clown money
Everybody laugh when they have it
What about the addicts, niggas that'll hustle for years
'Til they see the graveyard, up at thier tier
Playin' spades, you in the world and you playin'
charades
If the war jumped off you wouldn't touch a gernade
Wanna die for the cause? Lie for the dogs?
Niggas wanna play but never took time to pause
Learned to remind and check the phat four
Try to plug it in they wanna slice up the chords

[Chadio]

Yo, yo if you got the doe, B, than show me
Cause I'm walkin' these streets and no one know me
It's gon' change though, with the ill strange flow
In the 9-8 push my a black Range Rove
I keeps the real, seperate from the fake
If I kill, yo, I'm doin so for the cake
Blastin' go to a distant land
See my gun's like church to a Christain man
It's the code of the streets no time to explain
Free that soul on up to the next plain
Remember the pain, two shots from the flame
Remember the bloodstains, the cold wet rain
Little light guys with little white lies
We takin' out cash and flippin' big white pies
You rather run wild with your 9 mil. slant
You watchin' too much Stallone and Van Damme

[Sheek]

Aiyyo Lox niggas what, what the fuck, who up in here
Where my crew at, wave your shit in the air
Now bust 'em once for the niggas who ain't with you
And jam all above, show a muthafucka love
We make cake, but to make cake you need batter

So if you ain't kickin' that shit the beat ain't gonna
matter
Lox and Cru, help a milli out of you
So if you want it you can get the 60 shot pronto
Sheek that kid that spit out like tabacco
Lyrically fucked yall, if it ain't chips, we ducked out
Won't touch out if it ain't a 7 figure route
Aye yo, Chad papa, where that cranberry and vodka
Let's get flicks, spit on the niggas like this
From Y-O to B-X y'all niggas straight C-X
But we count the benjamins and collect chee-ecks
My baguettes shine on my neck like Flex

[Mighty Ha]

Give 'em what they want, this what they lookin' for
Y-O-G, Chadio and hooks from Mighty Ha
Hit 'em with the data once again with buttah hits
Peace to Chris Lighty and my peeps Mark Pitts
Comin' with the buttahs, production Y-O-G
Grab a chickenhead, lets crack the bubbly
Flows by the Gods cause the styles pronto
Dayes a do, dayes a do

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