

## **Tim McGraw F/ Faith Hill**

### **"Reverse"**

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[Puffy]

I'll never stop  
I don't give a fuck  
If it's me against a million billion of ya'll mother fuckers  
I will never stop

I bust six out the roof of my Bentley Coup  
Head shots so mother fuckers can't regroup, can't  
recoup  
I'll be damned if you get more points than me  
Sell more joints than me  
Steal your faith, take a puff, inhale my name  
Smoke on it, shit, choke on it  
Bitch nigga, I'mma make a hit nigga  
Hot mother fucker down to the skit nigga  
Game over playa, and nigga ya scored low  
Hit me later young, and I'm at the award show  
Bank account ten digits and it's all "O's"  
I floss the most shit, fuck the most hoes  
Come on, you can even ask Don Juan  
It's official now, they all rock Sean John  
Might have to change my name to strong arm  
You came to get money man?  
That shit been long gone, come on

[Shyne]

Have much to do with nigga since Nicolas Bond  
Poppin' and choppin' until the day that I'm gone  
Shyne poor, cuz your dream come from one bottle  
Prominent premier, premium bravo  
Watch him explain ain't nothin' but blood thug crime  
though  
Shots in the spinal, from my rivals  
Cross the t's and dot the i's and  
Pay the judge, drop the top we'll mess around  
Shit, it's the kid rapper's feelin'  
You cowards don't know? I'd rather be racketeerin'  
somewhere  
Bustin' shots in the atmosphere and  
Not caring, fuckin' the prosecutor at my hearin'  
Money laundering, honies wondering

Who me? I reply casually  
Come what God would be if He was a straight G  
Tonight too tight out of a big ditch we ride

[Redman]

Yo yo yo, it's your hide  
Grab the rope and yell rawhide  
Front line is pussy, call off sides  
I'm focus but my hand is cross-eyed  
I left my gun home, here borrow mine  
Pop the nine like a judge "All rise"  
This gun'll knock plants off tall guys  
We value-packs, y'all small fries  
(Yo, I'm from the projects)  
Yo, but on the floor tied  
Don't matter, we'll take up all size  
Truly yours doc, then PPP hide, my name is  
Since five, I talk jive  
In church dressed in cordoroy ties  
Now I'm grown up and been married four times  
Besides, I'm just a sight for soar eyes  
Brick city, known pop the door wide  
Stolen Bonneville in New York High

[G-Dep]

Reversin' the plot  
Last come, first one to rot, first in the glot  
If I miss, circlin' the block, servin' the pot  
And I be the person to watch  
If your girl missin' the rock, purse and a watch  
Hot as it gets, from Hell came outta you debts  
Buy the cassette, rewind it to death  
Alota y'all sweat it, you try to forget  
How I rock shit from N.Y. to Tibet  
You got it to bet? That's just how you got into debt  
You lost when you nodded your neck  
Through the vest, through the chest that you tried to  
protect  
Take the voice that you try to project, check  
Darin' you to kid, cat shootin' sperm in you wiz  
I'm why you smell herb in the crib  
Man I'm out for doubtful, shit I spit a mouthful  
Indo out-do, intro to outro

[Sauce Money]

I'm the hottest thing spittin' so go warn your clique  
Them niggas y'all look up to is on my dick  
Sauce motherfuckin' born to hit  
I get so far up in your ass, think I was on some shit  
Look, you against me is really nothin' to see  
Who, when, where, what it's gon' be

I don't give a fuck if it's he or she  
I'm the virgin of hip hop  
Nobody fuckin' with me  
I know your type, you a ride dick nigga  
Cry sick nigga, lied quick nigga  
Out of turn speakin', first one leakin'  
Always the Suzuki side kick nigga  
Bitches don't cast stones down, they throw bricks  
Why I come through and tell 'em to blow dick  
These nigga's the nicest? No, go fish  
Sauce, you da best motherfucker, no shit

[Cee-Lo]

You're treated and competed, walk away from it  
undefeated  
Observe it from over there, ok  
Ain't it obvious we overheated  
You talkin' that slick shit  
But I jus' know that you meant me  
But evidently, you don't know  
I get your ass gone permanently  
It ain't complex  
I'll just bang holes or you're ablin' to ask who next  
Do a drive-by on your project, take the traps  
Come on and get some of our gun craps  
I'll straighten out the nigga now  
When I snap, make your chest cavity collapse  
When I glide the entire map  
With the frequent four alarm fire, rap straight up  
Put weight down, fuck around, you ate up  
And nigga when I eat, I mean I lick the whole plate up  
Look in my eyes, I'm not scared  
Sucka, you heard what I said  
If you don't wanna get dead  
No it ain't no cure, ice cold in the low, the go-rilla  
The mo' scrilla the more real-la, I live to rule

[Busta]

Don't hold me back, you bet  
How many nigga's think they fuckin' with mines  
A nigga God blessed with such an undeniable shine  
I hope you know there's nothin' fresher  
The manifester apply the pressure  
Tie you up and gag you in your mouth with a piece of  
polyester  
Now fix your fuckin' face up  
Empty the chest of drawers before I stretch your jaw  
Everybody hit the fuckin' floor  
Only the real mother fuckers belong  
I hope nigga's don't end the party before we finish the  
song

(Bitch nigga)

You be the last to come and harrass, reflect on the past

When I used to pull spine outcho ass

Live nigga's go stack money, continue to bill shit

Long as I'm in this fucker I'm determined to kill shit

Zap nigga's like cellular flips and swell up your lips

Fuck with so much dick in their ass it's shrinkin' her hen  
house

Hey yo, before you empty your clip and pull at your  
trigger

Salute the legacy of these throroughly recognized  
niggas

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