

# Eve, Scenario 2000 (Jigga My Nigga Remix)

(feat. The Ruff Ryders)

[Swizz Beatz]

(mmm, mmmm)

See y'all don't understand us you know  
Ruff Ryders is a family  
Ruff Ryders... Ruff Ryders... Ruff Ryders  
Lets go... Swizz Beatz

[DMX]

This is the darkest shit, sparkest shit  
Hittin wit the hardest Shit, cuz before we started shit  
Wit kidz I knew my friendz all turned against me  
Said fuck it, bought me a dog ever since me and my dog has been like this  
He got my back I got his, schemin on mad niggaz  
Dats how we do bidz  
It's about time to start another, robbin spree  
Cause yo, my way is highway, robbery, chump  
When I was up North, Sing-Sing I was sendin niggaz home in a coffin  
Livin like a orphan, you bad nigga?  
I'll be back to see if you'll be still here  
You know my style I'll put yo fucking man, in a wheelchair  
He'll never walk again, on the strength of me  
Dats how I left him G, scared to death of me  
Cannot run, hit wit the hot one  
From the shotgun, cats was close, wondered how we got done

[Eve]

Yo yo, E-V-E

My dogz believe in me  
Petty thugz hide yo cake, never teasin me  
I show love to, all my bitches hustlin one'z, tussle wit thieves  
Makin moves, second to none, I locked it, uh  
Made a sudden move you got bit  
Flooded wit the double R, real street shit  
Da blond hair bandit, you got gunz, hand it  
Turn my face when I bust a cannon  
Cuz I don't wear sunblock  
Ask Drag if the fire is hot  
shit pop shellz, fall three feet, roll over and stop  
We warn niggaz that we coming then we hold up the block  
scorn niggaz like their mothers then we wet up their socks  
red dye, escaping on the red eye ,sea shores then hide out  
buy out bars till we see fall  
Believe in this game, we beat y'all, you got money?  
Keep y'alls, for us be tearin tryin to hide, then our fire  
Beat y'alls

[JadaKiss]

And you can come see me if you tryin to make a gram tonight  
Cause I can get it for you raw, gray, tan or white  
Fuck rap yo, I'd rather be plannin a flight  
Somewhere hot on a wave runner, tanning wit dykes  
Blowin the haze, while all of em givin me brains  
One at a time, y'all start from the front of the line  
everybody wanna contact me and get wit me  
but still end up being mad cuz i charge fifty  
and as for you suka, you can keep those rapz  
and Screw your awardz, my son can't eat those plaques  
I never was shit but some things i never forget  
like if you spend three your guaranteed to make back six  
Drove the Benz off the lot and just dusted her off  
Tints, rims, stashed, tick the governer off  
Even the cats that be hatin still be lovin the dogs

Cause they know that the double R's comin for war  
Wha

[Styles]

If you ain't ready to die, then why should you live?  
Cuz when I start bustin the guns , you hidin the kids  
And the Pieer's still ridin on clips, survivin wit bricks  
We beefin on the 4th you got to die on the 5th  
Like I wasnt hustlin dope or robbin the blocks  
Starvin or not, carvin the cheek, palmin the glock  
I figure which nigga could I watch wit a watch  
I like to knock off my crack then I pull off a heist  
Put it together, double it twice, this shit is my life  
Catch me wit a 45, hot pair of Nikes  
And three red dice, like, give me the bank or gimmie yo face  
Gimmie a shank It's Holiday ugh  
the hoopties in the front but the truckers a mile away  
niggaz wanna ride tomorrow when they prolly die today  
cause the P'll hollow the guns  
Holla at sons if you feel a nigga holla back  
then you swallow the ones

[Sheek]

(uh, uh, uh)

Y'all dem bust in them crowd niggaz and hit whoever  
When you should aim for them niggaz that took yo leather  
They right there, but you scared that they gon bust  
Cause they crazy, but them crazy niggaz bleed like us  
See I'm one shot thru the heart like Cupid  
Y'all niggaz might be crazy, but y'all not stupid  
its 99 im killings you women and kids  
fuck scar-face watch me, im more action to see  
than dem motherfuckers that yall see on T.V.  
and fuck what you heard this how sheek get down  
comes wit guns, shit im rhyming wit one on me now  
you never know what clown goin ta walk into the studio  
talking shit and its gonna be more than the amster blow  
I pour gas on your skin and watch your shit detach  
lit and book of matches now thats when you have met your match  
and the worst thing for you is to have a gun when im thursty  
ill turn niggaz more holy man, than Eddie Murphy  
i got more bricks than that city do with jersey  
Yo i got call cops niggaz, I got autops niggaz, that'll bust you and slide  
And some ol 6-drop niggaz  
Revolver Pop niggaz, easy Ox niggaz  
Get knocked, say we smoked detox niggaz  
Drug program, hit the streetz we cop 56 mo gramz  
Y'all niggaz ain't messin wit scrams  
And that's

[Drag-On]

(come on, come on, come on,)

Boy, whats the difference between fire and water?  
You whether drown or die off torture, cause yo skins of ya  
And watch ya burn off fat, dog I'm off the thermostat  
Could put a comb to my mouth and give yo bitch a perm wit that  
Keep shellz in the envelopes cuz I'll mail out bullets  
More blood that a riot on a jailhouse footage  
Buck 40, buy the extra 20 wit the semi, when it hit you  
You gon do a 360 pretty swiftly  
when i burn you to a crisp you ganna be cruncher than chips  
wit mah hand all up in da bag munchin on tha shit  
bit by bit clip by clip and every block by block  
is brick on brick I got knots on knots  
Cause I got things that'll pop yo top

And double R spot yo block wit 16 shots and watch y'all drop  
And ain't nobody gettin up, (un)less they in the wheelchair  
Sittin up or spittin up, either way I don't give a fuck