

**Rob Base F/ DJ Ez Rock****"4 My Enemies"**

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[Hollow Tip]

I spend too many days... on the street  
Too many nights wit heat  
I got my mind right, heart strong  
Quick on my feet, I never retreat  
I write my lifestyle to the beat  
I try to slow down  
But I'm in this lifestyle too deep  
I can't sleep unless the Hennessy's poppin'  
My enemy's plottin' to leave a nigga dead  
Wit my memory forgotten  
The streets is watchin'  
Niggas is rottin', bodies is droppin'  
Heats is cockin'  
Leavin' the "ride or die" option  
Don't I spend  
Through the spot fulla eight block men  
Rockin', big jewels, we got it locked in  
It ain't no stoppin'  
The way I do business wit a few killas  
Got to shake a few niggas to get my true skrilla  
But yo I'm back again  
Throw away gats and Henn  
Fly outta Sac and then  
Come back wit scratch and film  
I never scratch my Tims  
When shit get rough and rugby  
I guess the streets just love me  
Or only God can judge me  
These niggas try to mug me  
They think I'm sippin' bubbly  
But I'm just sippin' Henny  
Ready to leave you bloody  
The situation' ugly  
These niggas wanna slug me  
I'll even fuck wit the pistol  
And make you niggas love me

[Chorus]

Yo this is 4 my enemies  
You prayin' for me to fall

I'm a ball, for nothin' but y'all, stand tall  
4 my enemies [4 my enemies]  
Niggas payin' they bread to see me dead  
Put two in my head for what I said  
4 my enemies [4 my enemies]  
You can suck my dick  
I'd rather die wit the four-fifth  
And die like a bitch  
4 my enemies [4 my enemies]  
You'll never take me alive  
I'm hard to survive  
Ride-da-da-da-da-da [echoes out]

[Hollow Tip]

This is 4 my enemies  
I see you plottin' and grinnin'  
Tryna cock block the women  
Bust shots in my linen  
Stop pretendin', you hated me from the beginnin'  
And you still playa hatin' in the ninth innin'  
So I'm a break it down  
I never took it and don't take it now  
Slip in the clip  
Dip, hit niggas wit fatal rounds  
See I'm from California  
We hustle on the corner  
If I ain't ridin' wit cha  
My niggas ridin' on ya  
And that's just how it is  
Fuck all that coward shit  
These niggas gotta know it  
I'm on a power trip  
Who wanna make a move?  
Who got some shit to prove?  
Then bust your heater nigga  
We ain't got shit to lose  
I wanna get it started  
Come at you cold hearted  
I'll look you in yo eyes  
Empty the whole cartridge  
You gon' get it really  
I think these niggas silly  
Stab me in my back  
So they can get the skrilly  
My nigga light the philly  
And we gon' ride to city  
I'm comin' for that bitch nigga that ripped me  
Try to hit me  
But real niggas land on they feet  
Northside, North High, for life, H Street

[Chorus] x 2

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