

Amil F/ Da Brat, Eve, Jay-Z, Road Dawgs

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Miscellaneous

Road Dawgs

DJ Clue (Jay-Z)

New Shit

(Uh, huh, check it out now)

Road Dawgs

Amil, Eve, Da Brat

(Amillion, E-V-E)

Jay-Z

(First Lady)

(Check it out, uh yo)

(Don't watch me nigga watch my bitches)

Ha ha

(Uh, huh)

(Uh huh, uh huh)

(Yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella that's the clique)

(Nigga don't watch me better watch my bitches)

[Eve]

I stay sick wit

Each ??? flow like liquid shit

Harder than the dick get

Nigga flew his whole clan just to get wit

One touch nigga fiend for the clit lick

Don't leave'em nothing but a quick fix

Me and money makers be the first pick and

Do the dirt quick and

Sexy thug keep get me warm make my toes twitch

Only fuck wit the raw you should know this

Ruff Ryde, but you scared of the stallion

Scheme for cream, me and Amillion

Carry rockets in my pockets, better step back

Put holes in ya back you can bet that, hustle for the dollar

Eve, like to cut you, make you holler

Play cuts for bucks and watch'em pile up

You want more?

See me in the drop top it's on

Peach color pony head course

Player instinct, learned from my dogs

Save ya money baby I'ma take you to the mall

And I buy you something small

Maybe something negligen

Cartier, came fast in small things

What I need to survive is a peace of the pie, feel me

E-V-E, capitalize

Taking the shit, making it mine

Big niggas in the game that'll let us find

Put me up against anybody I shine

Taking my time for this line for line

Mad chart thugs wit yours crime for crime

Real bitches keeping it raw, about time

Chorus: 2xs

(Amil)

Where my hoes in this house who

Hold they niggas down who

Roll hard, y'all my road dawgs

(Hey)

Where my ladies in this place who

Hold they niggas space when

He locked up, throw ya baby glocks up

(Owh)

[Amil]
Crush shit
Before I even touch shit
Wit the princess cuts and shit
My niggas, Roc-a-Love for me
Haters, make you think you can fuck wit me
This rap shit is like drugs to me
Nigga, need a fix leave it up to me
All Money Is Legal
Roca y'all know how we do
First class, all stretch out
Or, S-Class all sexed out
Got the cash, let's be out
Bitch gone only do joints wit the best out
Most niggas can't handle me
So I strictly fuck wit family
Sports to death, ask Jigga
Don't I only deal wit a high class nigga?
It's a turn off if my cash bigger
Don't blame me, blame my last nigga
Mother fucker kept me laced from the feet up
Started off wit a pair of V studs
I be wifey no pre-nups
Still ended up wit the SE what
Windows down, seats back
Can't catch me wit a sweet track
Co-writers don't need that
99 and I still ain't meet my match
Feel me huh? New Your and Philly huh?
the only ones that had a chance
Was the ones wit the cash advance

Chorus:

[Da Brat]
I tell 'em like this
Ain't to many mother fuckers bad as me
Bust at a nigga wit a rhyme or a nine wit a tragedy
When it cause catastrophes, will actually cause you to bleed
Fuck up anything you breathe, pass the weed
If a nigga proceed to step outta line I'm a gradually
Fill his anatomy wit bullet holes in his behind
I happen to be the type of bitch
Get a grudge I don't budge and shit
And look at what I did in life as a kid
Wit thugs and pents
Now I got the knowledge of a college mother fucker
Wit a scholarship
At any degree my temperature get, boiling hot to freezing
When I release you can see the reason, I'm so cold
Niggas continuously rolling me beats to choke on
Try-na get a smoke on
High, cause I have to get it
When you can never seeing me coming the Devils Advocate
Material hoe, keeping niggas dropping they draws
And fiending for more
Surrounded wit, diamonds around the wrist
Cruise the town in my six, bruising them every time I hit
And I ain't try-na quit
If I do, you can never find another to fill my shoes
I prove you can't duplicate this
Attempt to and lose
This little nigga been rocking the basement since I was about two
Pick up the pace quick, why worry about a replacement?
When I stepped in came wit my feet in the pavement

Leave niggas in amazement
And guess what the ingravement say?
Capital B-R-A-T was here and got paid all year
In a major way, fuck what the haters, fuck the tabloids
I spit on niggas, who try to steal my joy

Chorus