

## Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., Lil' Keke, Big Pokey

### "By Your Side"

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(\*Jadakiss\*)

(I'll be by your side) General

We got these niggaz, fucking cock-a-roaches

Wanna go to war, a-haaaa

[Big Pokey]

(I'll be by your side), like the gun I pack

When I sleep one eye closed, one eye cracked

Pitbull in the crib, keep one eye back

When Hector come around, I don't run out black

I'm right (by your side), when you need me nigga

I walk by faith, let the Lord lead me nigga

You can even be a hard, or a easy nigga

Rap need me, like George need Weezy nigga

I'm (by your side), whether right or wrong

Niggaz choke under pressure, like you lighting a bone

If a nigga try to test, yeah I'ma get this nigga touched

While I'm at the crib layed back, writing a song

I'm (by your side), like a guard and a tackle

Caught a flight to N.Y., went hard in the Apple

Don't be mad cause your broad, in the car with a rapper

Think I'm slow you don't know, I'm the nigga to be right

[Hook]

I love you too much, to loose ya

Sweet touches, you're there right by

By your side, by your side

I love you too much, to loose ya

Sweet touches, you're there right by

By your side

[H.A.W.K.]

Like Siamese twins, from boys to men

Like nine, sitting next to ten

Like Mexicans, waiting for that work to come in

The best of friends, everybody think we kin

Cause I'm (by your side), like a nextdo' neighbor

If I know nothing else, I know Christ my savior

Sharp as a razor, even through bad behavior

He was still by my side, like a two-way pager

He's still (by your side), like a passenger seat

Or some peanut butter cuts, in a fo' do' Fleet  
Like bass to a beat, I'll make ya complete  
Like a couple cuddled up, in between the sheets  
I'll be (by your side), even toughest of times  
What's yours is mine, every quarter nickel and dime  
I spit these rhymes, so that we both can shine  
Although sometimes, you may cross the line  
I'm still (by your side), like Luke to Vaketsky  
Hockey to Wayne Gretzky, or a fly and his pesky  
And times to test me, the situation can get messy  
I can kill you sometimes, but God won't let me  
Cause I'm (by your side), like May to June  
Or an unborn child, in a mother's womb  
Or a minister, marrying a bride and groom  
Or the stars in the sky, next to the moon I'm still

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

(by your side) like 4-5 holsters  
From the jail mug shots, to the c.d. posters  
I'm a bad boy, nothing like that Martin and Will  
From the streets of steel, where they train boys to kill  
So I'm (by your side), like the Secret Service  
We some three time felons, white folks are nervous  
Credit plus capitas, that ass monopoly  
I know your every move, like the Paparazzi  
Cause I'm (by your side), like a million man march  
Pass the microphone, like the Olympian torch  
It's back to S.U.C., we still holding it down  
In the paint posted up, for the next rebound  
Cause I'm (by your side), like Jordan and Scottie  
Like H.A.W.K. and Fat Pat, or like Poke' and Lotti  
When your mind get weak, and your body is tired  
You can open up your blind, cause I'm sitting outside  
right

[Hook]

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