

## **Phil Anastasia f/ Dr. Ama, Dyverse the First, King Just, The Last "The Outfit"**

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[Dyverse the First] Aiyo, make room for the ace boon  
coon, who stay tuned That felt, fuck what they doing,  
cuz they belt hold they pants up Not mine, my grind's  
unphantomable, the actual bullet in my spine I'm a  
radical but have a good time, out rhymes, out magical  
lines To over shadow and shatter you, I'm back from  
the future I'm souped up, and super It's Big Worm  
Entertainment, and that's what's up, ain't it? Fall back  
dog, my heart so rag, it look pain and that You know  
Dyverse, I make you famous, just aim and pass Move  
vibes like Adam Crate in pow, I'm a novelist With  
marvelous novels that's empowering the novices I go  
so hard with this, the Children of the Corn Wanna feast  
on my harvest til it's gone, and god will let The foul  
keep following, and swallow when it's done Understand  
my wisdom, and aknowledge it, clown [Rahsaan]  
Introducing the ice man, fuck you, I'm nice, man  
Chopping off your fingers, if you grab for the mics,  
fam Shorten your life span, raising my right hand Obey  
my rap thirst, the flow is a Sprite can I'm ill like the  
Philip man, how I can just kill a man See? I dumped  
your bitch cuz she's just still a fan Spit game to a head  
spin like a ceiling fan Oobidy, woobidiy, we call that a  
killa cam Hah, I spread my swagger like mustard Try to  
tell a nigga I'm the wrong one to fuck with Sucker MC's,  
you can keep rhyiming breezy It's a job, make  
something this hard look easy [Lounge Lo] The word  
on the street is hip hop is dead How it got hit in it's hip,  
and then shot in the leg And I'm from New York City, I  
ain't got no bread Tell Flex to stop fronting, man, and  
rock what I said Gorilla Hill, all day, baldies and dreads  
It's a must do, when you dirt, man, you know the ledge  
My O-U-T fit nice on, my mic's on Shut the power, I need  
no lights on Hear the beat, snapping his finger, you  
know I grind and linger I'm in the hood, got no time for  
hingers Beez Mode with a ease flow, curse with  
Dyverse Fuck with Ill Phil, then you gon' die first  
[Shyheim] I'm a trap star, running through dirt, like  
track stars Cause so many cases, that's how I learned  
the law My word is all I got, Shy, I'm like a dictionary  
Can't wait til I'm shit with the six, pistol ready In the

Chevy, can better you, my lap pushing Wishing a nigga  
would in this hood, try to eat what I'm cooking When I  
flame over the stove, put in extra hours I put your name  
on the head stone with a bouquet of flowers, coward  
Give respect, get respect, shit ain't complicated  
Disrespect, get hit with "techs", like Boot Camp made it  
Smif N Wess, a special, I invest you into death What  
you mean, what I mean, why you got paid like rent [Dr.  
Ama] Rap's like ABCs, and H2V, L-R-G and H-C-G's  
S.I.C., your ace we squeeze It's papes, we need, erase  
these keys Too much in the p's? We seeing scrape  
knees That's gangsta, best believe, certified G's On top  
of the game, no shame in it Soft top in the range, you  
dame in it Just Satan for the souls he stole, now I want  
hell You run tell, yelling my name, cuz my guns yell The  
sun frail, beat ya honey buns pale, moisterize the face  
With that gun jail, unvail The Outfit [The Last American  
B-Boy] I'm jump inside this beat like it's J.Lo's ass  
Cutting class, fuck the teacher bitch, and give me a  
pass Never left, The Last American, beat ya then dash  
Grab a shorty, pack a forty, nigga, give me the brass I  
be going for the cash, so don't even ask Super flow,  
rhymes a go, yes, the best atlast Don't make me laugh,  
your rhymes a joke When I'm rich, I'mma rhyme like I'm  
broke Take a low Ferry boat, like soldier, niggas is  
dead With a flow, that got Noah get tools out the shed  
If ya heard what he said, then ya saying he's nice  
Scared of God, like pork fried rice, now get it right,  
nigga [Phil Anastasia] Mr. Phil Anastasia, who wanna  
fight? With me against the industry, in the heat of the  
night Recite with one voice, enough noise, Staten's  
back forever Never to be forsaken, or to be taken light  
Pass the mic, I lift the barriers to carry the torch  
Resource with vocab, the kid's savvy when he talks N.Y.  
native, with more innovative thoughts Then a God  
damn renaissance man, of source Walk the walk, every  
dog has his pain in courts Incarcerated scarfaces,  
watch the cases get tossed Forks in the road, no  
telling, how many I crossed Write my own destiny, and  
move with heavier corps Never take the easy route, I'm  
never taking a loss My face, they either make it big, or  
take it by force Who's the boss? Tony Maseli's coming  
up short And of course, I rep The Outfit from out of New  
York [King Just] Yo, lights, camera, action, you're on  
Clear out the way for Mr. Choke Armstrong King Kong  
been locked up like Akon Kiss the ring, sit on the  
throne, he the last don My Outfit sick, from my crown to  
my kicks Got a doorag flow that's as bad as my bitch  
Got a slim goodie hoodie, with slacks, I still boogie My  
father named Album, my friend Al Doogie I'm icing, my  
white tee, and you ain't gotta like me They like Just do

it, and I ain't talking Nike I'm an addict with a fabric,  
you faggot It's The Outfit, your raps speak, come wit it,  
then not have it

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