

Phil Anastasia f/ Rock, Streetlife**"Aqui Mando Yo"**

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[Chorus: Phil Anastasia] Yeah, doing that shit, my way
Yes, yes, ya'll, ain't no want it Yeah, doing that shit, we
say Yes, yes, ya'll, we ain't frontin' [Phil Anastasia]
Bunch of wannabe gangstas, thinking drama is cool I
do what's necessary, momma didn't raise no fool From
Pinocchio school, leaving DNA trails In your wifey's
fallopian tubes, ruin your marriage You walk around
with my baby in your carriage Comes to rapping, I'm
like Afrin, clearing out a passage In your nose cavity,
get it cracking Phil Anastasia, alias Cletus Kasady
Carnage, a killa villain down with Victor Von Doom Still
dropping iller shit, until Gorilla Monsoon Hit you with
the boom, gonna sue 'em These faggot MC's need to
give the kid some room CUz I was getting dusted,
tripping on e Buggin' on shrooms, fucking with goons
It's Looney Tunes and a Disney Afternoon More style
then Vidal Sassoon, pants down Ape shit, ass hanging
out, straight baboon I catch a break soon, or watch
when I get pinched For starting up a life of being e, like
the Grinch I take a wrench to ya mug, give you a Mona
Lisa smile If the good die young, then I should be here
for a while [Chorus] [Hook: Phil Anastasia] A yes yes
ya'll, and you don't stop Mr. Phil Anastasia, coming off
top A yes yes ya'll, and you don't quit Muthafuckas
keep talking that shit A yes yes ya'll, and you don't stop
Phil Anastasia, streetlife and big Rock A yes yes ya'll,
tear it up in this bitch Muthafuckas keep talking that shit
[Streetlife] I came through with the Wu, jumped off
Meth back Hopped off of that, cuz I started making
tracks hot Coming for the number one spot, yeah, why
not? I got respect on the block, and my guns bust
Never had much, so a lost is nothing We can shoot it
back, double or nothing Nigga, you just good for
nothing, I'mma show you What an MC should be,
without the gimmicks Just straight lyrics, my words is
vivid, tear any eye Catch me on the fly, sky's the limit
Watch me take flight, never tossing my gun You want
Street? I'm in the slums, man, you know where to come
If you want some of this hot shit, my voicebox is toxic
We lock the blocks and pop locks like locksmith Yo, I
got this, Park Hill, we rock this Phil Anastasia, go cop

this [Hook II: Phil Anastasia (Streetlife) {Rock}] A yes
yes ya'll (you don't stop) (I pop shots, Streetlife, I make
the block hot) A yes yes ya'll (I might flip) Muthafuckas
keep talking that shit A yes yes ya'll {Rock, man, god
dammit} {I'm the best ya'll, I been said it, ya'll} A yes
yes ya'll {Don't test, I got it on my hip} Muthafuckas
keep talking that shit {Come on} [Rock] Listen, if good
mean bad ---- I'm terrible Unbarable, here with a few
grizzly bears, handsomeble We inparable, shit these
fuckas can do it You history class, out to get cut, I'm
the truest You bout to have me hopping out a few drips
Clean, smooth, quick, punch out your toothes I'm old
school wit it, yet I'm so brand new wit it Eat your food
from the real to ya toe food, niggas This ain't real,
beef? Have your whole crew snitch A first nigga move,
I'mma do him like his coach do, bench you His old
crew'll miss him, but the four-four won't though It'll hit
you somewhere, skull leg, gut torso Might hit you on
your hand, but a finger coming off though I show you
grocery, without no bonus though, homey I'm off the
man, Rocko, a Mag Force Gang Boot Camp, that mean I
got soldiers and gats going bang [Hook] + [Hook II]
[Chorus]

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