

**Tyrese F/ Jermaine Dupri****"Buck 50"**

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[Method]

Who I'm is? The phenom, them niggaz can't live  
Who I'm is? We ain't got shit, somethin got to give  
Y'all done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the crib  
Die and live for my nigs and my bad-ass kids, freeze  
\*sniff\* Lookin at your ice like GEEZ!  
I'm plottin on the mousetrap, about to snatch the  
cheese  
I heard y'all kids is bout that, psychotherapy  
You buggin where the couch at? Wu, til they bury me  
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree  
Now it's cherry pie - if it's not broke, let it be  
Ain't nuttin nice in - New York  
Stick you for your cake and your icing  
That tough talk? Don't mean nuttin when you're up  
North  
So keep them hands where I can see em like you want  
freedom  
You know that saying - if you can't join 'em, beat 'em  
and push your way in  
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion  
Pick the pace up, pants saggin pull your waist up  
Niggaz rentin slums usually Jacob, FOOL!  
You're like, "Dude! I don't like your fuckin attitude  
Frontin on my Clan from the Stat' when we ain't mad at  
you"

[Ghostface]

Yo, yo  
Starks flippin cheesyface measly paced ofays  
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste  
The joopy look, my main bitches call me lazy  
Educated birds say, "Ghost you so crazy!"

.. "There's no love to be found"

[Cappadonna]

Cappa' slide through with the Ghost  
Post up like paint on walls  
Drip jewels, big heat  
ruffle inside the bubblegoose

It's the Odd Couple  
Hollow points follow you home, Staten Island  
playin with the big toys that make noise  
Echo in the hall, a scared voice  
Niggaz start to act choice, but Duncan Hines  
didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines  
Made the club moist, shattered the windows  
Dustheads runnin (yo)  
The rap kingpin bust the Black Jesus is comin

[Redman]

Yo

The words you talk, that'll be the words you walk  
Body you in the bed where the nurses are  
Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart  
til it plagues from Bricks to the Persian Gulf  
Light circuits off, thirty-third of my brain is off  
That explains why my language off  
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl  
Y'all more like in trainin bras  
Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared  
for the project flow, with extra stairs  
I pass out a vest to wear (bullets, FLYIN)  
Yo, the hard wire, startin barn fires  
Pullin mad, so you know it's me  
and your weed got more seeds than ODB  
Can't smoke witcha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya  
Def and Wu will open ya

[Method]

.. eat a dick like (HUH)  
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like (HUH)  
Gettin rich like ..

.. "There's no love to be found"

[Ghostface]

Word.. it's me y'all..  
We in two-six's flirtin with bitches  
Dime plus takin pictures, how you doin baby? My name  
Ghost  
Don't get caught up in my chains, or the way that I  
speak  
Seek intelligence, slickest nigga goin since "Grease"  
Check out the grays on the side of my waves  
I grew those on Riker's Island  
Stretched out, balled up in the caves  
Pull a boot out on Jimmy Jam, text takes jam  
Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler  
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come  
Biggie's Versace's, snow white rabbit

Hands is like photographic magic, funeral love  
Movin when we hug, don't make it a habit  
Hit the gym for two weeks, come back all chiseled  
Elbows unique now, meet the new me  
Ghettofabulous, Ton' Atlas  
Zulu Nation in the 80's in front of Macy's  
I start my own chapters  
Tyco nightglow velvet pose, special effects  
High-tech armors merc you at the shows  
Supercalifragalisticexpialidocious  
Dociousaliexpifragalisticcalisuper  
Cancun, catch me in the room, eatin grouper..

[Method]

Shoe fly shoo, Wally Don Clark crew  
Fuck y'all wanna do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two  
And flip like (HUH)  
Killin for the whole click is sick like (HUH)  
You and your stank bitch eat a dick like (HUH)  
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like (HUH)  
Gettin rich like (HUH) Yeah..

.. "There's no love to be found"

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