

A Global Threat

"Men of Respect"

Visit "[Men of Respect](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Sheek Luchion

Yeah, what the deal. This is what y'all niggaz been waiting for?
This is what been waiting for huh? That Kasino shit. L.O.X. shit.
Oh my God. Flex gonna pump this. Clue gonna pump this.
Angie Martinez gonna pump this. Ahhh, oh.

Verse One: Sheek Luchion

Yo I don't toss it when I pop, I just run up in the spot
Pour acid on my glock and start burying the pot
In the back yard, used to have the dead dog I stuffed with G's
Tell the cops that he died from fleas
That shit was well planned, but I know when it happens
When the shit hits the fan, and that nigga be your man
And get caught red hand with a half a pelican
What do you do? Don't stall
Spring him and buy more
It's the code of the streets
If your belly ain't the beast
And you ain't hungry for this cake
How much you expect to make?
When I was young I threw parties and had food fights at school
Whoever came and made it there fresh was cool
So that taught me
I started stealing dean's walkie-talkies
Five cent a chip
The next month, bought a whip
Something like, Lucy or Rex, next thing you know
I'm getting sex from 9th and up, that's living it up
Not Donald Trump but what, buying pies for the class
Fifteen buying Hydro in glass
Way back when
Only drinking Gin
Now I'm a Hennessy man, I dealt with many hoes
Used to pump my fist with Arsenio

Player hating niggaz that used to rap in all the videos
That needed to be me
My click needed to be G
All up in the game, with bitches riding our train
And I'm pretty sure my nigga Kasino feeling the same

Verse Two: Kasino

Ayo you can't tell me nothing about doing dirt
Sitting up, six months in the spot, on the block, losing
work
I been there, any part of the game you name
I done did it, even after Sledge runs in it
I done copped out, blew trial, done my whole sentence
Went from no dough, 'til the point when the dough
don't grow
Got too big for them little whips, the door won't close
Got the big truck, bent up, all over the road
Remember little Keith, from P.S. 93 with his brothers
clothes
Went from hand me downs, but y'all hear me now
Don't forget that I'm sober when y'all staring me down
Got a team of hungry niggaz, that's my family now
And they get down, there's no lace wearing their
browns
Went from spitting hot lyrics, to spitting a round
And yo I promise not to act funny
Loyalty to all them niggaz who react for me
Handle my gats funny, but for this rap money
I was three cars deep, and this my pack money
Eating and learning to act hungry
>From South Cat country, hustling cane
I'm like Denzel with a Benzel, he got game

Verse Three: Styles Paniro

I swear if I die, don't you dare send me flowers
If you ain't a friend of ours
Sucker, they call me S. P. I don't blend with cowards
I spit Heroin, make y'all niggaz pure dope heads
Like Tony when he went to kill Frank Lopez
Top of the world
Gun cocked, cocking' your girl
Blowing the steam
Feels good fulfilling your dream
Using your head, while y'all niggaz losing your bread
Watching the snakes in the garden and I'll watch y'all
dead
Whether I'm living or dying, got 'em rough riding
Leave with two bitches 100 G's plus iron
Styles spits the shit that'll have niggaz crying

Telling your man what I said, fucking with Dreads
In the 500 I'm blunted, most wanted by Feds
Lock me up, your little ass copied up
Had the whole East Side looking popped up
Hop in the Porsche
Cranberry frosty sauce
Deep dish 18's
Out of state play things
Ten niggaz behind me, we all racing
Eleven left hands with them platinum face things
Busting a left, about the get the truck with the checks
Sending you death for fucking with the Men of Respect

Verse Four: Jadakiss

Y'all think y'all getting a dime of this rap money, you
crazy
I'm hungry and I can't pump no more, I'm lazy
I never did like you, I really don't know you
And just because I give you a dap, I'll still blow you
Listen here, we just gonna make one thing clear
You gonna lose two of your mans a month, for a year
Yeah I seen ill niggaz slide off broke
That's why I got incorporated, now I write off coke
Burning the hash, keep money, learning the stash
My credit is great, but I buy burners with cash
I'm the nigga that'll come through and light up an
ounce
Y'all the faggots that'll talk about me as soon as I
bounce
All your men are hating me, four door Inf. off white
With the nickels, the chip, and the clear lights
I bear right, bust a U, then hop out with the pump
And make all them niggaz empty all their shit in the
trunk
Jadakiss in the top 5, dead or alive
Spit bees at a nigga, that'll give him the hives
Whenever you hear me, it'll be the flow of the night
Just gimme a light, and lower the Mic
I swear to God, have everybody saying I'm the MC of
their choice
Then they'll remember it was me, raspy voice
Got Clive D, Lyor and Tommy
Trying to buy me
I don't wanna talk, all y'all do is send me a check
L.O.X. and Kasino be the Men of Respect

Chorus: all

Men of Respect, steal the work, kill the connect
You look dry so we leaving you wet

I don't care if I'm sentenced to death
I'ma still get dough 'til my very last breath

Visit [A Global Threat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.