

Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z

"Football"

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(Mastamind)

Ready, set, hut 1, bust ya guns
I'm the one callin' plays, hush your tongues
Must you come to us to put you down thunderous
3 niggaz with mics, comin' like there's round a hundred
of us
Comin' like some out the jungle motherfuckers
Some niggaz come up on the suckers and suckers go
to the gutter
What you livin' for? You ready to ride to the end of the
road
And get wicked for show let me know when you're visit
to go
Here's the info, peep the game play now feel the tempo
Now can you smoke on this while takin' it in slow
I'll rot you with the proper procedure
Runnin' through this game without a breather, wide
receiver
Tryin' to come up on 7, figures that is
The harder you put your shit down the bigger it is
This has been a demonstration for Natas
Standing like a monument until the nation proper
celebration
We gonna toast to we the champions
For now every fuckin' murder rider needs an anthem

(CHORUS)

Hit you with the football and blow out your brains
rushin'
"Oh my God"

(Esham)

I'ma hike it, whether you like it or not
Don't get excited, I'm here to ingnite your bloodclot
The blazin' hot, knockin' out your spot
Forget me not, 'cause I pop and never drop the fuckin'
rock
I wanna rumble, motherfucker I ain't mumble
And I never fumble in the jungle with the bundle
Touchdown in your zone, this you can't believe
Connection, interception, I wide receive

My style blitz your whole play when I slide
Offsides, soft hides, make for more murder rides
Runnin' depriving make for dead presidents
Never hesitant when I'm servin' you this medicine
Straight tackling the ones that won't better sen
Detroit, Michigan's best defensemen

(CHROUS)

(TNT)

4th down and 10 to go
I throw the bomb, yo
TNT's in the game
All niggaz know my name
N-A-T-A-S never drop a glock, pop a clock
Stoppin' no rest needed, I stay weeded
Situations heeded
I throw spirals and bolos at those hoes who oppose
Niggaz try to read me get they book closed
In the story niggaz get killed on the battlefield
Talkin' murder shit not doin' what they say they will

(Mastamind)

Now the warriors come out, raise your guns to that
Perhaps, you should get your shit in shape and run
your laps
About the punter heard out, put ya through a work out
Natas the first stop you take, put the red alert out
Do anything to put the word out, make you the sacrifice
The game is getting stormed at night
'Cause God gonna get black tonight

(CHORUS)

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