

DJ Clue, Fantastic Four Pt. 2

(feat. Cam'Ron, Fabolous, The LOX, Nature)

[Nature]

Peronas the crib sicker than Madonna's
gettin more press then Elien Gonzalez
Some niggas tell me I'm the hottest
I never cool off
Criticize the shit I write but it's never too soft
Snatch channels like I'm Disney
half grizzlie unexplain
when niggas see me they duck
hoppin i pass quickley
Someone to laugh wit me get acquainted
they know exactly when a niggas famous
or livin dangerous
The kid got a glow like i just came home
try to dull me
niggas that owe be hiding from me
Changin their names
screenin their calls
the dreamcast in the crib
never leavin at all
Playin NBA 2K for two days straight
fifty dollas a game
ket me polish my gain
Withdrawin at the bank
never deposit a thing
yo I gotta make a dolla wit slang

[Cam'ron]

Back in the day we was slave
whips and chains
its tradition
all i got whips and chains
All i did
flip some cane
now a nigga sick of the range
only a new six could fix the pain
Look at all these goose bumps round my wrist and veins
Milton Bradley wanna get my game
5-0 wanna frisk my frame
I dont deal wit cheap blow
when i shoot no block
sort of like a free throw
Cant miss
and one of you bitches burn me and i cant piss
got me itchin like its dandrif
you gone see the back of cam hand quick you dam bitch
im a stomp you stab you
look at you you dam bitch
Ya love I would dumb back out
everybody like "killa
when u come back out," Listen
I like rap
routine had to stop
met a new connect got it 18 a whop
Cops on payroll every block got blow
we fight every night
reunite then pop Mo
Thats how it is when you deal wit me
and I dont feel tv
only real tv
Real money real gats real cats real girls
MTV I'll show you the real world

Cats run up on you
splater your white eyes
thats only to make saturday night live
Lookin for a casket got the right size
wanna bake a cake i got the right pies
Crashed up the four
but now the right five
lookin for beef you found the right guys
Old folk say "cam stop ur route
why you gotta get the guns
just box it out"
Listen that there is trife
only fightin is the doctor
and thats for your life
As for your wife
took her out just to tour town
bench press for what
I lift four pounds
Tear up your car
all four doors down
cats wanna box
well heres four more rounds

[Styles]

Yo,
Keep talkin bout convertibles and your ice
I'ma smack you yap you and murder you
Keep talkin bout your dawgs is this
and you leavin out the part that your dawgs is bitch
Lets get straight to the point
aint a nigga better than me
im agrivated and im fed to the T
If I gotta do joints
and im sittin for five
when you remeniss about me
say the nigga was live
I got twelve arm robberies pendin
a dope charge, a gun charge
hard to see holiday bendin
Wit a brand new case
twenty niggas, the ride
a spot OT
and some brand new base
Why say names
you could get who ever you know
I got the gun cocked
ready to blow
Dont compare his rhymes to mines
mines is real
and his is just words and lines

[Sheek]

Now I'ma give it to you straight cause I don't cop no pleas
Sheek Lush, a nigga who got lots of cheese
Wit enough coke to stand on and slide like ski's
and you could see your whole body on my H-R vreethe
How you wanna do this shit
like the quick and the dead
so i could cock back
empty out the back of your head
Do a drive-by go head
Im quick wit the heater
I shoot threw you
your car
and threw the parkin meter

[Jadakiss]

Look it ain't much to talk about, fuck you
Fuck where you from, you better wear your gun
Won't shoot nothin, but you will appear in court
I put your brains everywhere so you could share your thoughts
Few hot shells outta the chrome will leave you there
wit a funny smell like gun powder colon
Listen everythings about the kiss
the new dope out
sky blue CL 6
wit the new poke outs
Tired of the speculation faggit
everything is real here
ya aint gonna get wreck on jason
Hold down the fort
could never be baught
so I dont flip when the crackers wave checks in my facin
Rather start gunnin
cause soon as you start chasin the money
thats when the money start runnin
I drive by in a car service
hope out wit mad nigga
pull my phone out
like ya nervous

[Fabolous]

Like ya dont know the kid stay hittin benches
wit kay's of the cane
leave strays sittin inches
away from your brain
In them grey kitted benzes
I sway threw the lanes
now the nay's just sit and flinches
when they see the chain
Ya might not never come out
my verses get heard
I'm a hustler
I dont sleep from the first to the third
Take the ???? to Cali
but the shots go quickly
put red spots on your neck
and they not no hickeys
The truck still got those micky's
and dont even pass it my way
if its not no sticky
No matter where Im at
I pop regaurdless
cause I get knocked I cut a check
ya gone drop the charges
Put three holes in head
make em look like bowlin balls
Come threw in spring
wit nikes that dont get sold till fall
So I could hardly care
cause the only way I see time behind bars
if its a cartier