

Project Pat F/ Ludacris

"Respect Mine"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Fuck ya'll niggaz is talkin' bout? (clack clack-cla-clack clack)

Crunchy chump motherfuckas, ya'll niggaz is all pussy
That's my word, ya'll know how the realest niggaz is
Don't let me tell ya'll again, bitch, straight up
I put all this right there, on niggaz in H.T.M.'s son
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Chorus: Raekwon]

All magazines lit, fly life we live
The lingo is to let, ya'll niggaz know, how niggaz rep
I'm set, lightin' the purple in a new jet
Triflin' work, let's murder everything that move on the set

[Method Man]

Goin' back to basics, shit you catch case with
Style laced with, arsonic, before you taste it
Rap matrix, gemini's is two faced it, I heard Rob Based it
"Bad boys" retire out the game just like Mase did
Dish it out and take it
To where I'm bout to go and everybody ain't gon' make it

[Raekwon]

Blow shipments out the rap shit, clap shit
Most of us attack shit, mean Benz, ballin' wit the bad chick
Take over, quick fast, violate, slap shit
And every borough, state, town, prison, map shit
Makeover hoes that blow, they attract dick
Shine on my jims, glow, on the low, slap dick
To every mean queen clean, keep it black chick
My motto, CREAM, green bottle of the phat shit

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Allah Mathematics scratched samples up (Cappadonna)]

"Brothers respect mine!" - Raekwon
(Uh, uh, what, for real niggaz, step the fuck off?)

[Cappadonna]

Aiyo, Ice Cream, real niggaz in whips
Fur coats, Gucci boots and shit, fly honey dip
Streets and clips is what we live for, rub on the floor
Ox in the jaw, rockin' the four, rugged and raw
Righteous and more, we the gliders, the outsiders
Killa Bee hivers, the big boy drivers
The conivers, the four fivers, survivors
We the livest and carry the heaters, coke is in the
meters
Six to eight seaters, circle the mind readers
Pumas, Nikes, and Adidas, hip hop achievers
Love hood rats and love divas, love money, love sex
Love vets, love weed and love wrecks

[Method Man]

All in together now, follow me the Method
Raw individual, the enemy you slept with
No love here, no tender, love and care
But M.C.'s, I'm starvin', niggaz best before
For consumption, for wack assumption
You can catch a bad one or somethin'
From shotgun, you know I'm pza-pza-pumpin'
Jumpin', thumpin', get crunk and
Drunk inside the function
+Uncontrolled+ with the +Substance+
+Beneath the Surface+ there's +Redemption+
For Bobby Digital +Supreme Clientele+ convention,
+Nigga Please+
+Immobilarity+ they can't breath til they +Blackout!+
I used to write and smoke L's in the crackhouse
Pull your wig like a potato then I mash out
Check your ego at the door
Better wipe your feet before you step me, or it's yourz!

[Chorus 2X]

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