

Rappin' 4-Tay, Win Or Loose

[Intro: Talking]

The Bay Area, the yay-yay
That's right, fo' flavors
Rappin' 4 Tay
It's for them suckers, whodi

[Verse I]

You baller blockin'
Mad 'cause the foes poppin'
Six foes hoppin', got the whole world poppin', collaz!
Milluem Dots, mo' ice than eskimo
Motherfucking money strong, y'all got the game wrong
Four scale pimpin' whodi, wrist glistenin'
I know you whisperin', but SUCKA I ain't listenin'
Heard she pick the Wheezy up
'Cause she back that ass up
Got a pocket of hand-cuffs and wrote the pony so tough
Tell me why you're mad at me
I know you thinkin' breezy, creepin' to the heezy
on the unn in the beezy
The bay, for those that don't know
It's so equisit, come and pay a visit
please believe it, don't miss it
Exhibits, double 0 G's like fo' cheesy
Forty fines for relly in the home with mack sheezy
But leave your women and your troubles behind you
We mackin' for a livin', it's only a right that I remind you
From beanies to Bossolini's we used to struggle
Surprise rapper forty eyes all my dogs bubble

[Chorus]

Somebody's gotta win, but now, somebody's losin'
Strikeless hitch-hikin' while these ballers out and crusin'
He rose a bucket, he rose a Beamer acrunk, shoo! (shoo)
Somebody's gotta win, somebody's gotta lose
Somebody's gotta win, but now, somebody's losin'
Strikeless hitch-hikin' while these ballers out and crusin'
He rose a bucket, he rose a Beamer acrunk, shoo! (shoo)
Somebody's gotta win, somebody's gotta lose...

[Verse II]

Everybody claimed they got it locked like prison bars
From the North, to the South, to the East, to the West,
all us playas livin large
Workin' on your opponent, workin' on it too much, you dreamin'
This shit you see on these videos ain't always what it seems
Life is based on game, and game is based on witch dot
Trippin' off what the next man got
And get your grip
Remember, love don't love nobody but we love the way it feels
And let it be a good damn thing, if love can pay the bills
Got you in my zone now, shoot them crooks now
Now I'm booked out on my own now, it's goin' down, platinum bound
Here we go again two nappy heads in they plot (plot)
Dog, you be surprised with all these capers I be spottin'
Thats why murder rates increase, it should be peace
But now, who am I to speak when all I did my youth was creep? (creep)
Duckin' it dodge to my so-called homeys, they phoney
Tryna get me, tryna hit me
I'm takin' that sucka with me before he split me

[Chorus]

[Verse III]

If you came where I come from, YOU KNOW WHERE I'M COMIN' FROM
Takin' so many chances, livin' life on the run
No fun, especially for a playa situation, get critical
murder one and that's pitiful but yet it's soblentioul
Way beyond your knocks fool, peep fool, check the ???????
Death ain't got no date and no time, dont never go away
But playa-haters gon' hate on how much money you make
Because, money makes the world go round
Livin' life like ?????, this is cabbage
With hundred stick situation, so savage
So tragic, need a hot meal in my baby's belly
Remenise no hard times in my pen in my selly
I ain't tryna go back, 'cause backwards ain't part of my PJ
I need that might dollar to survive in these ghetto streets
Them devils want me isolated, like chicken drawers
I'm tryna get mine (mine)
I hope you get yours (yours)
I hope you get yours, get it, get it

[Chorus]

[Talking]
Yeah, nigga, stop baller blockin'
And keep them collas poppin!
Please believe it, oh boy!
4-Tay for the Bay
What'cha say?
Hahahahaha