

Phil Anastasia f/ Dr. Ama, Lounge Lo, Raekwon

"P Knuckles"

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[Dr. Ama] Third eye saw it coming, niggas down the block came gunning Hating, mistaken if they think we was running Whatever the beef, in the streets, kept it a hundred Pull the thing, bang it, hit scrams in the stomach Retreat? Not an option to me, pussy? Not an option to be, steady popping the heat My team, move like the regime of the surgeons Urgently emerging, out of nowhere, guns bursting Yessir, yessir, we all about it Extra, extra, read all about it Us lose to ya'll? Yeah, right, I doubt it Son came for war, but his life left without it You know the slang, go against the grain, bad move Doc Ama, mentally insane, bad news You know them things split a nigga brains, blood ooze You lose, cuz we got the Broad Street blues We take off, the HD's come, the scene taped off Thugs rather play soft, then pitch my apes off Niggas play Superman, I shoot ya cape off Pistol whip 'em, break jaws, scrape ya'll that break north [Lounge Lo] Yo, what up rude boys? (Rude boys), I know some cool boys Run around and bust shit down, with train like tool toys Break bread got the heart pumping Sit back and blow a bean of the purple, and then I start something Tell Doc Ama to fart something, cuz we the shit Told ya'll niggas before, that we was in this bitch If not the booth, then the block with fifty eights The stoupe stay warm with a glock and fifty apes It's life or death like Notorious Biggie tape I still perp on foot like a hundred and 20 jakes I'm money great, my money scrape, my honey good Transport out of New York, yeah, my honey would She on the Greyhound, riding with eight pounds A stop on the bus, walked on by eight clocks I'm Staten Island, so you know how I talk now And it ain't no street, that the beef can't walk down [Raekwon] Yessa yessa my lord... My team thorough soldiers, we call 'em borough tho-diers They in the south, blessed, mid-west, my niggas holding Grip counting niggas, mint counting niggas Every three minutes, we spit, hold it down, my niggas It's all about hustle, fly cars, jewelry on my niggas necks If you that live, then touch 'em, yo I dare a nigga like you, one in your ear, I wipe you Off the map, you'll get slapped with your white boo I'm in the fly renter, plus I'm a

representer From Killah Hills, where it's real, this is my
agenda Shallah, what you baking? You got coke up on
the stove Keep it real with me, I'm working on the
Purple Tape shit I got you little nigga, here's a riddle,
nigga Who's large and only ten billion, that's a... [Phil
Anastasia] Stop the track, action packed, working
names rapper, with rock flavor Form escape order, ex-
druggie, hip hop flavor Heavy boozier with a short fuse,
my temper melts glaciers Raise you off the floor like
George Foreman did Frazier Carnage to Anastasia, not
a major switch Coming with my government, but still
running in your bitch L-A-B and Beez Mode, peep which
way ya'll go Doc locks shit, then Just say 'heya ho' We
seen this artform fading, hate the way that way About
to leave my mark in this game, and make that dent Me
and my man Rahsaan, kicking shit like Van Damme
Without the ballet training or the gay accent Bubbling,
below the surface, watch when I burst my curses To
speak truth in the booth, that's why it hurts Beneath this
Outfit's, more than flesh, just an idea And ideas are
bulletproof, like Dyverse When the operative's
dispurse, shed a tear As you watch your weak ass
career get hauled off in a herse Leaping from the
frying pan to the fire, claim you trying to teach me
About the leechers and the liars, save it man, you
preaching to the choir

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