

House Gang Animalz, Make It

[Intro: La Banga (Carlton Fisk) {Donnie Cash}]
Damn, whoo! (Mothafuckin' right, yeah!) Whoo!
Yup, Loose Linx, rest in p., Y, rest in peace baby
You hear me? (We gon' hold you down, nigga)
It's time for Carlton Fisk, La Banga {It's goin' down!}
We nothin' but danger, we demonstratin' the lotto
{What up, boy we got your beat, nigga what?}
{It's us Shaolin nigga, and every Shaolin nigga ain't a dust head boy}
(Fuck that) {Know what I mean?}
{Yo, yo, yo}

[Chorus: La Banga]
We gotta take it or make it, niggas want us to fail
Yo, watch us take it to niggas, yo watch us shake up these niggas
We 'bout to break up these niggas, for thinkin' we frail
We gotta make it or take it, I know these niggas is hatin'
I know these niggas is fakin', they want us to fail
I know these niggas is shook up, by the look, I can tell

[La Banga]
Aiyo, I'm here soldiers, attention, it's your captain
Better yet the general rappin', if you askin'
See, I answer questions, before they get asked
I'm sorta like a psychic, predictin' your actions
I'm free from that prison for your mind, and no longer
Held captive, I captured, knowledge for glory
I'm tired of them lame ass stories
Now I make my own moves independently, so a major can call me
I know I'm nice, hotter then ya'll
Hotter then the hand of a bank stocker when he poppin' off dice
Never sell your man a dream, you get caught for your life
Never misguide your team, or you burnin' off stripes
Haven't you heard? It's better not to have enemies
In addition to friends, keep 'em close, never foil your plans
Everybody want somethin' for somethin'
If it ain't power, respect, it's cash and grams
The streets demand it, everyone cautious
Walk with your cannons, keep on, cock them hammers
See a vick, tell him, put his hands up
I know niggas that rob niggas, and pop niggas
Then you ain't got the right answer
Straight answer nigga, ante them grams up

[Chorus]

[Carlton Fisk]
My co-defendant snitchin', I gotta make bail
Before parole come and get me, fuck sittin' in jail
What I'm doing, where I've been, been a topic so long
Where the house, where the car, where the ice on my arms?
All my Loose Linx, Live, Live, Live from New York
A 100 Rounds, spittin' life support
For those that like to talk, not knowin' how they life was lost
Talk that big money, better hit the hungry off
Can't come through my hood in a Porsche
Pink ice on your watch and cross, and not acknowledge the boss
Carlton Fisk in this bitch, and grenades get tossed
And you know you can't keep the good down for long
What don't kill us only make us strong
Cock sucker, if you think we came to fuck around, then fail you wrong
Move, you gone, been incarcerated too long
Locked in bullpens, even my fingers tryin' to get home
Parole can't touch me, listen, movin' out rims spinnin'
Make decisions, cake for livin'

Carlton Fisk just escape from prison, but his face remain hididin'

[Chorus]

[Donnie Cash]

Aiyo, D.C. handle his biz

With a flow like your brain on drugs, it'll scramble your wig

I let these slugs man handle your wiz

It's a Loose Linx thing mothafucka, that's how animals live

Can't catch me, I'm harassin' the kids

And Donnie did Cash til the mansion and the Hampton's my crib

You a thug, why you panic with the hammers and slid

Type to panic, in the slammer can't handle a bid

Can't stand a nigga lyin', he a snitch, grown man cryin', he a bitch

Shots flyin' from the iron, leave him lyin' in the ditch

I've been down to wild out

Tim Brown, slim brown, Timb's brown, foul mouth

Never been down or back out, and been down to back out

Go head clown, act out, Donnie keep the pump

Just in case I'm outside of the club, and nigga think I'm a punk

Seen you drinkin' nigga, thinkin' I'm drunk

Fuck what you thinkin' in the blink of the pump

When the problem man, hollered in, I drive by, shootin' hollow heads

From the mothafuckin' doller van, follow fam?