

# Outlawz, I Dare U

(feat. Focus...)

[YOUNG NOBLE]

You gotta feel this  
Even if you hate my guts  
What it takes to come up  
A & R gettin' taped the fuck up  
Labels stuck on followin' trends  
I'm sick of the game  
It's time for a change  
Aint no need to pretend  
Just a team when 'Pac started this thug shit  
For the hood  
Pitchin' is the fuckin thangs we get  
The game so fickle  
Niggaz pop shit with no pistol  
Only 12 years old  
I sold nickels  
Just a young nigga comin' of age  
I was one of the slaves  
Til the underground catchin' the train  
Uptown, comin' back with the cane  
Long tops and all  
We Outlawz, go home or go hard  
Most intense flow  
From the calmest dude  
Raw moves have you filled with a bombin' fluid  
I was born to be a Outlaw  
My momma knew it  
Drama, karma  
I put my momma thru it  
Damn!

[Chorus]

Motherfucker I dare you  
Step up to a nigga like me  
With a name like mine  
Motherfucker I dare you  
To pass up on a nigga like me  
Like you ain't got time  
Motherfucker I dare you  
To think yo family was starvin'  
A nigga wouldn't rob you blind  
Motherfucker I dare you  
To give in, gon' get it  
Cause a nigga stay on his grind  
Motherfucker I dare you

[KASTRO]

It's me, Castro  
King Kash and rusty  
I'm classy dusty  
My balls is husky  
I shed blood for what I love  
And thus me  
Would ratha' die before I let you cowards budge me  
Naw, I simply won't allow it  
OG's showed me death before dishonor  
I ain't doubted  
When I got grounded by my momma  
I pouted  
And when I hit that first shot of Vodka  
I downed it  
Now I keep a pistol with me everywhere I go

And paranoid and I ain't tryna keep it on the low  
Just so you know you not fuckin with a hoe  
And I stay open like a corner store  
Call me corner-stro  
Please don't get it twisted  
Why even risk it  
Play a nigga distance  
This is, not a warning or a fuckin threat  
I'm all in  
My money on the table  
Ya bet

[Chorus]

[E.D.I.]

Six million ways to die  
And many stories in the city  
That's why when you see me  
My attitude is shitty  
Now I ain't scared of the terrorist  
But the law my enemy  
Bush and his homies  
Got plans for me  
And niggaz with skin color similar to mine  
It's a catch-22 if you livin' off of crime, and  
Most of the niggaz I know, don'  
Lost hope  
Either be rappin' or be sellin' some dope  
It's a helluva road  
It's a hard time for hustla's  
Deep in the game  
We reapin' the pain for money  
And ain't shit funny  
So I don't fuck with clowns  
In any town  
Im only around those who stay down  
Get pain now (now)  
Yeah that's what's sup  
It's too much money in this game for me to pass it up  
So cut the check dawg  
It's so simple  
Or have niggaz like me comin' thru ya window.. window