

Lil' Cease, 4 My Niggaz

(Blake C)

What you sayin'?

Roc-A-Fella (uh huh)

Gener-al (uh huh)

B.I.G. (right on)

QB (that show-nuff right on)

F**k niggas wanna do, man (nothing)

See, Cease A Leo (huh)

I'm for the kids (right)

Sometimes we gotta get gutter on this motherf**kers, y'know

It's how we do it (yeah)

Feel me baby?

Yo, yo, stay away from 38, tech-nines and shotty
I wanna move swift, but don't blow like John Gotty
I'm something to watch, like the paparazzi
Hard to copy, shock waves can't stop me
Got dogs big as Bruce Smith to block me
It's Blake on the grape, pouring ya juice, tickle your weight
Just might be, politely, leave your man to ache
The guns are dirty? You know I double check the safe
I take it all, still be the last to escape
Kick It like Q-Tip, we get it killed for a few chips
Got a new whip, new house, got a new zip code
Watch the stroll, little Ace
A soldier that was born to roll
I love God and you know I got soul
To sell around the globe and more Bank than Tower
Dime just rewind-a, it was hard to find her
Found out my niggas got right behind her

(Overlappin last line)

(Mr. Bristol)

Y'all niggas got dick bricks, scared to grab the fifth
But I done did that, recognize the clique
Back round six-four times, fellas and shit
Make mils off the stories that we tellin' and shit
'Til I said to myself "My life is betta than this"
I wanna party, live it up, pop Don and Cris
In a lake with a waterproof on my wrist
Been a professional, now I'm starting to mix
We rhyme to kick tricks, for kids, I bring it where ya live
Run up in your crip, tie up your wife and kids
Send my man out, G, pissed off a ten-year bid
We live this real street life
And that's word to B.I.G. (uh)
I'm the type to analyze ya (what)
Move swift like Kaiser (uh)
My appearance suprise ya (yeah)
About 5'4" , my .45 is live (uh, uh)
Don't ya get live? Never judge your man by size (uh, yo)

(Chorus)

I'ma do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Do I do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Watch me do my thang, I'ma do my thang
For my niggaz, do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Uh, do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Do I do my thang, I'ma do my thang
Watch me do my thang, I'ma do my thang
For my niggaz, Brooklyn

(Lil' Cease)

Yo, yo, yo, yo

This my war I ride for lick one in the sky for
Get back everything that my nigga die for
Since his death, many steps and many left
Niggas owe money, yo, niggas can't pay a penny less
Cease got the squeeze, I'ma let these f**kers know
BK style, my niggas Love the Dough
About six hard years, eleven months ago
We was all puffin' 'dro, nowhere to go
Now I get dough, get low, let a slug blow
Cops say "Got evidence?" Let the dog go
Here's the answer, you f**king with Leo Ganza
Nigga's coke so raw, you gon need a sampler
Niggas better be as wise as me or die like me
Or go see the board then and frown like me
Got niggas takin' pictures throwin' pies on me
Motherf**kers' All Eyez On Me
Whatever happened to Brook-lawn?
Better yet, Crook-lawn?
Niggas even look wrong, niggas get hooked on
Picture me making a shook song
No, I know the wars we took on
Niggas better get gone

(Jay Z)

Yeah, flow sicker on every record
Watch Sean, glock nine, nigga, heavy necklace
Watch mine, about to make niggas very jealous
Ice in every letter, untouchable, can't f**k with duke
Thug spit, arms shake, who I'm gon play
With the CEO of the coke on Broadway, huh?
Never heard so many choices from one man
I make bitches, f**k it, I make the gun jam
Flows like sniffin' a hundred grams o'
Cocaine raw, rip your whole brain off, uh
Make it real easy to lift your chain off
BK style (what), see Jay how (uh)
We don't play fair, we play foul
Go head, stand there, we spray crowds
Live from the 7-1-8
If there ever was one great
I'm him, nigga, times three

(Chorus to end)