

# The Prodigy, Three

Yo dun we got guns in the grass  
Its three at night  
I'm about to take the last swallow of the EZus Jesus  
Who got fifty on the next tree  
We gotta stop at the store  
We need D batteries for the theme music  
Snatch the biscuits from out the lawn  
F\*\*k a cab lets take cracked out Yolanda's Saab  
We gave that bitch two wibbles  
And skated off the a vehicle for that pillow  
All outside the borough dun  
What happened to Queens like Sutphin and 121  
Farmers and 116th  
The got us on the BQE  
Just to get a taste of that greenery  
We took our smoke out to Coney Island posted up by the Himalaya  
Pina Colada Champales mixed with Dainey  
That's St. Ides in dun lingo  
Spillin it on the floor for our dead people  
While I spark the sequel  
My niggas got lungs  
When we smoke that shit only go around once  
Dogs we just killin time  
Somebody just got they shit twist on the block f\*\*king up the grind  
So til it pipe down  
We just going at the sluts

Bitch we wanna f\*\*k right now

Cormega  
Son I'm on a bench high eatin chicken wings and french fries  
A crackhead f\*\*k spent his last bucks on six dimes  
I'm one gram from big time a spliff away from overdosin  
My heart is broken my man started smokin again  
P I heard the tunnel open again  
I spoke to Flex he said he's gonna let both of us in  
Its time to load up the autos and semis  
I wish my nigga Spank was in the physical form of life  
I got my uptown Nikes thugged out and icy  
Mad deep  
Jumpin out the cocaine white Jeep  
Through with strugglin so I resume hustlin  
Rap game or crack game my crew is still bubblin  
Yo three in the morning and them Ds on the corner still  
Seems we was born to kill  
Yo P meet me on the hill  
So we can jet through Queens in SUVs  
And show these motherf\*\*kers how we rep this thing  
Ya know