

# The Tunnel

Onyx

Yeah!, yeah  
We take niggas back  
You know what im saying?  
It's sunday night  
Westside Highway  
27th and 12th avenue  
The notorious  
Home of the Jukes, home of the robbery, home of the bodies  
The illest club in New York  
The Tunnel

Yo! Let's take it back to the tunnel  
Where the hoods will run upon you  
For the jux son, as soon as they play "Shook Ones"  
The wars of Brooklyn, always roll deep "Who Shot Ya"  
Somebody getting rocked to sleep  
Security making take your Timbs off in the winter  
Had to walk through the metal detectors before you enter  
When you get inside, might be a homicide  
With that New York Hip Hop, somebody might get shot  
This is where they snatch jewels, razors splash you  
Flex screaming out in the club, don't let em gas you  
Niggas taking pictures of money you know, cash rules  
Bitches giving head in the unisex bathroom  
This is hell where the criminals dwell  
Half the goons in the club just got home from jail  
Other half couldn't come, cause they couldn't make bail  
It's colder than westside  
It ain't hard to tell  
In The Tunnel

The Tunnel  
(Let's take it back)  
Let's take it back to The Tunnel  
(Let's take it way, way back)

Posted up, goons ferocious, jewels cold as fuck  
Those who dream about scheming, we woke em up  
My Fort Greene niggas was born to squeeze triggas  
My Queen's regime was at the bar deep chillin'  
The tunnel was the place for all the street niggas  
You know it's real, you can go in there, see people you know from jail  
Home at last, hold the stacks and throw a hand  
Moments of silence, Big L was always there  
And Chris Lighty ran The Tunnel, he was the man  
I seen Diddy by out the bar and shut it down  
Please believe, we and Diddy didn't fuck around  
I walk the crowd with timbs on, because my style  
It's New York to the fullest, we don't bow  
All these tools who want the crown, are fuckin' clowns  
The Tunnel was proof  
Street niggas run this town!

Sticking niggas at The Tunnel was how I used to eat  
Soon as you set foot on that cobblestone street  
And this is the same spot where Hype shot Belly  
You could get popped, end up getting shot in your belly

Come through stuntin' like your ass is bad  
You'll get juxed up, send out in a plastic bag  
This the grimeiest club in the whole city  
I'm talking stick up kids, murderers, NYPD  
Westside the 26th down to block from the projects  
Just walk in to The Tunnel, you get shot up and Carjacked  
I party with killers, rappers, and lifers  
If it wasn't for the bitches you would think it was Rikers  
This back when, I never smiled a lot  
Was on my NY State of mind shit, around the clock  
And it wasn't just niggas from NYC  
It was C.T, D.C, V.A, P.A, N.C, L.I, M.D, N.J  
At The Tunnel!

Sticky, Mega, and Fredro Starr  
Black ski masks, hoodies and crowbars  
Hip Hop purists, prestige lyrical flow gods  
Grew up in the tunnel we came here to expose y'all  
To the most dangerous night club in the whole world  
Unemployed, ex-con, thugs thuggin' with no job  
Chains snatchers, stick up killers who came to gold rob  
Pocket knife Gem Star boxcutters to blow y'all  
Drug trafficking coke, pills, and hydro jars  
Fly diva hoodrat dime bitches with no drawers  
Fingerwaves, braids and shades giving out blowjobs  
Rap around the corner the tunnel line was so long  
Skip everybody, Brooklyn niggas was so strong  
The ice grill era, face bite and get stoled on  
Punch you in the face and give you a fuckin' nose job  
These bougie clubs and day parties control y'all  
The real recognize the real we don't even know y'all.