

# House Gang Animalz, Graveshift

[Fes Taylor]

Yo, I rap for the love of it, spit for a couple million  
Run the officers crash my truck, through the ton of buildings  
Jumped out, pillars like pilgrims, I'm the illest like Bruce Willis  
Die Hard, like germs mixed with penicillins  
Run with niggas who killed men, and smack bitches  
I crack liquor, run when the track switches, give ya back snitches  
You free like a coward, and pee like a bitch  
Sat down on the toilet like you takin' a shit  
I got chickens in the hotel, face on my dick  
I fuck all night, the wonders for your waist and your hips  
Staten Island, this new foundation, my crew lounge patient  
I tell a nigga turn around, after twelve paces  
This ancient rap flow go back like fades and afros  
Now you see me on stage, is like plateaus  
Rhyme on the incline, nigga ain't no kin in mind  
Tell him my business, to the bitches instead of gettin' time  
Voice hoarse from shows, sip Bacardi lemon lime  
I eat a nigga food, quick like it's dinner time  
Fes Taylor, I don't give a fuck who you are  
Pull up on the side, leave your ass slumped in the car

[Carlton Fisk]

Lets get this money baby boy, fuck waitin' in line  
'Fore I catch football numbers, wavin' they nine  
Graveshift in this is dangerous grind, you ain't built for it  
Find another way to survive, cause we hit for it  
Homicide Housing, stick to the plan  
Animals through the city, jungle live of the land  
Stop cryin' mothafucka be a man, confront your drama  
Black talents that'll shatter your armor  
Pump the llama, gave birth to young Osamas  
Carlton Fisk, P.L.O. in this bitch, nigga it's not a  
Damn thing, that you can do about us, but watch us  
Intruder alert, manuever my work  
I'm in the hood, cops approach me, and I'm used to the search  
On the graveshift is where me and my animals lurk  
Got two little niggas, black down with black pounds  
Can't wait to spray when I say now  
Tips and big waves, big clips click your nest cage  
Fuck what you dicks say, I'm doin' it this way  
This may cause you dismay, my display high  
Make moves with Rebel I and King J

[King Just]

You done lit dynamite on Mr. Excite  
You been rappin' for a long time and don't sound right  
Not quite as the hype that, you recite  
Mr. All Day, I do it to ya ass all night  
On sight, I smash anything you write  
With canine teeth for niggas who back-bite  
Walk to the light and bring ya mic  
You won't last one minute in a ten round fight  
The Al Qaeda type that'll snipe ya windpipe  
And seize ya General and strip him of his stripes  
Either you, men or mice you gon' still pay the price  
You need to take my advice and roll the dice  
Real life, still trife, walk with a gun, talk with a knife  
Double CD so you could buy me twice, hold tight  
And you just might take flight  
MC's got left, while you think they not right  
Hang-glide like a kite on the turnpike  
With two bad bitches that suck Dick Van Dyke  
Pay per view satellite is a need to feed my appetite

Pick up ya weight cuz you ain't got the hype  
Battle me? You need an invite, black or white  
And I still drink a 40 with Ike  
I still smoke a Lee joint from Spike, aight?  
I'm the reason why Coca Cola had to fuckin' remix the Sprite  
He's nice! And safe like Chinese rice  
If I'm the shit on the stick, you the baby wipes  
You the Latter Day Saints, I'm the Poltergeists  
I'm the whole damn pie, nigga, you just a slice  
This is a heist, I suggest you remove ya ice  
Before you be Up and Close and Personal with Christ  
Get on ya Big Wheel bike and take a hike  
Cuz around these parts, you not liked  
Parasite, don't have me flex my mic  
I don't rock Air Force 1's, I call air strikes