

King Phaze f/ DMX, Sheek Louch, Styles P "Yonkers Anthem"

Visit "[Yonkers Anthem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, yeah Y-O King Phaze Yonkers {{echoed}} Let's get it [King Phaze]Â Â I got full control, let's go rock and roll (Yeah) Three time felon no time to pose (Yeah) I'ma call my homies now it's time to roll By the time I get done, they caskets closed (Come On) And it won't take me ten years to be the next Hov (What) Mixed with Metallica, sick of amateurs Rappin over guitars, like they could damage it This ain't the Jay-Z/Linkin Park Collision Course This the 80 car collision rock rap intercourse Styles P you been the boss, Phaze yo I been the kid (Wooo) Straight out of Yonkers, I conquered and did my thing (Y-O) Now I'ma turn the tables (Come On) I can now do Jimmy lovine's record label Mentally I'm unstable, and I'm so capable Showin you what the razor do Now gimme \$50 mil and a bank account Till then yo the guns and the shanks are out (Blaow) To rhyme wars on this track, sounds like a gangsta out (Come on) I hustle music like I'm running a crack house Roll over these rappers and motherfuckin bang em out [Chorus: 2x] Yonkers {{echoed}} Time's up so get low Aim high, wind up and let go Yonkers {{echoed}} Slugs fired, the guns blow You now rockin with the boys from Y-O [Styles P] This shit hot Phaze They ain't ready Shit hit like crack rock S. P. the ghost I do rap or black rock Lettin the mack pop, still on the back block Know that you're dead first second your hat drop (You're dead, yeah) Line 'em up, I annihilate 'em Hard like the white boys that listen to Iron Maiden (What up) Hoppin in the mosh pit, leavin with the iron blazin (I'm leavin) I'm the motherfuckin highest patient Ask Phaze that I can't be fazed (What up Phaze) It ain't a phaze, knock rocks while we blowin the haze It gets deeper when we come Got the devil on the guitar, the reaper on the drum (It's deep) And I'm a motherfuckin wild nigga (I'm wild) Son of Sam, or the forty-four coward killer So let me know when you ready (I'm ready) Me and Phaze comin through when the metal is heavy (Yeah) [Chorus] Â [Sheek Louch] Yeah, wooo I'm tellin you, uh huh Aiyyo Phaze, talk to 'em, I got you Sheek Louch, D-Block Fishtail, it's Sheek the rock star like Van Halen Weed everywhere (uh huh) coke to the fuckin ceiling (Let's

go) Bitches sniffin, neighbors riffin (It's ok) Smoke
comin out the door when I light up my piffin Tommy
Lee, nah this Donnie G (Sheek Louch) Don Gorilla, X,
King Phaze and P (Let's Go) Blacked out Night Rider in
the SRT One deep with the range it could fit all three
(Let's go baby) I ain't seen a nigga hidin till I look in the
mirror I'm an ol' skool baller like Yogi Berra Potato on
the gun make it hard to hear 'em I run this shit I can't
say it more clearer (Y-O) Bookbags, spray paint black
marker (Hip-Hop) I'm tattooed up like Travis Barker
Y'all funny muh'fuckers like Meet the Fockers (Ha ha) I
throw the hoodie on, it gets darker, I tell 'em I'm from
[Chorus: 2x] [DMX] Sky's the limit so I'm reachin for the
stars (Uh) I'm tired of being the nigga that they keep
behind bars (Uh) What's good? You got it? I'ma take
yours (Yeah) I'm hood, fuck a gun I break jaws (What)
Understood, there's nothing to bang for the cause (Uh)
And I could cause you couldn't bang with the fours
(Come on) Home of the brave nigga, take it to the
grave nigga Beat to the streets (What) straight out the
cave nigga (Wooo) Start off from School Street, aight
let's roll (Come on) Goin up ahead, up Palisades, hit the
hole (Bap) Y-O nigga, that's what I'm reppin (Yeah)
Threw on the bullshit, keep on steppin (Yeah) Or you
can keep dippin (Yeah) I dunno what y'all niggas heard
but my niggas in Yonkers keep weapons (Weapons)
Phaze 1, (What) S.P. and the dog And I'll rap this shit up
and what, that's all Yonkers {{echoed}}

Visit [King Phaze f/ DMX, Sheek Louch, Styles P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.