

## **R. Kelly F/ Nas**

### **"Ladies N Gentlemen"**

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[Intro]

Party people in the place to be  
Party people in the place to be  
Party people in the place to be  
Ladies N Gentlemen, he's BDB  
A.K.A. you host for the evening  
By your people, he believin in fake MC's

[Buckshot]

A lot of y'all, think you know it all  
Want me to fall, but y'all the same niggas at the party  
on the wall  
Askin shorty to dance, do she wanna groove, no  
chance  
She fuckin wit Buck, I'm on the move, you understand  
Stupid, wise up and get intelligent  
See that hardcore speakin is irrelevant  
Teachin, when I'm on the streets and  
When I'm at a show I see my niggas is defeatin  
The purpose, no longer am I nervous  
I told you, you shittin on me, I'm comin back to blow you  
When I do this, don't act like it's a shock to you  
If I shock you when you bow down, say true  
Now you can say you knew you was fuckin wit the  
general  
But generally speakin, I didn't even know you  
But I knew your kind, I dealt wit the same mind  
Saw the same plan, ended at the same time

[Chorus]

Party people in the place to be  
Party people in the place to be  
Party people in the place to be  
Ladies N Gentlemen, he's BDB  
A.K.A. you host for the evening  
By your people, he believin in fake MC's  
Buck got plenty extra greevin, breathin  
You know that I shall proceed

[Buckshot]

I can't wait to get rid of y'all Captain Crunch niggas on

the mic  
One hit wonders, scared of the under, I'mma bring the  
light  
To make ya niggas come out of the closet  
You might have to see me in the party, watch it  
I set the flame, see usually the aim is  
To burn down the cane field, must remain real  
Keep the stainless steel  
Bulletproofs the proof that the streets is real  
Two shots to the belly, now the body feel ill  
I will take ya niggas right above the hill  
And everybody got the skill, one spliff  
Two, three, four spliffs, and make ya ball out  
Everybody call out, it's the black, that make you lay  
back in the cut  
And ask "What the fuck is that?" nigga chill, relax

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]  
I bomb first, leavin no time for you to rehearse  
When you hear the gunshots, nigga disperse  
Shit gets worse if you persist, and tryin to diss, son,  
imagine this  
The vocalist, every time I told you this  
You told me that you knew in that I owned you this  
What owned you this? My niggas be retaliate  
Had to make an example of niggas and demonstrate  
How we don't fuck around wit y'all  
We might bring the pound for y'all, bust a round at ya  
Police put the shell up in the jar, for the evidence  
Kid, ever since I was fifteen, I was liftin  
Big clips and magazines, readin them and heatin them  
Put them in the bottom for the enemy to plead son shot  
him  
Got him cuz he want to be the talker and the big  
spender  
Until he got hit, bump the fender  
Now he's misdemeanor minded, always caught up in  
some petty shit  
Til he got wit BD, now he ready, kid

[Chorus]

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