

# House Gang Animalz, Do You Really

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Do you really want it, do you really?  
(House Gang on the chow)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Get ya plates out, we 'bout to eat now)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(First in line, the fugitive)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Carlton Fisk, geeeee!)

[Carlton Fisk]

House Gang on the chow, last warning  
Cuffs and ID's, now we walkin' out  
New York City, I'm a animal, stalkin' about  
Fuck around with the fuck around, blood in ya mouth  
And I rep for them green haven, cats who smuggle grams  
Bubble in the yard with they fam  
The type to send money home on the pink slip, whenever they can  
You the type to turn day in the can, bitch the wave of my hand  
Have you runnin' with your face in your hand  
Threw the mess hall, as fast as you can  
Mothafucka, Carlton Fisk, Karl Malone when I'm settin' the shit  
Donnie Cash, Jason Kidd, when he on the assist  
And we Loose Linx, House Gang, who's fuckin' with this?

[Chorus]

Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Yeah, we in the yards)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Gangstas shoot time, our own weight like workin' ants)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Eyo, I'm 'bout to send this kite out to my nigga King Just)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Eyo Just, hold me down baby)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Yo, come on!)

[King Just]

I do what it takes to carry the whole weight  
Ya'll the crumbs on the table, while we the fuckin' whole cake  
Battle ya whole state, off of one dub plate  
I.N.S. we goin' platinum, off of one mixtape  
Get ya shit straight, before you be floatin' the cold plate  
The big fish eat the small bait  
The sharp knife cut the dull steak  
The seven wonders of the world, and King J is the eighth  
Stay in ya place, and bout face  
I ain't gon' loose the race, steady pace  
I'm a carpenter rapper, I keep hammers on my waist  
Drink Remy by the case, and smoke trees that's laced  
I get that ass robbed without the base  
Make you leave the game alone like you Pastor Mase  
We the All Madden greats, we the planet of the apes  
We the reasons why DJ's gotta dig in they crates  
For given sake, hit it, only take one tape  
As if I'm down on my last, we gon' cook back the shake  
And double back to an eighth, I cause trouble for my papas  
In the food fight you couldn't bust a grape  
This goes out to the late, and the ones that can relate  
Welcome to Park Hill, home of the fire escapes

[Chorus]

Do you really want it, do you really?  
(10304, all that war)

Do you really want it, do you really?  
(We got the ninth floor on lock right now)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Come see us, House Gang, yeah)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Sendin' the kite out to my nigga D.C.)  
Do you really want it, do you really?  
(Yo Donnie, meet me on the gate son)

[Donnie Cash]

The Animal handles business on the zone  
Call for knowin', like I got no minutes on the phone  
All I need is the spinnach and the chrome  
A couple of clips, couple of whips, got me spinnin' on the chrome  
Catch a vick, run up in a nigga home  
Clap up his chick, wrap up the bricks, then I empty in the dome  
You's a bitch, I can sense it in your tone  
Your bitch is a whore, and I'm a dog, wanna tempt me with a bone  
But the only thing I'm meant to is a dome  
I'm usin' a moose cat to booth cracks, then I send her home  
Court dates, face sentencing alone  
And never did I tell with the jail, did the bidding on my own  
Since 12, I've been livin' on my own  
From D.C., originally, never needed ya'll is written on my bones  
Like, ain't nobody kiddin' when you grown  
And don't respect your visions 'till you show em, then they miss you when your gone  
My life is like a scripture in a poem, if not in the cell  
Then where I dwell is like a prison of it's own  
You can tell, I'm bout to into to a zone  
The sum is 'bout as high as I'mma get, still twistin' up a bone