

La the Darkman f/ House Gang, June Luva, Method Man "Tell Lies Vision"

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[Intro: D.C.] Homicide Housing... the Animalz here
[D.C.] Yo, I'm staying seldom when I sleep, I don't believe in dreams I'm dead off in New York, so I believe in beams And since the self reservation first, I'mma be blazing first If not, what the fuck I'm suppose to leave my seed Heavy coke across the ferry boat, to feed my fiends Steady to off and quote a note, so I could lead my team Park militant, deputy colonel, Park killing it Civilians be stuck on my Island, we call 'em Gilligan To got, pop Don for sure, Sean John valor Regular-regular, glock palm armed for war Slama drama, keep the llama in the line of my croth The bottom line is that I'm a problem of course It's all problems, I'mma probably cost The way my gun, battle your fort, standing ovations Plus I clap at your mans in rotation, demanding donations Then go to hand-to-hand on occassion I ain't going, nowhere, it's like I'm stamped to the pavement For my House Gang grant a vacation [Carlton Fisk] My Loose Linx is off the chain, all my dogs bite Rabies rip off they fangs, that's what New York like Riders exposure, we live composers It's Loose Linx, Staten Island, livest soldiers Niggas in here, high and sober, looking at me wilding Pushing through the crowds, you know I'm out to get over It's a Loose Linx invasion, your man Carlton Fisk paper chasing Reeping for gangsters in Green Haven Who seen paper, networked for something major Fuck behind the wall, being used for slave labor It's Homicide Housing, I'm your next door neighbor Now feel me and my prisoner's song, a deadly melody [La the Darkman] Yo, my style's vulgar, push the new steel blue rover Sting like king cobra, slap box your Hova Timbo's I drag 'em, dime birds I bag 'em Allen Key face on an automatic magnum For real thugs, keep a gun, mask and glove It's the Darkman, I come to make you taste your blood Take a breather, unlace my Jordans, fuck a diva Inhale like a Sing-Sing prisoner, puffin' cheeba My team catch bricks, like passes to wide receivers I used to have a name plate belt, with a Caesar Now I got a mack, with braids, and a Visa Writing rhymes, drinkin' Valentine, on my leisure Your wifey, I please her, adultery style

Fuck her raw, while smoke come from poultry pounds,
it's Darkman [Chorus: Carlton Fisk (Method Man)]
Parental, discretion, advised (vised) We interrupt your
regular scheduled program for something live (live)
(Ya'll better realize, ya'll better realize Television telling
lies to your vision, yo) [Method Man] Yo, ask BET how
I'm living, I'm penny pinching Fuck focus, I'm perfect
twenty-twenty vision From the first to the ninth inning,
you gotta love the way I'm winning Like NBA players
love white women Face facts, in rap, ain't nobody iller,
face facts Yup, your boy's back and I want my Killa tape
back You can trust it, one fact, gorilla made raps
Nothing to fuck it, with or without a RZA made track I
bring the ruckus, to those, snitchers die slow Bitches,
suck dick for dough, killas get low Dealers cut bricks of
blow, Method kicks flows Picks my hoes, with the same
hand that picks my nose Tell me, who that nigga in the
airport, son? With a half of O.Z. inside his Air Force
Ones, smell me What's that shit you smoking, Tical
[June Luva] Yo, yo, I'm the dope man, come through ya
block Swinging coke money, keep a Desert tucked in
my coat, man For stick-up niggas, who be thinking I'm a
joke, man Come test ya boy and get that ass smoked,
man It's not a game when I told ya I cop like sixteens
And I'm constantly on the run, ducking from d's
Running behind, bushes and trees, I can't even sneeze
And they force me to semi up the rebel with ease I
found myself on my knees, praising for Allah's
forgiveness Cuz deep down I know I'm on that man
shit-list I move when the wind shift, catch me on your
eastern perimeter Politic deals with the Senator Nine
shot's enter ya, that'll be the end for ya Close ranger, I
don't need no muthafuckin' infere' I'm Staten Island's
emperor, I'm bout to add degrees to the temperature
And if you get shot, then it was meant for ya [Chorus]

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