

Rampage, Conquer Da World

Intro: Rampage

It's like that, It's like that son

Yea, it's how we do it

Chorus 2X: Rampage (Meka)

(So what ya sayin son?) I'm a Conquer Da World

I'm a Conquer Da World, I'm a Conquer Da World

(So what ya sayin son?) I'm a Conquer Da World

<sample from Rakim sayin "Make them clap to this"
heard throughout chorus>

(Rampage)

Check it out

I'm sittin in my room, lookin at the fort wall

Suckin on Halls, singin to myself "I Got The Balls"

Skills of the ass, A Future Without A Past

You god damned right a hundred g's in the stash

Prepare for the blood bath, niggas don't know the half

I got the illmatic graph, prepare to go to gaf

Down to the yellow brick road

I'm 22, Rampage, I'm bout to explode

You could relate, I bomb ya chest like Kuwait

You dead weight, and I'm about to shut down ya gates

Forgive me Lord, I'm on the take, give me a brake

I shake and bake, and roll the money that I make

I take, I throw half of ya body up in the lake

Now it's time for me to break, f**k the jake

I make the street work for me

I do damage to the stage and the industry

It's like that, It's like that

Chorus 2X

I wanna Conquer Da World instead

(Rampage)

I don't mean to brag or boast

I'm the live nigga movin with toast

The playas haters in the games be cuttin it close

I'm layin low, in the phat red Testaros'

Adios from coast to coast

Iced out, flooded watch

Suade lookin like butterscotch

Stickin the city like Ed Koch

I want lands and yachts

Rockin clubs and hot spots

I wanna lady that's strictly gettin paid (homey)

Not a great, to chill on the exotic island

Strictly drinkin lemonade

Rubbin my back, rubbin my head

Smellin good when she comes to bed

Victoria Secret, sumthin that I can sleep with

Pack my heat with, she's nuthin but my sidekick

The chick that I freak with

It's like that son

Chorus 3X

(Rampage)

I'm on the road to the riches

Naked bitches in the kitchen

Washin my dishes, leavin they man suspicious

I'm in the mansion, rightin rhymes like it's a short time

I gotta shine, sippin on fine wine

I'm in the phat ja'causezi, parle, put away the uzi

It's all about the cuties, macked out like John Belushi
Take off that versel sweater, it's gettin better
Black and white suit, Maxima, FDR coup
Been around the world, gettin loot
I got future plans in the Meadowlands
Pushin in the phat lands
Seein my mans, mad fans sittin in the stands
Goin crazy, Rampage, too young to fade
The hardcore renegade
21 songs until ya made, pre paid
Joined by crusade, I twist ya like a corn braid
I got it made, I'm blowin like the World Trade

Chorus to fade