

## Weezer F/ Good Charlotte "Double R What"

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[Intro]

Jadakiss: What up what up what up, yea!

Styles: Eve let's do it again! Hahaha...

[Verse 1: Styles]

Yea it's the ghost Jada and Eve

I squeeze my shit, I don't wave it and leave

Y'all motherfuckin' extra lame

Here's the game, when I shoot seeds, your man can  
catch your brain

He looked a hero when he drove the taxi in the hallway

Shootin' niggas down if they clothes is tacky

Get an 18 or brick and my clothes is khaki

And the Porsche got a glass roof

The blunt got a live purple haze in it, little bit of hash  
too

See me when I pass through, fuck around and I'ma  
blast you

Do what I have to, tryin' to get my math too

I leave a message, ain't a phone I use

I call my niggas, bat 'em down, they bones I bruise

Leave 50 niggas dead, niggas know my groove

Another 20 more engine niggas know my tools

I got a gun, you need to stand fo'

FUCK YOU BRING YO' MAN FO'?!

[Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve]

Styles: S be the ghost, Double R What

First come the hawk, then next come the toast

Jadakiss: K to the R Double R what

Send mad cowards on they way to Allah

Eve: E-V-E, Double R What

First lady, I just point, they squeeze

Ryde or Die, Double R What

Better keep your hammer right by your side

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

I gave you the best flows

On top of that, I even made niggas set goals

I wanna know how many bullets can your flesh hold  
Thirty-two, or whatever the tech holes  
My dirty crew rather hawk you to death rather than talk  
you to death  
'Cause listenin' is like livin' when yo' talkin' is death  
So y'all better start readin' before you start bleedin'  
And the odds was against us before we got EVE-n  
Niggas in the hood don't give a fuck if you rich  
Or drunk with the Prince CD own, bumpin' a kiss  
Nigga frontin' I get my you in the pump kinda hot out  
Hit the button put the roof in the trunk  
Play the block with the Royal Blue 45 and make your  
mouth leak  
Can't fuck with NY  
Get my diesel from South Beach  
you ain't got a ride, getchu a cab  
ya' bitches is mad  
Eve got the shit and smash

[Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve]  
Styles: S be the ghost, Double R What  
First come the hawk, then next come the toast

Jadakiss: K to the R, Double R what  
Send mad cowards on they way to Allah

Eve: E-V-E, Double R What  
First lady, I just point, they squeeze  
Ryde or Die, Double R What  
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[Verse 3: Eve]  
I'm a savage bitch  
Ain't nobody gettin' close to this  
And ain't nobody flipped and wrote the shit  
And can't nobody sit and coach this shit  
You feelin' lucky? then aproach me, shit  
I'm like the glass, you just the coaster bitch; Under me!  
You wanna make it ugly, can't do nothin' 'bout it  
Angry at the public, buggin' me  
Rat bitch, pot bitch, hungover hot bitch  
Wantin' all that money, fuckin' gettin' all that rock, shiit  
Scared of who? huh, we goin' get rid of you  
Climbin' the walls wit' gimmicks, that shit is pitiful  
Dawgs close by me, so why try me  
They wan' cop me but they too sloppy  
Damn, I gotchu stuck in a box  
You feelin' trapped, got your stomach in knots  
'Cause I ain't lettin' go  
I keepin' it locked  
I know you gettin' mad 'cause your luck's up

Plus I'm a purebread, baby, I don't fuck with mutts  
Come on!

[Chorus: Styles, Jadakiss, Eve]  
Styles: S be the ghost, Double R What  
First come the hawk, then next come the toast

Jadakiss: K to the R, Double R what  
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Eve: E-V-E, Double R What  
First lady, I just point, they squeeze  
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(Instrumentals until end)

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