

## **Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz F/ Big Punisher, Fat Joe**

### **"Make It Reign"**

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Intro: Lord Tariq

Yea, yea, One more time  
Seventies shit, got the lean  
Shit is leanin, its to the left  
Its just leanin, dribblin  
Like he gave it a bag of dugy  
Or a bag of that Tango and Cash  
Its just leanin and shit, seventies (The Lord Tariq)

Verse 1: Lord Tariq

Ayo I been through many places  
Done many things  
Seen the eyes of many faces  
From New York to Texas  
To the faces on Rolexes  
Not a racist or sexist  
And the best is the Lord, none the less is Gunz  
Nothin less than a Lexus  
Bubble eye with B-B-Ss  
Trouble minds and troubled times  
Stacks, Im tryin to double mine  
Im in a six wit double dimes and a couple a nines  
Me and tracks back to back, circle the block a couple of  
times  
And we searchin for this nigga to try  
Im bubblin mine  
If we dont get him now then we will in due time  
I bust enough shots to kill him two times  
I do crimes  
I get caught then my minds definidin my sons rhymes  
Cause my thoughts stay runnin like thugs from one-  
time  
I been through it under the influence  
Bustin off Im runnin into it  
See me say he didnt do it  
Put the nine to his mind and blew it  
Cause some times I lose it give me a gun and Ill abuse  
it  
Puffin with my family, my bitch, my money or my music  
Makin killas say hes to sick when he do shit  
But Im on some new shit

And its too late the fuse lit  
I treat my nine like a new bitch  
And the shit do kick, word

Chorus: Lord Tariq

Im on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man  
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand  
Soundview, Monroe, Castle Hill, Bronx Dale  
Rose Dale, Academy, Lafeyette, Cozy

Im on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man  
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand  
Commonwealth, Theriott, White Plains, Randoo  
Omestead, Bointain, Colgate, Watson

Verse 2: Fat Joe

Play rap loud, politician business  
Wit the crack crowd, fact file, funny how I never seen a  
rat smile  
My last trials one of the reasons why I rap now  
But still could blaow any nigga actin irrat now  
Fuckin with mes worse than duckin police  
After puffin some trees Ill probably be abductin your  
niece  
Murderin beats since the days of permanent crease  
Been around the block seen grams converted to keys  
Aah Cartagena, breaks hearts in Argentine  
My misses slugs to love me, my wife act like Anita  
Terror Squadll die for the cause even if it means blowin  
up things  
And takin over City Hall  
My shit is raw straight from the Panama shores  
If the feds cant catch me then they make up a law  
Cant take it no more, niggas is fake to the core  
My state pen friendsll leave you broken negative nore  
Bet it all on the Terror Squad click from Forrest  
Real Bronx niggas thats heartless that spark shit  
Regardless, niggas shouldnt have tried that shit  
Thats why mothafuckas gotta die like this

Chorus: Fat Joe

Im on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man  
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand  
Forrest, Melrose, McKinley, the Boulevard, Washington  
Madison, Broadland

Im on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man  
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand  
Brook Ave., Cryprus, Hunts Point, Saint John, Little Vil.  
Trinity, Creston, Walton

Verse 3: Peter Gunz

I had a dream that a team had a scheme keepin the  
beam  
On my head like a infrared hes dead, but I redeem  
Now Im back nigga, its on nigga  
Run nigga, Joe nigga, Pun nigga, Lord nigga  
Gunz mothafuckas aint really knowin Im really goin  
And feelin Im showin that my main objective is Benz  
and Lexuses  
Cop Rolexses, get bigot in Texas  
So fierce bitches they be callin me exorcist  
Far from a devil, Im God I mean Im Gunz  
And I shine like sun  
Rhyme like none  
Find my gun  
Got beef with this nigga with hits and shit  
Chips and shit, run around here switchin shit  
Tellin people dont play that, you gotta play this  
Tellin school you aint sayin that, you gotta say this  
You cant wear that, you gotta wear this  
Well hear this, Ill go in yo chest and leave you earless,  
fearless  
The only thing between us if you stop my cream  
Is a glock nineteen  
And Ima pop like steam  
Tryin to stop me and mine from eatin you need a  
doctor  
With a hundred gauze pads nigga to stop you from  
leakin  
And a prayer from the deacon as you weaken  
And words from the Funkmaster Flex dogs shouldnt  
have been reachin  
Theres only one Gunz, from what its worth  
Thats me, thats it, buryin shit, right in the earth

Chorus: Peter Gunz

Im on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man  
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand  
174th, Vice Ave., Briant, Long Fellow, Ho Ave.  
Platona Park, Boston Road, Prospect

Im on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man  
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand  
Lambert, Schremont, Concourse, Jerome Ave.  
3rd Ave., Hogdan, Webster, Simpson

Verse 4: Big Punisher

Yo we the Bronx avengers  
Partners in these peelan adventures  
We the monster niggas in your dreams that be stompin  
ya senseless

So be conscious of us, if you march against us  
Im a call my gentas and you nondescriptors gonna  
have to face the  
consequences  
We large placentas and you small change  
Hittin niggas long range, wrong gauge  
Leavin niggas John Blaze  
Crime pays if you nice with yours  
The Bronx is where you fight for yours  
Ice across, slice cigars, light cigars  
All day, wylin freestylin in the hallways  
Broadway aint got more drama than Watson off a card  
game  
This aint the old days shorties was bustin, aint no  
fuckin jokin  
Some nigga called me a German, I had to bust him  
open  
My brothers holdin me down with heavy artillery  
Chevies and willies be chilin in front of every facility  
Joey from Trinity so he raps Forrest  
You could save the best for us  
But you still better place your bets on us  
The Bronx baby, where the best get blown  
My restin zone, come on nigga test your throne  
Im blessed with chrome, so leave your vest at home  
I dont aim for the chest bitch, strictly necks and domes

Chorus: Big Punisher

Im on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens  
Runnin up in your spot with a mack in my hand  
Pure energy, checkmate, Blue Thunder, Obsession  
Pulp Fiction, Purple Rain, Punisher, South side  
Im on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens Runnin  
up in your spot with a mack in my hand A-T-L, L-A,  
Chicago, Detroit, D-C, Carolinas, Boston, N-Y

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