

# Amil, Road Dawgs

(feat. Da Brat, Eve, Jay-Z)

[DJ Clue (Jay-Z)]

New Shit

(Uh, huh, check it out now)

Road Dawgs

Amil, Eve, Da Brat

(Amillion, E-V-E)

Jay-Z

(First Lady)

(Check it out, uh yo)

(Don't watch me nigga watch my bitches)

Ha ha

(Uh, huh)

(Uh huh, uh huh)

(Yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella that's the clique)

(Nigga don't watch me better watch my bitches)

[Eve]

I stay sick wit

Each ??? flow like liquid shit

Harder than the dick get

Nigga flew his whole clan just to get wit

One touch nigga fiend for the clit lick

Don't leave'em nothing but a quick fix

Me and money makers be the first pick and

Do the dirt quick and

Sexy thug keep get me warm make my toes twitch

Only fuck wit the raw you should know this

Ruff Ryde, but you scared of the stallion

Scheme for cream, me and Amillion

Carry rockets in my pockets, better step back

Put holes in ya back you can bet that, hustle for the dollar

Eve, like to cut you, make you holler

Play cuts for bucks and watch'em pile up

You want more?

See me in the drop top it's on

Peach color pony head course

Player instinct, learned from my dogs

Save ya money baby I'ma take you to the mall

And I buy you something small

Maybe something negligen

Cartier, came fast in small things

What I need to survive is a peace of the pie, feel me

E-V-E, capitalize

Taking the shit, making it mine

Big niggas in the game that'll let us find

Put me up against anybody I shine

Taking my time for this line for line

Mad chart thugs wit yours crime for crime

Real bitches keeping it raw, about time

[Chorus: x2]

[Jay-Z (Amil)]

Where my hoes in this house who

Hold they niggas down who

Roll hard, y'all my road dawgs

(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place who

Hold they niggas space when

He locked up, throw ya baby glocks up

(Owh)

[Amil]

Crush shit  
Before I even touch shit  
Wit the princess cuts and shit  
My niggas, Roc-a-Love for me  
Haters, make you think you can fuck wit me  
This rap shit is like drugs to me  
Nigga, need a fix leave it up to me  
All Money Is Legal  
Roca y'all know how we do  
First class, all stretch out  
Or, S-Class all sexed out  
Got the cash, let's be out  
Bitch gone only do joints wit the best out  
Most niggas can't handle me  
So I strictly fuck wit family  
Sports to death, ask Jigga  
Don't I only deal wit a high class nigga?  
It's a turn off if my cash bigger  
Don't blame me, blame my last nigga  
Mother fucker kept me laced from the feet up  
Started off wit a pair of V studs  
I be wifey no pre-nups  
Still ended up wit the SE what  
Windows down, seats back  
Can't catch me wit a sweet track  
Co-writers don't need that  
99 and I still ain't meet my match  
Feel me huh? New Your and Philly huh?  
the only ones that had a chance  
Was the ones wit the cash advance

[Chorus:]

[Da Brat]

I tell 'em like this  
Ain't to many mother fuckers bad as me  
Bust at a nigga wit a rhyme or a nine wit a tragedy  
When it cause catastrophes, will actually cause you to bleed  
Fuck up anything you breathe, pass the weed  
If a nigga proceed to step outta line I'm a gradually  
Fill his anatomy wit bullet holes in his behind  
I happen to be the type of bitch  
Get a grudge I don't budge and shit  
And look at what I did in life as a kid  
Wit thugs and pents  
Now I got the knowledge of a college mother fucker  
Wit a scholarship  
At any degree my temperature get, boiling hot to freezing  
When I release you can see the reason, I'm so cold  
Niggas continuously rolling me beats to choke on  
Try-na get a smoke on  
High, cause I have to get it  
When you can never seeing me coming the Devils Advocate  
Material hoe, keeping niggas dropping they draws  
And fiending for more  
Surrounded wit, diamonds around the wrist  
Cruise the town in my six, bruising them every time I hit  
And I ain't try-na quit  
If I do, you can never find another to fill my shoes  
I prove you can't duplicate this  
Attempt to and lose  
This little nigga been rocking the basement since I was about two  
Pick up the pace quick, why worry about a replacement?  
When I stepped in came wit my feet in the pavement  
Leave niggas in amazement

And guess what the ingravement say?  
Capital B-R-A-T was here and got paid all year  
In a major way, fuck what the haters, fuck the tabloids  
I spit on niggas, who try to steal my joy

[Chorus]