

Tony Toni Tone

"The Club"

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F/ D.I.T.C., Kid Capri, Party Artie

[OC]

The whole city's under siege when we come through wit
guns blazin

You need to take a seat son, you just started shavin

Respect ya elders, stay in a child's play

The monotone flow stayin even wit the bass

Oh good Lord, we throw it like a javelin toss

Arrogance is the feature that we added for floss

Come and get headline, destined to get riches

From either rappin our ass off or brick shipments

Cover all regions, makin sure the proddy gets spread
out

We talk behind the mac you bust lead out

Wit next prospect, no particular concept do we follow

Smooth but yet solid like marble

[Diamond]

Niggas ain't fuckin wit D, fuckin wit me

Lookin at me like "Yo, what can it be?"

In the wide body-7 while you suckin the D

Spent out in the wedge while I'm fuckin for free

Scared to death like you stuck in a tree

I'ma stretch your ass out like I'm cuttin the deed

Frontin like a big man but you stuck in a three

So you know your floss game ain't nuttin to me

When the sun hits the cross, yo it's something to see

R-B, Kid Capri niggas runnin wit me

Twenty karats on the wrist ain't nuttin to me

Do you know good frontin to me, nigga

[Kid Capri]

Aiyyo Tone, let's Touch these niggas wit the wand

Then blow up like a bomb

Made moves faster than the autobond

The Kid Capri is a institution, and all ya'll niggas is
pollution

Starin up a whole lot of confusion

It's simple, let's move out all these corn cats

And disc jock dissin MC's that got the borin raps

Fuck what ya got, grimy niggas don't wanna hear it
Niggas take it, soon as they near it, you better fear it
Bronx Bomber, the pretty-fly girl charmer
The black Italian, the cash keep pilin as I'm smilin
So hear me now, I bring the thunder plus the rumble
And I'll step back and watch your whole career just
crumble

[AG]

Well it's the cheeba steamer, brains on trains, won't eat
her neither
Benz to the plane, off the plane to the Beemer
Insane and off the meter, in the rain I'll heat up
And ya'll can't stop my sunshine, fuck one-time
Got heavy wit gats to push your face back
Trash-ass album sound like you played it on eight-track
Rip you from the roots and under
Triple geeses in the summer
Mean long guns is producin the thunder
Convertible Hummers, we shit on the glock
Try to put the roof up, I'll tell Show to piss on the top
Wrist on the watch, roll wit a click or a glock
Plan on gettin a lot, from spittin or not
Cool wit niggas that be flippin a lot
Probably got shit on your block
And if you hate, I'll take it back to '88 (Nigga, get off
the top)
It's two-g's, let's get this money, you wit it or not
But I'll switch topics like my bitch wit thongs in the
tropics
Make hits, straight hits
Perform as long as I got it
Seven-digits wit my name on the dotted
Remain Dirty and potted, ya'll know me for the ruckus
G.D. I only can fuck wit
Get the dutch and tell Tony to Touch it

[Party Artie]

Guns, I tote them things
Blunts, I smoke them things
Rhymes, I wrote them things
It's no such thing, as hoes fron-ting
We run train, I do my thug thing
Grab the mic and leave a mud stain
So get Tide wit bleach when I rhyme wit beats
Niggas do crimes to eat
No pork, I don't talk, the nines just speak
I'm the kind to creep on your block wit the heat cocked
Got the street locked, smackin niggas out they
Reeboks
It's Party Artie, I get dirty wit the Ewoks

The infrared hit you in the head from three blocks
Away, Been There Done That like Dr. Dre
It Ain't My Fault like Silkk the Shockersay
Ya'll niggas gots to pay, shots'll spray
From the Bronx to Far Rock away
My whole team, strapped like Bokeem
Fuck bein in jail, trapped wit no cream

[Lord Finesse]

I be the don that's known to have the style sewn
More cheese than calzones, give chicks the dialtone
Build like brownstones when we slaughter your plan
Touch albums, so hot comes wit a portable fan
Type to starve the mic when I hog the light
Lay my life on the lines if the odds is right
Gettin the, spot and gleam while you plot and scheme
To stop the team, three words nigga: watch and dream
You just mad hater, cuz we movin wit dough
You don't make sense like wearin suede shoes in the
snow
Finesse frontin? Y'all know me, I don't stress nuttin
Bought your album, that's how I broke the eject button
Don't stress dudes, we just plot our next move
Make niggas look stupid like joggin pants wit dress
shoes
The prophet, shit john blaze like the tropics
Type of nigga need a ? just for my pockets
Don't flex punks, we sex stunts, collect lumps
You flossin now, you be pardon by next month
Type of thug, yo I was born to bug
Waitin for us to fall, nigga join the club, what

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