

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