Fredro Starr, Dat Be Dem

feat. Begetz

(Chorus 2X: Begetz)
We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin Other People Money is what we all about

(Fredro Starr)

Aiyo, I roll wit the Gods and them, the Stars and them Hundred thousand dollar dollar cars and them Firestarr move deep like the mob and them America Mafia dot com and them (Yo, dat be dem) The wild life, livin it up You get clapped for ya dough, instead of givin it up (Yo, dat be dem) Late nights, I-95 Coke in the rye, flashlights searchin the side (Yo, dat be dem) Shots howl, rollin wit kings Thirty ninth street, B.D.'s bringin me greed (Yo, dat be dem) Goin uptown, coppin a war Real shit, Dominicans wit they glocks at the door Word up

(Chorus 2X)

(Fredro Starr)

Àiyo, the deans we don't fucks wit them, or rocks wit them Before I get locked, I'mma bust shots at them Broke bitches never trustin them, or lustin them Pushin the back pocks so I can bust in them (But, dat be dem) After-party, sexin wit chicks Ex-out in the mornin, still fuckin the bitch (But, dat be dem) Dice games: 4,5,6 Well it's a drought, niggas holdin bout 4/5 bricks (But, dat be dem) The bartender hold me a gat Gettin bottle after bottle, gettin sent to the back (But, dat be dem) Riker's Island, H.T.M. On the visit niggas, bringin weed taped to they Timbs Word up

(Chorus 2X)

(Fredro Starr)

Wild life, killa Queens, ya runs wit them
My dirty Brooklyn niggas, get one's wit them
Ferrari drop behind the Rover, that's my dunns and them
Rob who? what my niggas keep guns on them
(Dat be dem) X-5, GBM
Signal lights in the mirror, bitches next to them
(Dat be dem) Glassware, cookin up drugs
In the club lost, lookin for love
(Dat be dem) A hundred fans, chasin them down
Bitch niggas in the projects, hatin 'em now
(Dat be dem) Takin holes, a coke and ya grow
Buyin clothes, just to open they nose and open they codes

(Chorus to fade)