

Project Pat F/ Lord Infamous

"Road Dawgs"

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DJ Clue (Jay-Z)
New Shit
(Uh, huh, check it out now)
Road Dawgs
Amil, Eve, Da Brat
(Amillion, E-V-E)
Jay-Z
(First Lady)
(Check it out, uh yo)
(Don't watch me nigga watch my bitches)
Ha ha
(Uh, huh)
(Uh huh, uh huh)
(Yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella that's the clique)
(Nigga don't watch me better watch my bitches)

[Eve]
I stay sick wit
Each ??? flow like liquid shit
Harder than the dick get
Nigga flew his whole clan just to get wit
One touch nigga fiend for the clit lick
Don't leave'em nothing but a quick fix
Me and money makers be the first pick and
Do the dirt quick and
Sexy thug keep get me warm make my toes twitch
Only fuck wit the raw you should know this
Ruff Ryde, but you scared of the stallion
Scheme for cream, me and Amillion
Carry rockets in my pockets, better step back
Put holes in ya back you can bet that, hustle for the
dollar
Eve, like to cut you, make you holler
Play cuts for bucks and watch'em pile up
You want more?
See me in the drop top it's on
Peach color pony head course
Player instinct, learned from my dogs
Save ya money baby I'ma take you to the mall
And I buy you something small
Maybe something negligén

Cartier, came fast in small things
What I need to survive is a peace of the pie, feel me
E-V-E, capitalize
Taking the shit, making it mine
Big niggas in the game that'll let us find
Put me up against anybody I shine
Taking my time for this line for line
Mad chart thugs wit yours crime for crime
Real bitches keeping it raw, about time

Chorus: 2xs

[Jay-Z] (Amil)

Where my hoes in this house who
Hold they niggas down who
Roll hard, y'all my road dawgs
(Hey)
Where my ladies in this place who
Hold they niggas space when
He locked up, throw ya baby glocks up
(Owh)

[Amil]

Crush shit
Before I even touch shit
Wit the princess cuts and shit
My niggas, Roc-a-Love for me
Haters, make you think you can fuck wit me
This rap shit is like drugs to me
Nigga, need a fix leave it up to me
All Money Is Legal
Roca y'all know how we do
First class, all stretch out
Or, S-Class all sexed out
Got the cash, let's be out
Bitch gone only do joints wit the best out
Most niggas can't handle me
So I strictly fuck wit family
Sports to death, ask Jigga
Don't I only deal wit a high class nigga?
It's a turn off if my cash bigger
Don't blame me, blame my last nigga
Mother fucker kept me laced from the feet up
Started off wit a pair of V studs
I be wifey no pre-nups
Still ended up wit the SE what
Windows down, seats back
Can't catch me wit a sweet track
Co-writers don't need that
99 and I still ain't meet my match
Feel me huh? New Your and Philly huh?
the only ones that had a chance

Was the ones wit the cash advance

Chorus:

[Da Brat]

I tell 'em like this

Ain't to many mother fuckers bad as me

Bust at a nigga wit a rhyme or a nine wit a tragedy

When it cause catastrophes, will actually cause you to bleed

Fuck up anything you breathe, pass the weed

If a nigga proceed to step outta line I'm a gradually

Fill his anatomy wit bullet holes in his behind

I happen to be the type of bitch

Get a grudge I don't budge and shit

And look at what I did in life as a kid

Wit thugs and pents

Now I got the knowledge of a college mother fucker

Wit a scholarship

At any degree my temperature get, boiling hot to freezing

When I release you can see the reason, I'm so cold

Niggas continuously rolling me beats to choke on

Try-na get a smoke on

High, cause I have to get it

When you can never seeing me coming the Devils Advocate

Material hoe, keeping niggas dropping they draws

And fiending for more

Surrounded wit, diamonds around the wrist

Cruise the town in my six, bruising them every time I hit

And I ain't try-na quit

If I do, you can never find another to fill my shoes

I prove you can't duplicate this

Attempt to and lose

This little nigga been rocking the basement since I was about two

Pick up the pace quick, why worry about a replacement?

When I stepped in came wit my feet in the pavement

Leave niggas in amazement

And guess what the ingravement say?

Capital B-R-A-T was here and got paid all year

In a major way, fuck what the haters, fuck the tabloids

I spit on niggas, who try to steal my joy

Chorus

