

Juelz Santana, 45th & Broadway

(feat. Dipset)

Yeah, Jones(Eastside) DIPSET! Capo, that's right, you know what we came to do, bring that mother
Batters up, Let 'em know what's going on in the hood.

[Verse 1: Juelz Santana]

Ayo I stay on this avenue I slang on this avenue
YUP, shit, niggas don't play on this avenue
Yeah we all about yeyo on this avenue
The dimes off the block
We about weight on this avenue
And when it gets late on this avenue
Is like Pakistan a Corrade on this avenue
And don't let them scream hora pero
Cuz you gon' see all the mero
Como Pendejo Ima take you to that old school flow
When they didn't say coke they use the word blow
Everyone was sniffin' like it was ya tradition
But I was watchin pop cookin it up in the kitchen
Learn, tryna whip it
I learn how to mix it
Make you come back, a number that it isn't
Now i'm in the pimpin
These hoes that i'm hittin'
They know i want my money
So my money they be getting

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

DIPSET DIPSET on 45th & Broadway
Til' the wheels fall off
You know a cent aint gon' ride
on 45th & Broadway, Eastside till we die
We got coke for sell,
dope to sell, oye is going brazy
Now we going to jail
Either way we all going to hell
on 45th & Broadway
(TAJ MAHAL! batters up)

[Verse 2: Taj Mahal]

Me & Jimmy Jones that home away from home
In the black G single Browsy trippin my phone
(yo What's good)
First I'm callin up the senate
Then popin my clip got the mack in the stash
In case you suckas start trippin
Everybody looking at me jealous turn around
Fly young rich niggas with mint to the ground
Semi G's in the back and he rollin' up that fire
Courtesy of Shy Buff see the haze got em higher
When the 808 get drum, make the club get crunk
We got bottles of Sizzle,
If you Want it come and get some
See on Broadway we got drugs of all source
I can meet you at the palace
Is like the king of New York
Picked up a Pase on 45th & Broadway
Land of them OJ's, cocaine and more haze
I was leaning like we riding on a flat
It was me Browsy, T-Money & Jim was on the back
Went up town Jimmy but shit was kind of dead
So niggas said fuck it let's go speep upstate
And we always fresh to death
The crew you can't forget

The Senate in the Diplomats
Tearin' up the Set YUP!

[Chorus]

[Verse: Jim Jones]

Seal, grip your sleeves and Pistol diss-o
Up in the hundred thousand with whips and breez-o
The same thing tryna get the keys-o
Police traffic up and down like a see-saw
And stay cool cuz is hotter than fish creek
Your eyes open when you're out on a six strak
You know the rules when i ride with the big heat
On 45th poppin out of a big Jeep
The drug related killing
The thugs play the billing
Police running up and down
Cuff you for chillin
Bring out your 30-30
They'll raise you for a birdie
Have you in them tombs and cage you like a birdie
Broadway don't play your theatrical
In Broadway we spray and we clappin' you (BRAA!)
The more yayo,haze, blaze the rational (DIMELO!)
In that way We'll be back for you. JONES!

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

You know what this is the new black panthers, the movement Dipset, dipset, til the wheels fall off (f