

Fredro Starr, Dyin' 4 Rap

(Fredro Starr)

The game is fucked up, ya niggas got me tired of rap
Right now I'm not inspired by rap
Ya niggas ain't Dyin' 4 Rap, talkin' bout iron for clap
Ya niggas never fired a gat
Never took it the streets, and supplied it wit packs
I had feds in my house, tryna wire my cat
In the wall, little cameras hidin' in cracks
Niggas talk about drug money, what cats you flip
On the trains tellin' bitches that you crashed ya whip
You never seen cop killers wit the plastic grips
Turn beef to some funky closed casket shit
Blast a fifth, 16 shots, niggas ran 16 blocks
16 niggas drop, ya niggas never seein' the plot
Never put greens on top, never put fiends on lock
My elite niggas scream on cops, hustle dope
Roll up, puff up smoke, parolin' decode
Standin' on them corners wit them guns in they coats
Had them same little muthafuckas under ya bed
Gun to ya head, wake up, wanted ya dead
End of the night, take ya light, I'm gettin' ya back
I'm twistin' you back, cuz what ya niggas spittin' on tracks'll
Get you 16 or 8, gun cap, leave it at that
Cuz ya niggas ain't Dyin' 4 Rap

(Chorus 2X)

See, I'm what defines the streets
The one that bitches dyin' to meet
The one ya thugs tryin' to be
Since I started, I can't count how many sound like me
But can't none of ya niggas get down like me
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me
Can't none of ya niggas get down like me

(Fredro Starr)

Fuck this rap shit, fuck the rhyme of the year
I'm about to get away wit the crime of the year
Bought a black dress that's for ya momma to wear
Got bitch niggas run when the drama appear
Streets ain't safe, six shots, tear ya face
Fuck the jake, get caught, clear the case
My upstate niggas rock razor scars
Mess hall, smack niggas for they razor bars
Got bitch niggas can't even play in the yard
Kiddin' ya self, on ya knees, pray to God
Times is hard, ya don't know what that is
Growin' up, forced to live wit foster kids
Back in '89 son, we couldn't cross the bridge
Them niggas might off the six, take off ya wig
What you know about L.A., flossin' wit Big
Five hundred drop, sunset, gun in my sock
What you know about New York, runnin' wit Pac
First niggas at The Source Awards, bustin' on shots
Flossin' the watch, only get you robbed or popped
Puttin' the box, murder right in front of the cops
Nigga, we put the Def in Jam, takin' you back
'95, two million throwin' they gats
'96, sellin' guns and starp, Firestarr
Ya bitch muthafuckaz ain't Dyin' 4 Rap

(Chorus 2X)