

# Def Squad, Vangundy

(feat. Big Him/Sy Scott/Nolan Epps/Bo & Ruck/Billy)

[Billy Billions]

Yo, you really got all them guns but can't hunt me  
Billy run NY team, like Vangundy  
Spit wit a hand in my pants, like Al Bundy  
Get the wack shit from them, and then from me  
Billy on CD, then cop it bro  
Only got true love if it profit bro  
And I live life hard, you can't knock it bro  
If I know I'm gon eat, what I'm stoppin for  
Watch it bro, let me do, the best be who  
Billy get the most votes like Pepsi do  
Gutter, enertain crowds like Chris Tucker  
Talk shit, be a fist up ya, gon get knocked out  
I'm nervous like drunk taxi turns  
Bitches be wantin me like they tax return  
Gotta chill I got tracks to burn, and L's too  
My whole crew is straight from Belvue  
If you wanna test I failed you  
Leave you stiff like a statue, cement you, then sell you  
Bill spit with pride, you spit sissyfied  
Bill shot tip hop like Missy died

[Bo]

Blow my thing reckless, F E 1's will never catch me  
My sixteen will make you see different like epilepsy  
Fuck a contract, we bomb tracks, so contact  
This strong facts, avengin this lyrical combat  
Wit dope bomb, then post long  
I'm on the mics like En Vogue song  
With the heart of lion like Voltron  
We don't pop champagne, east New York, this aint a damn game  
No powder here neither cuz we aint tryin to run no campaign  
I spit sickly, why my scrotum is where my clit be??????  
I rip flows and generate cream like Bill Bigsby  
East New York, you know we lockin it down  
And all that platinum stuff you talkin bout we droppin it now

[Ruck]

We like songs to vocals, weedheads to bonges and nodles  
I'm tryin to get more paper than the Barnes & Nobles  
The don'll show you, meet villa I'm calm and noble  
But soon as you break the love, gotta bomb and roast you  
That's the motto, when I catch that ass tomorrow  
Wit a luger from Germany, and a bag of hollows  
Half a pound in the bag of bravos  
Meetin connects, only thing them hoes getting is hash and cosmos  
The screwdrivers, crash bar with blue foggers  
On the truck, DVD, TVs and two ballers  
And the headrestes, smokin blunts of the best cess  
Watching Tae Bo, bitch in the back doin leg stretches

[Nolan Epps]

They bury niggas put 'em on while I'm wildin  
Born in Georgia, make my way to Long Island  
Suffer county nigga, fuck a barn and a bounty nigga  
Never lost but you lucky that you found me nigga  
I take this rap shit more serious than others  
Born an only child no sisters and no brothers  
Uh, but attack it like I got an army behind me  
Used to run the streets now the crib is where you find me  
Cuz in the streets it's either kill or be death row  
And I aint tryin to die I'm tryin to live to see mo' dough

Now that's realer than "Real Deal Holyfield"  
A nigga hooked up with E and got mass appeal  
New crib, big Benz with the chromey wheel  
Lovin life, stress free how a nigga feel

[car crashing]

[Big Kim]

Watch out, like The Beatnuts  
I get loose like sluts, givin it up  
Easy on these cuts  
Me diggy dog I'm a hog for rap I break tracks, black, so  
Make way for the boss, the rap Diana Ross  
Def Squad baby girl of course  
Go ahead talk shit like you know  
All you see is the doobie wrapped through the cracked window  
Pitch black, Tahoe  
Ghetto style, microphone fiend since child  
Long Isl, I'm the black tall star  
Rippin tracks bar for bar, who wanna spar  
I'm K I M, behold the black queen  
In a pair of Gucci boots, frames and matching jeans  
Baby girl comin through  
Payin rise on Funky Noble, soon to be global

[Sy Scott]

Sy get hostile, in thin square time's illogical  
Rap done fucked up and created a monster  
Tryin to do with verses, crime watches  
I make niggas get second opinions from 12 different doctors  
Watch out I pull my crotch out  
Technical knockout, make niggas quit like 9th grade dropouts  
You enlighten me when I'm angry, I'm stir crazy  
New nigga in rap I don't know if you heard lately  
Sy Scott I'm the shot like the glock  
With the dot, smoke on top, fresh out the box  
I'm, artistic, they all autistic  
Tip it all to me fuckin with the ultimate  
Authentic, arsenic, arguments is augmented  
They agonize on many minutes after admittance  
The meanest what I mean is I'm merciless like Ming is  
My mean street mangles the meaningless  
Seem seemingless when I'm singing I win when emceeing  
Skim cleaning like spring cleaning  
Def Squad Mr. know it all  
Stick to the rivers and lakes you used to don't fuck with the waterfall

[PMD]

Ayo, I don't care unless the game change  
Don't ever try to erase my name, and I find a rapper slain  
Lay dead in a train, laced with cocaine  
You know the M O, still writin like I'm shoppin a demo  
So fuck a limo, we blowin out mics with our mens yo  
Still crack your back, still snappin necks  
Still all up in Chase Manhattan with the E Dub cashin checks  
Hoodie on and black, with the gat, that go splat  
For any niggga that wanna jump up and act like he that cat  
Get your shit pushed back, when I'm, heidy ho  
So leave me alone when I'm ridin low, slidin slow  
Chronicked out off the Cali 'dro  
Mic Doc and E Dub in your grill lettin you know  
I definitely hold my man down and he holds me  
Pumpin Ghost's CD, The Lox, Jadakiss is where it should be  
So when our crew strikes they strike proper  
When they start sprayin shit to fuck up

Fuck callin the cops, call in the ghetto chopper  
I'm nice with mine, precise with mine  
When I cop jewels to floss, yo I cop ice with mine