

# Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Cross Bronx Expressway

(Lord Tariq)

Yea, yea, one more time  
Seventies shit, got the lean  
Shit is leanin, it's to the left  
It's just leanin, dribblin  
Like he gave it a bag of dugy  
Or a bag of that Tango and Cash  
It's just leanin and shit, seventies (The Lord Tariq)

Aiyyo I been through many places  
Done many things  
Seen the eyes of many faces  
From New York to Texas  
To the faces on Rolexes  
Not a racist or sexist  
And the best is the Lord, none the less is Gunz  
Nothin less than a Lexus  
Bubble eye with V-V-S's  
Trouble minds and troubled times  
Stacks, I'm tryin to double mine  
I'm in a six wit double dimes and a couple of nines  
Me and tracks back to back, circle the block a couple of times  
And we searchin for this nigga to try  
I'm bubblin mine  
If we don't get him now then we will in due time  
I bust enough shots to kill him two times, I do crimes  
I get caught then my mind's defendin my son's rhymes  
Cause my thoughts stay runnin like thugs from one-time  
I been through it under the influence  
Bustin off I'm runnin into it  
See me say he didn't do it  
Put the nine to his mind and blew it  
Cause some times I lose it give me a gun and I'll abuse it  
Puffin with my family, my bitch, my money or my music  
Makin killas say he's too sick when he do shit  
But I'm on some new shit, and it's too late the fuse lit  
I treat my nine like a new bitch  
And the shit do kick, word

Chorus: Lord Tariq

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man  
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand  
Soundview, Monroe, Castle Hill, Bronx Dale  
Rose Dale, Academy, Lafeyette, Cozy

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Fat Joe and my man  
On the East side of town wit a blunt in my hand  
Commonwealth, Theriott, White Plains, Randall  
Omestead, Bointain, Colgate, Watson

(Fat Joe)

Play rap loud, politickin business  
Wit the crack crowd, fact file, funny how I never seen a rat smile  
My last trial's one of the reasons why I rap now  
But still could blaow any nigga actin irate now  
Fuckin with me's worse than duckin police  
After puffin some trees I'll probably be abductin your niece  
Murderin beats since the days of permanent crease  
Been around the block seen grams converted to keys  
Aah Cartagena, breaks hearts in Argentine  
My misses slugs to love me, my wife act like Anita  
Terror Squad'll die for the cause even if it means blowin up things  
And takin over City Hall

My shit is raw straight from the Panama shores  
If the feds can't catch me then they make up a law  
Can take it no more, niggas is fake to the core  
My state pen friends'll leave you broken negative nore  
Bet it all on the Terror Squad click from Forrest  
Real Bronx niggas that's heartless that spark shit  
Regardless, niggas shouldn't have tried that shit  
That's why mothafuckas gotta die like this

Chorus: Fat Joe

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man  
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand  
Forest, Melrose, McKinley, the boulevard, Washington  
Paterson, Broadland

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Gunz my man  
On the South side of town wit a brick in my hand  
Brook Ave., Cryprus, Hunt's Point, Saint John, Little Vil.  
Trinity, Creston, Walton

(Peter Gunz)

I had a dream that a team had a scheme keepin the beam  
On my head like a infrared he's dead, but I redeem  
Now I'm back nigga, it's on nigga  
Run nigga, Joe nigga, Pun nigga, Lord nigga  
Gunz motherfuckers ain't really knowin I'm really goin  
And feelin I'm showin that my main objective is Benz and Lexuses  
Cop Rolexses, get bigot in Texas  
So fierce bitches they be callin me exorcist  
Far from a devil, Im God I mean I'm Gunz  
And I shine like sun, rhyme like none, find my gun  
Got beef with this nigga with hits and shit  
Chips and shit, run around here switchin shit  
Tellin people don't play that, you gotta play this  
Tellin school you ain't sayin that, you gotta say this  
You can't wear that, you gotta wear this  
Well hear this, I'll go in yo chest and leave you earless, fearless  
The only thing between us if you stop my cream  
is a glock nineteen, and I'ma pop like steam  
Tryin to stop me and mine from eatin you need a doctor  
With a hundred gauze pads nigga to stop you from leakin  
And a prayer from the deacon as you weaken  
And words from the Funkmaster Flex dogs shouldn't have been reachin  
There's only one Gunz, from what it's worth  
That's me, that's it, buryin shit, right in the earth

Chorus: Peter Gunz

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man  
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand  
74th, Vice Ave. Bryant, Longfellow, Hope Ave.  
Crotona Park, Boston Road, Prospect

I'm on the Cross Bronx with Big Pun and my man  
On the West side of town with a gun in my hand  
Lambert, Tremont, Concours, Jerome Ave.  
3rd Ave., Hogdan, Webster, Simpson

(Big Punisher)

Yo we the Bronx avengers  
Partners in these peelan adventures  
We the monster niggas in your dreams that be stompin ya senseless  
So be conscious of us, if you march against us I'ma call my gentas  
and you nondescriptors gonna have to face the consequences

We large placentas and you small change  
Hittin niggas long range, wrong gauge  
Leavin niggas John Blaze  
Crime pays if you nice with yours  
The Bronx is where you fight for yours  
Ice across, slice cigars, light cigars  
All day, wylin freestylin in the hallways  
Broadway ain't got more drama than Watson off a card game  
This ain't the old days shorties was bustin, ain't no fuckin jokin  
Some nigga called me a German, I had to bust him open  
My brothers holdin me down with heavy artillery  
Chevies and Willies be chilin in front of every facility  
Joey from Trinity so he raps Forrest  
You could save the best for us  
But you still better place your bets on us  
The Bronx baby, where the best get blown  
My restin zone, come on nigga test your throne  
I'm blessed with chrome, so leave your vest at home  
I don't aim for the chest bitch, strictly necks and domes

Chorus: Big Punisher

I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens  
Runnin up in your spot with a mack in my hand  
Pure energy, checkmate, Blue Thunder, Obsession  
Pulp Fiction, Purple Rain, Punisher, South side

I'm on the Cross Bronx with uh three of my mens  
Runnin up in your spot with a mack in my hand  
A-T-L, L-A, Chicago, Detroit, D-C, Carolinas, Boston, N-Y