

Lordz Of Brooklyn, Tales From the Rails

(Verse One: performed by ADMoney)

I been bombin' lay ups since the age of nine
I seen my older brother bombin' so I had to get mine
Snuck out my window just to write on the train
Just a couple of years and I knew I get fame
1982 and they put me down and brang me to the yards where the kings throw down
Bombin' insides doggin' whole cars
My brothers burnin' styles from door to door
Runnin' through my veins
Cause I'm fiendin' for the graff
Paint on my jacket and the ink on my hands
Runnin' through the lay up cause I'm out to bomb
This one goes out to the writers on the storm

(Chorus)

Rock on, to the break of dawn, break of dawn
Keep it on, keep it on
Rock on to the break of dawn, break of dawn
Keep it on, keep it on

(Verse Two: performed by ADMoney)

Grab your cans cause we're runnin' down the hatch
Hidin' from trains trippin' over tracks
Runnin' from the law just for a cause
Youth run wild man go and get yours
Rollin' thunder writers inks no crime
Never pay the fare man fuck the one time
Bombin' Coney Island how about Brighton
Just a little dude in the midst of mothafuckin' giants
Here to bomb the system so you'll recognize
All around kings Lordz of Brooklyn in the house

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: performed by ADMoney)

I'm trapped in the hatch cause the tunnels caused with 50
Work bums detects damn I got to hide bro
Runnin' through the lay up gettin' chased on the tracks
Duckin' nexts to flats with the duffle bag on my back
So now they're on my tail my face is turnin' pale
I'm prayin' oh my God I can't go to jail
Feet don't fail me now cause I'm close to the exit Rammellzee
Come on with the next shit

(Chorus)