

## Statik Selektah f/ Jadakiss, M.O.P. "For the City"

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[Sample of Dr. Dre from "Straight Outta Compton"] You are now about to witness the strength of street knowledge [Chorus - Sample from "New Jack City"] Livin just another Livin just for the city Livin, livin, livin, just another Livin, livin, livin, just for the city [M.O.P. - talking behind Chorus] (Jadakiss) Ba-bap, ba-bap, ba Showoff, Showoff, Showoff, Showoff Statik Selektah (Uh huh), yeah, M.O.P. Yeah, Showoff Yo, who that? [Verse 1 - Lil' Fame] Fame, bitch out on the East coast, I'm (ultra), the flow is mad get us And y'all prosthetic Don't sleep 'cause I'm jumbo ho, I got a hook like medics You get your ass wit-up, wit-up, wit-wit-up The fuck up, like J. Lo and Ben Affleck-etic And I ain't athletic (uh uh) I bring it to your front door like FedEx Drop two shots off (pep, pep) Too many killers in the house, take a day off Everybody's a baller, what the fuck is it, the playoffs? Naw nigga (uh uh), this is "New Jack City" (YEAH) Gritty (YEAH), grimey (YEAH), fo real-y (YEAH) It's Fizzy, (Fizzy, Fizzy) You know there's killers in the house (LIE DOWN!), I got Brooklyn with me So chill, or they gon' put your house on chilly That's how the homies get down, you feel me? 'Cause we just [Chorus] [Jadakiss - talking behind Chorus] (Lil' Fame) (Yeah!) (OH!) A haha Yeah Okay Uh Haha! Uh, yeah, yo [Verse 2 - Jadakiss] Bullets, gun smoke and cocaine residue Leave me the fuck alone, that's what you better do Funerals stay on schedule And I don't even care about the charges, if they ain't federal Get a call home, somethin happen Big chrome clappin, way before ring tone rappin Left homes with half his dome in a napkin For sayin "what's poppin?", when he asked 'em "what's crackin?" The O.G.'s is gettin money and relaxin Some niggaz front and some is lookin for action But it's not the season, can't stop the heathen Wearin all of this tight shit to stop the bleedin Violate me, when you die, we even When this rap well run dry, we thievin Livin rich or livin poor Still be livin raw as long as you know what I'm livin for, what? [Chorus] [Billy Danze - talking behind Chorus] Yeah Yeah Right, right, right (right, right, right) Gates (Gates) This how it's goin down Statik Selektah, what up? [Verse 3 - Billy Danze] You

see me ease through the town homie, with two hands  
full of (GET BACK!) Them niggaz spit raps, my niggaz  
split racks You overdue with your (GANGSTA!), when  
you hit tracks Playin another nigga's hand, 'cause your  
shit whack And if that Henny got you lookin at me wet  
Like I'm a ho ass nigga, who never did it for my set  
Double up the plate in your vest Or fuck around and get  
your spine bone blown through your chest Think of a  
low class nigga who's not gettin checks With a military  
gun connect and no respect That A.D.D. can only see  
above your neck He (M.O.P.), real niggaz hold the deck  
And his name is embedded in the streets you fear The  
projects is the boardroom (gangsta), I'm here Yeah,  
y'all niggaz confuse it with music Your boy Bill'll lose it,  
the truth is (come on), homie is [Chorus] [Outro -  
scratches] "Statik Selektah" "M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M.O.P."  
"J-A-D-A, 'Kiss" "For the-the-the-the city" (the city ...)

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