

# Jermaine Dupri, Your Shit Right

Chorus x2(JD):

To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
An' all my niggas wit the corner lock gettin' high  
An' all my playas world wide it's just you and I,  
Get ya paper, get ya dough, get ya shit right.

JD:

First off, ya'll niggas know I don't slouch  
An' as a kid I done did the shit you talkin' about  
I'm from the South  
Ya heard? Where niggas fly birds outta Impalas  
Live lavish From ATL to Dallas  
An' the little palace Goin' once, goin' twice  
Everyday, livin' nice In the grey wit the ice  
Makin' money rollin' dice  
Livin' the life  
That ya'll dream of  
Puttin' niggas outta business like Sony did to Zenith  
You seen us? The green stuff  
An nuttin' else that's all I collect  
I got the hots like the Lox: Money, Power and Respect  
An' I can damn the check that any of ya'll niggas spit  
I stay hittin'  
I ain't bullshittin'(he ain't bullshittin')  
Nigga Wit more glitter Than M.J.  
It's all pimp play  
When it comes to me  
An' ya'll muthaf\*\*kas know how JD gets down  
An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town  
Feel me now

Chorus x2

Mad Rapper:

Yo, let me tell you where I'm at ya'll  
Shits kinda sad ya'll  
If you ride the buses or trains Watch ya back ya'll  
Who think he stallin?  
I still ain't ballin'  
An' I got wild bills  
An' the Chronic keeps callin'  
My dogs wanna hang(bark)  
My bitches wanna bang  
But it don't mean a thang  
When all you got is change  
That's why my women ain't dimes  
Not even close to nines  
Sorta like fives and sixes  
Wit scars and stiches  
Type of bitches that spit in yo' face like Alomar  
Broke hoes without a car snatchin' fruit from salad bars  
Which one of ya'll come on, test me now  
Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now  
So next time you see me up in them clubs I'm probably schemin'  
While you at the bar  
Brick hard and fiendin'  
I wait for 4 o'clock when yo' drunk ass is leavin'  
Cause I paid to get in An' now I gotta Break even

Chorus x2

DMX: Niggas goin' to parties Thousand dollar shoes and jewels  
You be gets what I be wantin' so I be bringin' the tool  
Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in  
An' nigga D be flippin', yeah, buddy , it's the same shit  
What you thought Cause you bought a joint  
You might be able to creep a nigga  
When he ain't on point  
An' I can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than tryin'

An' every step you take brings yo' ass closer to dyin  
An' I don't flow wit the dough cause money comes and goes  
Gimme the love of my thugs  
Hoodrats and hoes  
An' I'm good  
Cause muthaf\*\*ka I'm stain' in the hood  
An' I'm gon' rip till I'm stiff like wood  
You wishin' that you could  
Keep it as real as me  
An' you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me  
When I get ill it be Some next shit Darkman  
Muthaf\*\*kin X shit Wreck shit For respect bitch  
Chorus x4