

# DJ Kayslay, I Never Liked Ya Ass

(feat. Fat Joe, Raekwon, Scarface)

[Intro: Scarface]

Don't see Kay in these motherfuckin' streets dog  
Nigga walkin' around in this motherfucker lookin' shocked and stupid, baby  
We runnin' these motherfuckin' streets for real  
Kay Slay, holla at God damn baby  
Kay Slay, they don't want me out here  
They don't want you out here, dog  
This is motherfuckin' Face Mob, Kayslay, New York City  
Holla at ya God damn baby, we don't rock no motherfuckin' ice, baby  
We rock this real shit, dog  
And if you think a nigga bullshittin', come fuck wit it  
It's goin' down...

[Scarface]

Let's put an ending to chatter, nigga, see me in gloves  
I'm the poof in the booth, bitch, read it in blood  
It's Face at you, freezin' motherfuckers like a statue  
I got a loaded Kay Slay pointed at you  
The end of your beginning, before you even get it started  
You fucked up, now you in the presence of a heartless  
Nigga, from out the gutter, spit it and don't stutter  
I'm a gangsta, raised around the dope fiends and hustlers  
But silence is golden, and the streets don't talk  
Don't let shit slide, cause beef don't walk  
We attack hoes, fuck a nigga with wack flows  
I'm the last of a dying, bitch, act like you don't know  
I'm the reason you niggas walk around thug  
Just remember I'm the one made, you can get touched  
So what you fittin to put a record out, you a motherfuckin sellout  
Slay told me to knock your ass out

[Chorus x2: Scarface]

And you was right, I never liked ya motherfuckin' ass  
To start with, you know it's better get your self regardless  
And Kay, bitch, you picked the right nigga to play with  
Now you got a leakin' T-shirt from the chay spit

[Raekwon]

Snow white five glendin', the elevator with the crib  
Blend with it kid, I feel one of them Bill Clinton's  
Mills is spent, still don, still rentin'  
Still yacht flyin', still killin' fish, still killin' clicks  
The fifth out, don't even breathe out  
And ganna with the ill thieves, slick hammers, we all fam  
What, pull out the four, pop the truck, see the luxury morgue  
The casket leather, the python seeks your dog  
Flashback, he and them Benz's lenses  
Actin' like he did ten sentences, son ain't real  
He got excited, parked the truck, just leaned the lighter  
Twist the blunt, sat back, son beepin', we drove off  
It's money on it, until them young niggas don on it  
Devour the snitches, you get on, you born with it  
Make a toast for hours, for all the money and power  
The right division, don't never let corns get it, drama

[Chorus x2]

[Fat Joe]

Pass the rock, you niggas gassed a lot  
I never liked ya ass, but then again, you can't be shocked  
Most feared in this rap game, and ain't for frontin'  
Best believe when shit pop off, I'm blazin' somethin'

It's the J to the Izzo, you know the rest  
Nigga can't get a Twiz-o, but flow the best  
I've been doin' this for years, ruinin' careers  
Niggas never wanna listen til the toolies in the air  
It's the kid that don't be givin' a fuck, I hold a shit outta grudge  
The type of nigga that'll spit at the judge  
Niggas gettin' gelled, they say I'm livin' it up  
Cuz I'm at Hollywood with Denzel, flickin' it up  
I play the corner when the shit is hot, summer time in the X  
Kay Slay got the shit on lock  
That's where you go to find the God body  
Second to none, unless you compare him to John Gotti, God...

[Chorus x2]