

Eve, Eve F/ The Lox - Double R What

(Intro)

Jadakiss: What up what up what up, yea!

Styles: Eve let's do it again! Hahaha...

(Verse 1: Styles)

Yea it's the ghost Jada and Eve

I squeeze my shit, I don't wave it and leave

Y'all motherf**kin' extra lame

Here's the game, when I shoot seeds, your man can catch your brain

He looked a hero when he drove the taxi in the hallway

Shootin' niggas down if they clothes is tacky

Get an 18 or brick and my clothes is khaki

And the Porsche got a glass roof

The blunt got a live purple haze in it, little bit of hash too

See me when I pass through, f**k around and I'ma blast you

Do what I have to, tryin' to get my math too

I leave a message, ain't a phone I use

I call my niggas, bat 'em down, they bones I bruise

Leave 50 niggas dead, niggas know my groove

Another 20 more engine niggas know my tools

I got a gun, you need to stand fo'

F**K YOU BRING YO' MAN FO'?!

(Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve)

Styles: S be the ghost, Double R What

First come the hawk, then next come the toast

Jadakiss: K to the R Double R what

Send mad cowards on they way to Allah

Eve: E-V-E, Double R What

First lady, I just point, they squeeze

Ryde or Die, Double R What

Better keep your hammer right by your side

(Verse 2: Jadakiss)

I gave you the best flows

On top of that, I even made niggas set goals

I wanna know how many bullets can your flesh hold

Thirty-two, or whatever the tech holes

My dirty crew rather hawk you to death rather than talk you to death

'Cause listenin' is like livin' when yo' talkin' is death

So y'all better start readin' before you start bleedin'

And the odds was against us before we got EVE-n

Niggas in the hood don't give a f**k if you rich

Or drunk with the Prince CD own, bumpin' a kiss

Nigga frontin' I get my you in the pump kinda hot out

Hit the button put the roof in the trunk

Play the block with the Royal Blue 45 and make your mouth leak

Can't f**k with NY

Get my diesel from South Beach

you ain't got a ride, getchu a cab

ya' bitches is mad

Eve got the shit and smash

(Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve)

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(Verse 3: Eve)

I'm a savage bitch
Ain't nobody gettin' close to this
And ain't nobody flipped and wrote the shit
And can't nobody sit and coach this shit
You feelin' lucky? then aproach me, shit
I'm like the glass, you just the coaster bitch; Under me!
You wanna make it ugly, can't do nothin' 'bout it
Angry at the public, buggin' me
Rat bitch, pot bitch, hungover hot bitch
Wantin' all that money, f**kin' gettin' all that rock, shiiit
Scared of who? huh, we goin' get rid of you
Climbin' the walls wit' gimmicks, that shit is pitiful
Dawgs close by me, so why try me
They wan' cop me but they too sloppy
Damn, I gotchu stuck in a box
You feelin' trapped, got your stomach in knots
'Cause I ain't lettin' go
I keepin' it locked
I know you gettin' mad 'cause your luck's up
Plus I'm a purebread, baby, I don't f**k with mutts
Come on!

(Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve)

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(Instrumentals until end)