

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Startin' Somethin'.

Intro:

Blackstreet: Peter Gunz (Gunz),
Lord Tariq (Riq),
Blackstreet (street),
in the house, its a mix (mix),
ugh (ugh), yea ugh (ugh),
the Gunz (Gunz)

Peter Gunz:

It seems like everywhere I go,
Haters wanna try and stop my flow,
Sayin, "is he really seein' dough?"
Well, I'm a see just to let roadie show,
Then they wanna try to be my man,
Hang around just to see the mack plan,
Step aside my supply is in demand,
Oh fella won't you come and take a stand?
Now when I walk in the door,
Girls they be sayin, "Peter is of the wall,
Love the way he ball, got somethin for all of y'all,
Make ya hit the floor with the 4s
that be comin cross to y'all,"
It ain't nothin but the snare and the kitch,
Ron sittin there scratchin yo head,
When they remember where you get this hitch from,
Wanna come and get some, Gunz,
They love a one comin with another one
And another one,
How he the brother done,
Sayin that you ball with the best, with the best
Say you want with the boogie white Lex,
Comin around, your girlfriend runnin it down,
Playa hater I'm in yo bathroom, comin it down,
Peter's just another cat from the Bronx,
With the funk, and get the hoppin whuppin in the TVs
In your trunks,
So tell me what you want,
See you got the know-----just wanna be

CHORUS: Lord Tariq, Peter Gunz and Chauncy Black
Startin' somethin',

Now if Gunz gets money, (yeah yeah)
and Lord gets money, (yeah yeah)
And if y'all get money, (yeah yeah)
Then we all get money, (yeah yeah)
And I'm a represent the--ooh, ooh
Down, down, down, down,
Do you like it? oh
Yeah, yeah
Do you like it, now
Yeah, yeah
Now do you like it? oh
Down, down, down, down
I represent the--
Tell me that you like it, now
Yeah, yeah

Lord Tariq:

Ay yo I pull up to the spot in a brand new Benz,
Me and Track now this cause we rellies in Rins,
See me behind the wheel of a 6-0-0
Like a bank to deniro, I'm in,
And then I step outside the club like what?
The Benz and the Roleys illuminatin the party with the f**k,

I can never be toe-up,
I'm cris from the flow up,
And I'm gettin playas sick til they throw up,
And I'm in a minds state of those,
That have the world in a zone, in '88
The many cities I roam,
New York City's my home,
It's legal money,
So I got my next flooded with stones
And the Bronx like a quart of my own,
And I'm from the Southeast, part of the Bx,
where money ain't a problem
And frequent city blocks from the Bronx
That I haul 'em in,
Many find themselves in the obituary cloumn
Cause they wanna be

CHORUS

Peter Gunz:
And there ain't nothin
But a blast from the past,
When I get gas,
Lettin cats know my only mission's gettin cash, fast

Lord Tariq:
Better ask the question,
When the shit hits the fan,
Do you go and see the Lord about confession?

Peter Gunz:
And I'll be movin, groovin, showin and provin
Lettin niggas know what I be doing,
Frontin on Peter will get you fronted

Lord Tariq:
I said these cowards wanna kill me,
But it ain't too much
For yall cats to do it,
Just seal me, for real B

CHORUS

Outro: Chauncy Black
Now, say it to the world
Say it out loud
Say it to the world,
Say it out loud,
Whoo-ooh,

Blackstreet:
Boogie down (boogie down)
Peter Gunz (ugh, ugh)
Lord Tariq (ugh, ugh)
Chauncy Black (ugh, ugh)
Dub C (ugh, ugh)
Blackstreet (ugh, ugh)
Little man (ugh, ugh)
In the mix (in the mix) (ugh, ugh)
Boogie down (boogie down) (ugh, ugh)
Yeah representin

Repeat to fade
Ugh (ugh)
yeah, ugh (ugh)

(fade or repeat 7x)