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## **All American Rejects** "4 Da Fam"

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[Memphis Bleek] Yeah yeah (Uh uh) Memph Man, my nigga Tah Phife This ones for the family (What's Up?) Understand me, yeah (Uh-huh) We gonna do it right for all these bitch ass niggas talkin gangsta (R-O-C) We dem killas, real, and in studio Check it out, yo

Aiyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die It's in the blood til the death, now aim for the sky My four blow fo show, fo doe, for only It's money, drugs and hot slugs You know Bleek squeeze hammers til they nail me Fuck wha niggas tell me Street scholar, keep firin is wha they tell me Drug chemist, thug nigga be named Memphis Straight from da borough of dem B.K. niggas Where we rob for the fun of it, hustle for the drug of it Rap money in rubba-bands, just for the love of it Straight from my ghetto, we listen to heavy metal like Desert Eagles, street sweepers, loud metal It's hit an run now, motherfuck anyone of you We dem niggas be in ya crib just like fruniture Pop up wit the gun in ya Release one for zero-zero M (Yeah) Bleek-R-O-C (Yeah yeah) dot com (Yeah)

[Beanie Sigel]

This Philly cat back at it Still throwin crack at it Still fuckin wit them crack-atics Still bust'em wit them black Matics It's ain't the bucks, it's the rush You tryin to get my ass at it They say I think ass backwards Fuck how I act, as long as I stack, it's all math-matics Our tracks nice, hug the block ta tract dice Late night, club night, Mac attract dikes I pull up, Cadillac truck nice

Two guns, you know Mac pack gat twice Gets that crack back wit that ice No joke wit the coke, i wips that right No doubt, never droubt, gets that price (Uh) It gets that nice, when you live that live Papi knows yours name and you ditched that wife nigga It's gets stacked green nigga, it gets stacked chain nigga (Uh uh)

[Amil]

I get forty G's a feature now Hold Franklins like a Aretha now In the SL two seater now And I'm in nuthin but diamonds I'm the illest female that you heard thus far Five-five with the thirty-four B-cup bra I don't fuck wit dem cats who ain't up to par I get niggas for cash, clothes, jeweleries, plus cars (Uh)I'm talkin rent money (Uh), I'm talkin bank money (Uh) I'm talkin Martha Keats step of wit the rent money Movin on up, two in the sauna Still ride through the block, pull up on the corna, plus Give me an inch so I can take a mile I bring life like a new born naked child Bitches tryin ta come up, gotta wait a while (Uh-huh) As of now, Amil-lion (Yeah) just played ya style (You dealin wit), nigga

[Jay-Z]

The, the Roc, the the, the Roc (Let me talk to ya'll niggas real quick) The, the Roc, uh uh, the Roc

Yo, y'all niggas truly ain't ready for this "Dynasty" thing Y'all thinkin "Blake Carrington", I'm thinkin more like "Ming"

I got four nephews, and they all right in They all young and wild, plus they all like things And I'm havin a child, which is more frighting But cha'll about to witness is big business kid Big bosses, cocky, and big Benzsesses Come through flossin'em shiny rims it is An office don't pop up in their sentences I think you understand what type of event this is I don't think you know how focused young Memphis is or how Sigel's so real, when you add on Amil This is much more than rap, it's black entrepreneurship Clothing, movie, and films, we come to conquer it all Roc-A-Wear, eighty mill like, eighteen months You could bullshit wit rap if you want, muthafuckers When it's all said and done, we gon see what's what Holla at Hov, I'll be in the cut (What, huh)

The, the Roc, the the, the Roc The, the Roc, the uh, the Roc (You rollin wit) The Roc, dynasty niggas (Whoop) Uh-huh, get'cha mind right, c'mon Roc-A-Fella Records, 2000 nigga Get'cha mind right, holla

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