

# DJ Kayslay, Coast To Coast Gangstas

(feat. Bun B, Hak Ditty, Joe Buddens, Killer Mike, Sauce )

[Sauce Money]

[Laughing] Brooklyn

This is the set-off

Kay Sleezy

Take it to the streets nigga

Word up

Sauce Money

Uh, uh

Proper set-off

Don't get it fucked up cuz Sauce calm wit his grandma  
Cuz I'm like baking soda bitch, I'm armed with a hammer  
And when I'm strapped fool, fuck your brother  
Cuz like Jimmy Ivene in Virginia you in the scope like a muthafucka  
Fine, niggas don't wanna let him shine  
Niggas hate that fact Sauce don't give a fuckin' nine  
Soon as he ran his mouth, one tre pound seven to nine  
Guess who's the odd man out  
I guess we got something in common  
I'm just a little more calm when  
I'm about to split your arm in  
Put a hole so big in your noggin  
That if you God body, you can fit the whole sun, moon and star in  
You starvin' for more lyrics I know  
Steady robbin' all them lyrics I flow  
I'm Sadam-ing all you niggas fo sho  
You betta know I'm a true nigga, please do nigga  
Betta inquire from a few niggas  
Cuz bitch, I done shit on quite a few and quieted a few niggas  
Get a grip, dead four-fifth in the hip  
Slip, never picture me fallin' nigga don't trip

[Killer Mike]

Stoned is the way of my walk

In a mini-mack eleven, the tone when I talk

When I spray niggas pray, lay on the sidewalk

Color blood red, body outlined in chalk

My rhymes, two zigs all nines

Hard hit when they spit, split wigs double time

This eightball's a strict nine

Tear apart body parts when I spark nine

At they head hard lodged in they damn spine

Leaves emcee's like Christopher Reeves, crippled and cryin'

Shittin' in a bag and a breath away from dyin'

Nigga I'm - the epitomy of raw rhymes

The epitomy of rap rock

I make a block party bop to the sounds of a hot glock

From New York down to Georgia it don't stop

Killer Kill from Addamsville with a hot glock

Blaaat!

[Bun B]

They say murder is the case they wanna throw me

I guess these muthafuckas don't know me

O.G. rock called a yay slanger

VA's finest

Underground muthafuckin' king call me "Your Highness"

I tear your sinus with this gun powder

Wipe your tears with the steal, no fear this is real niggas

Here is the deal: you clear in this field

And ain't stoppin' until every hater here is revealed

Cuz we don't need no fuckin' clearance to peel

Or shortstoppers runnin' and the fear is revealed  
So - get off this block homie handle your corner  
Keep all your heroin, rocks and you mariju-wana  
I'm like a - character on the Sopranos or the Wire  
You'se a - big pussy lil' man, it's over, retire  
Cuz the - clock's tickin', your days is done  
But we know all them lil' different fuckin' ways you slum  
But it's trill downtown, your momma's all free  
Your house is sugar-layin' with your wife and your seed  
Yes indeed, Big Bun is on a home invasion  
You gon' bleed on my gun from your dome abrasions  
Cuz my chrome is blazin', I'm naughty crunk  
Got the bop gun like Sir Nose D'Voiddoffunk  
Bitch, I pull a sawed-off from under the waist  
Open your eyes muthafucka, you got thunder to face  
Fuck rest, we gon' lay these muthafuckas to waste  
You bit the pully nigga tell me, how the fuck did it taste  
From my gun...  
Big guns, big power  
M. Woods, sixth hour  
Berettas, Tauruses, Rugers  
Smith and Wesson's, glocks and lugers  
AK's, AR 15's  
Mack elevens and M-16's  
High caliber, so why try it?  
You live by it, so you die by it  
A muthafuckin' gun...

[WC]

Who's the man with the strap in his hand  
Homie's stolen semi-autos and contrabands  
All day every day, crossin' my hood in day  
In a six-trey with my nigga Kay Slay  
Dub the law scan, the infrared scanner  
Hangin' out the window, hittin' em up with the bandana  
And I can't stand a snitch so I - clean the lid  
Just in case them bitch niggas wanna sing with this  
I stay on the trigger, cuz lames hate me nigga  
They can't pay me nigga, where my lay dates nigga  
Where AK one-on-one so thirty shot  
Nine millimeter Melindas aimed ready to send ya  
So put your can on your vest like a Bible and pray slowly  
Cuz this'll leave your teflon holey  
With the forty glock ready to ring, bring the trauma to the scene  
It's the Ghetto Heisman and the Drama King

[Joe Buddens]

It's about that time nine-milli clappin'  
Dude, what's really crackin'?  
I been gettin' it since 'Paid In Full' was really happenin'  
I gotta do it like that to keep my street name  
And pride made me kill Wayne Grove when the heat came  
I don't smut but stimulation is good  
I keep the hammer with me, Joey's renovatin' the hood  
Difference between us, I'm gettin' loot on tours  
Good shoes on the Beem, you got a boot on yours  
Dudes with no names wanna put an end to me  
But doggs, I'm readin' between the lines, the whole game's in parenthesis  
Talk about models and how you with somethin'  
When you really shootin' air balls, you ain't hittin' nothin'  
Nathan, through the strip, O.G.'s blazin'  
Street niggas slowly hatin' on Joey so amazin'  
And hood niggas knowin' what up  
Either holdin' you down or holdin' you up, throwin' it up  
Oh!

[Hak Ditty]

Aiiyo, fuck the dumb shit, when the guns spit  
One clip'll have your whole strip laid down  
Thirty-two shots to your block, I had that shit caged down  
And before you blink, I let off eight rounds  
This the ro-ya! I ain't playin'  
I'm takin' this over, so y'all either layin' or dying  
And I won't hesitate to blaze the iron  
You cocksuckers is chillin' with a ragin' lion  
I see them dudes every day, when I'm racin' by 'em  
Or on the curb poppin' bottles while they hatin' and eyein'  
Uh, whether the slider or the highrider  
I keep my block rocker, glock under the blue dosser  
Far as Philly, it's no question to who's liver  
I'm hotter, Hak Ditty, block locker  
Fully prepared  
I hope y'all fully aware that y'all niggas got a problem this year

[Gunshots]