

Karin Manke**"Vangundy"**

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[Billy Billions]

Yo, you really got all them guns but can't hunt me
Billy run NY team, like Vangundy
Spit wit a hand in my pants, like Al Bundy
Get the wack shit from them, and then from me
Billy on CD, then cop it bro
Only got true love if it profit bro
And I live life hard, you can't knock it bro
If I know I'm gon eat, what I'm stoppin for
Watch it bro, let me do, the best be who
Billy get the most votes like Pepsi do
Gutter, enertain crowds like Chris Tucker
Talk shit, be a fist up ya, gon get knocked out
I'm nervous like drunk taxi turns
Bitches be wantin me like they tax return
Gotta chill I got tracks to burn, and L's too
My whole crew is straight from Belvue
If you wanna test I failed you
Leave you stiff like a statue, cement you, then sell you
Bill spit with pride, you spit sissyfied
Bill shot tip hop like Missy died

[Bo]

Blow my thing reckless, F E 1's will never catch me
My sixteen will make you see different like epilepsy
Fuck a contract, we bomb tracks, so contact
This strong facts, avengin this lyrical combat
Wit dope bomb, then post long
I'm on the mics like En Vogue song
With the heart of lion like Voltron
We don't pop champagne, east New York, this aint a
damn game
No powder here neither cuz we aint tryin to run no
campaign
I spit sickly, why my scrotum is where my clit be??????
I rip flows and generate cream like Bill Bigsby
East New York, you know we lockin it down
And all that platinum stuff you talkin bout we droppin it
now

[Ruck]

We like songs to vocals, weedheads to bongos and
nodles
I'm tryin to get more paper than the Barnes & Nobles
The don't'll show you, meet villa I'm calm and noble
But soon as you break the love, gotta bomb and roast
you
That's the motto, when I catch that ass tomorrow
Wit a luger from Germany, and a bag of hollows
Half a pound in the bag of bravos
Meetin connects, only thing them hoes getting is hash
and cosmos
The screwdrivers, crash bar with blue foggers
On the truck, DVD, TVs and two ballers
And the headrestes, smokin blunts of the best cess
Watching Tae Bo, bitch in the back doin leg stretches

[Nolan Epps]

They bury niggas put 'em on while I'm wildin
Born in Georgia, make my way to Long Island
Suffer county nigga, fuck a barn and a bounty nigga
Never lost but you lucky that you found me nigga
I take this rap shit more serious than others
Born an only child no sisters and no brothers
Uh, but attack it like I got an army behind me
Used to run the streets now the crib is where you find
me
Cuz in the streets it's either kill or be death row
And I aint tryin to die I'm tryin to live to see mo' dough
Now that's realer than "Real Deal Holyfield"
A nigga hooked up with E and got mass appeal
New crib, big Benz with the chromey wheel
Lovin life, stress free how a nigga feel

[car crashing]

[Big Kim]

Watch out, like The Beatnuts
I get loose like sluts, givin it up
Easy on these cuts
Me diggy dog I'm a hog for rap I break tracks, black, so
Make way for the boss, the rap Diana Ross
Def Squad baby girl of course
Go ahead talk shit like you know
All you see is the doobie wrapped through the cracked
window
Pitch black, Tahoe
Ghetto style, microphone fiend since child
Long Isl, I'm the black tall star
Rippin tracks bar for bar, who wanna spar
I'm K I M, behold the black queen
In a pair of Gucci boots, frames and matching jeans

Baby girl comin through
Payin rise on Funky Noble, soon to be global

[Sy Scott]

Sy get hostile, in thin square time's illogical
Rap done fucked up and created a monster
Tryin to do with verses, crime watches
I make niggas get second opinions from 12 different
doctors
Watch out I pull my crotch out
Technical knockout, make niggas quit like 9th grade
dropouts
You enlighten me when I'm angry, I'm stir crazy
New nigga in rap I don't know if you heard lately
Sy Scott I'm the shot like the glock
With the dot, smoke on top, fresh out the box
I'm, artistic, they all autistic
Tip it all to me fuckin with the ultimate
Authentic, arsenic, arguments is augmented
They agonize on many minutes after admittance
The meanest what I mean is I'm merciless like Ming is
My mean street mangles the meaningless
Seem seemingless when I'm singing I win when
emceeing
Skim cleaning like spring cleaning
Def Squad Mr. know it all
*Stick to the rivers and lakes you used to don't fuck
with the waterfall*

[PMD]

Ayo, I don't care unless the game change
Don't ever try to erase my name, and I find a rapper
slain
Lay dead in a train, laced with cocaine
You know the M O, still writin like I'm shoppin a demo
So fuck a limo, we blowin out mics with our mens yo
Still crack your back, still snappin necks
Still all up in Chase Manhattan with the E Dub cashin
checks
Hoodie on and black, with the gat, that go splat
For any niggga that wanna jump up and act like he that
cat
Get your shit pushed back, when I'm, heidy ho
So leave me alone when I'm ridin low, slidin slow
Chronicked out off the Cali 'dro
Mic Doc and E Dub in your grill lettin you know
I definitely hold my man down and he holds me
Pumpin Ghost's CD, The Lox, Jadakiss is where it should
be
So when our crew strikes they strike proper
When they start sprayin shit to fuck up

Fuck callin the cops, call in the ghetto chopper
I'm nice with mine, precise with mine
When I cop jewels to floss, yo I cop ice with mine

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