

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"All Original"

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[Krayzie] (Flesh)

Better not be so quick test us,
(May they lay, they lay, may they lay, may they lay, may they lay)
'cause we'll come to kill ya, now
We'll kill ya, now

[Krayzie]

Aw, triple-platinum, nigga, digga
And still thuggin' with the roughest muthafuckas
in my city, and a nigga wonder, "How they still chillin'
like that?
Ain't you scared of a nigga that's tryin' to jack ya
paper, snatch ya?"
No, I really wish a nigga would turn and wanna take
what's mine
'Cause I got an AK-47 shootin' trey-O times
You didn't think I'm willing to find a way to say
"Oh, my!" but check it out, though
I done made enough money to buy my ghetto a lot of
weapons, y'all
And I made it, takin' out my weed. Here, stay high,
nigga
So paranoia is factor when a nigga wanna act up
Nigga figure I'm quiet, then he look at my sawed-offs
And they figure they can try me
Like a muthafucka won't swang back or somethin'
Or even pull a nine out my jacket, and start dumpin'
Fuck 'em, I think a nigga see us on the video and playa
hate
And say that we ain't true to what we say
But then again, when you see us on the street and
playa hate
We bang them fuckin' brains (we bang them brains)
But then, we switch subject
And fuck with them clones that suck the thug dick
Run around foul, tellin' people we stole your style
Muthafucka, we ain't never been in your town
It's all original when it's comin' from the Cleveland
criminals
So here we go, got a gun - should I buck 'em on down?

Or should I kill 'em when I put the instrumental on?
Why they wanna sound like Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish
and Flesh?
I'm so full anguish
Gotta style so cold everybody and their mama wanna
claim it
But they can't get the hang of it
Yeah

Chorus

[Flesh]
Beat 'er up and you'll sleep when I step so stone-cold
I chalk 'em, coffin off and they frontin' that time
That they shot a nigga straight to the temple
Done a little bit simpler to me and all bodies start
steadily fillin'
Get real high, steady droppin' the time on 'em, time
from time and again
Here to pick all that know with the Bone it's a party
everyday
So say, "Mo," and it's still this strong to brain
I hop on the phone with the homies to see what's
happenin' in the hood
It's all good. Niggas, they thug us, smuggle
Roll so deep in they own cut, but they gon' sacks sellin'
for life
If you pull a shyste off to the fiends
Then gank 'em and leave 'em hangin' for the sake of
come up
Yeah, takin' ends, and we'll split ya, lost it in the stick
up, yeah
We better shank 'em, thank 'em, fuck it, I thank 'em,
and hope for respect
'Cause shit, he got sacrificed, my snatchin' a life in the
midst of the dark
And I sped off with the quickness, strikin'
Send a knife to the back of a playa hater, hate a thug
And they thought that I bruise easily
Come, they go through this little, (spin 'em)
Most of what goes around, comes around
Ooh, bla-bla-bloody mess even though hoes really
wanna test us
To the chest, Flesh buck buck, haters guess with a gun
They change in a whole new muthafuckin' attitude

Chorus

[Layzie]
Nigga, let me in
Double glock and never about to change, man

To the temple I aim and claim to gain control
Fin to rid your soul, creep or roll
Put some pressure on these hoes that, yo
They pose as foes, gotta let 'em know
Got a nation of my niggas out to back me
Got another nation--killas out to try to jack me
Exactly, what the fuck you thought you was gon' pull?
Fool, try to jack a St. Clair true, you lose, you lose
Nigga, I'm a tell you 'bout these haters distraction
They down with the puffin', the passin', lookin' for
some action
Facts and stacks, never will my mission collapse
If you really want a thug, then you better pin these raps
And a I'm a give a little game in this world that we livin'
in it
Sinnin' in it, and it really ain't free to me
You get it how you take it, but the only way you'll make
it
Givin' peace to the G-O-D, your Lord
And it really don't mean that evil's gonna quit
Because the hater's gonna hate, and then the real - it's
gon' feel
But I bet that after all of y'all fall
that the faker's gonna perish in the fire
Dip, and you know when I'm rollin'
I'm equipped with the Ruger on my hip with the infrared
beam
And I gladly put it on ya from the land of California
Leavin' all of y'all goners, if you know what I mean
Yeah, so quick to test us, jump off in the Lexus with K.B
We gonna take a little journey around the world and
see what we see
Any y'all niggas comin' with me? So, come on

[Wish]

Let me up in here and kill 'em
Feel 'em niggas wanna bite the Bone, bite the Bone
Didn't a muthafucka say I'm wrong?
Well I get down for mine, for my nine and blow
We shoot 'em up, buck
Yeah, strange we erupt on playa hation
Anybody hatin'? Erase 'em
And biters, everytime I see you on T.V.
it makes me feel good
'Cause I know when we run up on you
you'll see we, we gotta get paid good
Nigga, don't shit come for free in this land of poverty
Bone in harmony, we hungry
Since it's all about money, give Bone a little bit of that
evil money
Don't gather the fly shit, fuckin' with Cleve, top of line in

my Benz
Should I let 'em spin on all of y'all,
should let my 20s spin on all y'all haters?
Everything we write, I swear, it's all original
Niggas mad at Bone because we be all original (all
original)

[Krayzie] (Flesh)
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