

DJ Clue, People's Court

1st verse

Yeah! Ah huh!

Yo yo! I gives a f**k

if you traumed up

Don Perignoned up

niggas from where

want what one slip

and get ya cherry balmed up

I got every arm

and my niggas homicide

and deadly come to ya gut B!

Guess ya done blon luck

f**ked wit the wrong one

Shawn Gun harm one

two f**k y'all won do

Bastards niggas know I blast quick

as if y'all had to ask, shit,

get ya ass twist

it's the rap's El Nino,

get ya brain splitted

and I don't like pussy well enough,

to hang wit it, you ain't wit it

same shit-it

can't f**k wit the lame wit-itch

soon as the slang spitted

if you came, you get it

plain as the game,

wit the pens witted on cosine,

and the whole nine

leave you where I find yo ass...

lost wit no sign,

y'all so wrong

I'm the last nigga to roll on,

got the vest on

wit the pose on

when you guess wrong

I'm a press on, motherf**ker!

Chorus- F**k the Judge

F**k the Jury

when ya warring wit me

It's peoples court

we hold court in the street

I gives a f**k about the D.A.

when ya see Jay

betta crawl for yo heat

it's peoples court

we hold court in the street

Ya Heard Me!

F**k the judge

F**k the Jury

when ya warring wit me

It's peoples court

we hold court in the street

I gives a shit about ya play disc

nigga dangerous

watch ya language wit me

It's peoples court

we hold court in the street.

2nd verse

I gives a shit if it's small claims,

like stealing ya bitch

or if it's Supreme Court

like stealing ya bricks

look, my guns is all range

more pain, end it ran to

whether you big money or small change
when I cock it ball guage
my pis-tals never miss trials
here;s the daterrain
wit no chance of parole
bullets coming concurrent
I'm like why nigga
try Jigga
you must remember
it's like being on trial for your life
wit a public defender
let the jury fill the seats up
ans start the court calendar off
wit jocket number nine-millimeter
all rise, the honorable Jay-Z presides
instead of a mallet, I hold a tool
all upjections overruled
stay deep in ya arguments
hope you understand it,
two guns, right over left
that's how I crossexam
like Tom Cruise
poppin' wit the Top Gun, you lose
Jigga no lie
and y'all can't handle the truth!

Chorus

3rd verse

No flow sicker
No cell could hold Jigga
since I drop these
tripled out, no coke kitchen victors
no contest
in a rhyme fest
I'm best
under oath, raise my right hand
and I spit it honest
know ya facts foreal
'fo ya decide to act ill
when you blow trial
ain't no coming back on appeal
it's murderone
bail set at, a half-a-mil
it's murderone
for you raples motherf**ker's
red done, commit hate crimes
fake rhymes, I hold in contempt
you get state time
for faking like you greater than him
so foulplay, thats ya charges
pay ya fine at the desk sergant
say sorry, and take ya property
I be sure to bend it
flow splendid
no coke defendant
while you niggas hold trial
wit no motions in it
three-time felon
third album
locking it down for the term
of Lifetime, Volume 2 nigga,
court is ajourned!