

DJ Kayslay, New Jack City

(feat. Poster Boy, Shells, Grafh, Cassidy, and Jae Hood)

[Poster Boy]

Poster Boy, Fosterville, Kay Slay the Drama King

Fuck with the kid, gotta throw ya moms over the bridge
RP put the hawk to ya over ya ribs
Keep thinkin' that the god is chillin'
I'm the reason custies is comin' to the Carter Buildin
And it aint no tellin what I do
They may find ya body on 16th smellin like a (jew)
I'm the number one stunna when it comes to the east
In the Jag with the .40 cal under the seat
Nigga this is my block, Name a nigga who run me out
Friday come, you and you have your money out
Son, my gun'll bring a playboy bunny out
Somebody gotta die, I'm a try ya hunny out
Send her to ER with half her tummy out
No C-section, no infants comin out
She cant have babies again
Me and Kay gettin money so its feelin like the eighties again
Holla!

[Shells]

Ayo, You boys is silly, i'm next since Pac and Biggie
And I'm Bout Major Figgas like Dutch and Gillie
Catch Shells all-star weekend down in Philly
On my hip, pack heat like a bowl of chilly
Look - I Clap milli's, act willy, you a chump
Only kid in the hood with elevators in his truck
See, I flash bucks, rock all black doors
And my watch ice'd out like Jacobs store
When you boys gon learn I got this game lock
What you got for your deal, I spent on X-Box
Keep frontin like you hungry, I'm a feed you a biscuit
I got rock and roll bullets, leave limbs like bizkit
So hey, its ya life involved - act like it is
My chain light gray like trash can lids
If one of yall take my chain - none of yall live
You like, "I aint do it Shells", One of yall did!

[Grafh]

'Cause A lot of yall are fakin', one minute is asolama laken
2 minutes later is where's my salamy bacon
Niggaz swear the product the makin' requires rockin a aprin
They liars cause its Betty Crocker they bakin
Not that I'm sayin that I Cook, Cause I dont
I keep it as raw as you seen it before it was put on the boat
The hookers'll open they jaw for free
Fuck being a gentleman, ya girlfriend open the door for me
When a pimp walk the beat, you shut up one day
The day the dick had ya mother next up one way
I come up one way drunk pushin a porsche
Make beef and i'm cookin the sauce - Gravy!
I be lookin like a boss
I pop at ya hood on ya snorkle til I have the fur lookin like a scarf
Lookin like I robbed 'em
Tell cops is easy to find like chinks in a nail shop
Holla, cheah!

[Cassidy]

Ayo, get back get back for I click clack click clack
Where that shit at? Get that 'for I bust shots!
Get crunk if you want to, drunk if you want to

Front if you want to, And get slumped with the gun too
Gimme mine cause any time I could run through
And put ya brains on the mini blinds in sun roof
Try run dog, you can try hide man
But when I bust the gun dog, you gon die man
I drinkin rum dog and I'm gettin high man
Say good bye man or a prayer - "Aman"
Look It aint hard to get at you dudes
I screw waitresses that'll slip shit in ya food
I got yag for sale and I got crazy shells
I got it locked from Illadelph to ATL
The wait is over, I'm a take it over
I'm a bubble like vinegar and baking soda
Easy!

[Jae Hood]

Ayo, I'm a D-Block nigga - I don't respect wack rhymes
If you had a gat in a clock, you couldn't kill time
Yall cowards don't want beef, why even start?
Yall like dicks in the pool - none of yall hard
Come thru in the spit white 330 with a mean birdie
Holdin my hammer cause she know its dirty
You got questions, holla at me - I tell you whats what
Lay you on ya back and yall chumps'll really see whats up
On the real, yall niggaz better chill
Think ya crew spittin flames - I'll put ya hot dogs on the grill
It gotta be a conspiracy if niggaz aint feelin me
Like a nigga with no eyes - yall not seein me
Call me a director - I give clips to ya broad
Bullets is like gum - How they stick in ya jaw
Go 'head, call the narcs - I put a hole thru ya heart
And leave you on the train tracks in a shopping cart
This aint just beats and bars, Its things i'll do to you
In Compton fuck, I'm tryin to get through to you
The gauge'll open ya chest like vics
How you went from being soft to hard - niggaz is dicks
I don't wanna hear nothin bout ya coke and ya toast
Liars get shot in they tongue - I'll put the mack to ya throat motherfucker!