

House Gang Animalz, Urban Paisan

[Intro: Inspectah Deck (JoJo Pellegrino)]
Yeah, yeah, this how it go down nigga
Urban Icons, they got my nigga JoJo Pellegrino
In the place to be, like Run-DMC, nigga
Uh huh, Rebel INS, come on, come on, S.I., S.I.
(Yo, check it out, yo, eyo) Shaolin!

[JoJo Pellegrino]
How dare you insult my intelligence
And question my lyrical excellence
I should break your neck for this negligence
Public display of ignorance
Yo, matter fact the next rapper attemptin' to beats
Gettin' jammed in his ass with a jagged broom stick til his finder rips
I'm me at my best, you, just you with your worst
So naturally you at your best, couldn't fuck with me at my worst
A hungry MC willin' to blow at any cost
One day I smoke the hydro and battle myself in the mirror
And loss, burn you like vanilla Dutches, twisted like blunt wraps
Take kids to school like yellow buses give 'em dunce caps
Yo, step into me, get it poppin' like a western movie
Witty punchlines is how I get 'em usually
Wu harder then a bore, show your barber, some get lost
Seen your flick in the Step Ya Rap Game Up column in the Source
Effortlessly I smash rappers, platinum artist to napsackers
Tell 'em turn around and spit, this shit is assed backwards

[Interlude: JoJo Pellegrino (Inspectah Deck) {La Banga}]
Yeah, this shit is assed backwards
(Get out of here with your wack ass rhymes, nigga)
This shit is assed backwards {Yo, you heard what he said?}
(Break it off, you and your notebook, punk!) Eyo, eyo, yo

[JoJo Pellegrino]
I spit heat and watch all you perspire
Fuck you, my balls is twisted, I air you out like drawers in the dryer
And your wifey piece, I'm all up inside her
Yo, you's about to get burnt
Fresh out the gates of hell I brought you some fire
Hella flip flows to fifth pros off and gets hot
While Pelle' grip hoes like a pit bull's jaw when it's locked
Run for cover when them large guns clap, and wanna flat
With a slug up in your Von Dutch cap, JJP!
Ain't no beefin' with him to this beat to your chin
And have you speakin' Chinese like Jin
Get to cuttin' like Funk Flex scratchin' the classics
And leave 'em patched up, like Jeff Hamilton jackets
Once you gettin' wrapped in the rug, clapped in your mug
Spun around and left face down to drown in your blood
Joey Fazools, pop tools, handle the snub
And my wrists all nuggity like Canada Bud
Crip is weak, grips the lugar, compliments to the mafia
And I don't mean the Three 6 or Junior
Platinum scan 'till I'm set with this
I'm sorry dad, but raps my ambition, so fuck a 401K plan and benefits
Yo Sonny brought the AK man with extra clips (Yeah)
Your button make you a brave man, your meant to picks (Yeah!)
Snitch, dissin' Joe's like pitchin' in the winters
Half time, when the whistle blows it's the beginning to your end
Riches I spend, bitches I bend, you fake pimps pretend
I fuck around a friend, you fuck a Rhonda friend
And ain't nothin' your shorty wouldn't let me do
The way they use a Don Juan, the chicks don't want nothin' to do with you
Caked up like make-up, on Anna Nicole Smith grill

You holdin' out the blade and leave your mug with a fish gill
I'm what the fans need, the birds want, and the Bricks feel
They thought I was the shit then, they think I'm the shit still, Clippers