

D. Fresh

"Just For You"

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1-

All my niggas y'all, Flipmode y'all
Flipmode y'all, hardcore y'all, raw shit y'all
Hardcore y'all, Flipmode y'all
For my bitches y'all, all my bitches y'all
Flipmode y'all, Flipmode y'all
Hardcore y'all, raw shit y'all
Hardcore y'all, Flipmode y'all

[Spliff Star]

Never judge a nigga like the cover of a book
Fuck around and get shot back of the foot
Nigga fall, stumble and look, nervous and shook
Dragged in the alley and book and beat down to a pulp

[Rocky Marciano]

Shot up my cops, Dirty Harry
You stickin me is like niggas fuckin the virgin Mary

[Busta Rhymes]

Shit we carry, will have you found layin down
somewhere damp and muddy
Split your tummy, puncture your kidney and make you
piss bloody
So now I leave your body to rott
Where bitches sell they pussy for rock
Cook they coke in steamin water boil in a pot

[Baby Sham]

Do you know niggas like us that clutter they watch
Invest in yo' block, like it or not, involvin your pops

[Rampage]

You messin wit a rhyme surgeon
Trade the GS for the Excursion, heads is turning
Flipmode we still mergin

[Rah Digga]

Now we splurgin in Suburbans
Dirty Harriet rock the camouflaje turbans
Said one for the money and two for mic check

And spit a million rhyming words in 240 seconds

[Lord Have Mercy]

Get three to get your bitch neck, and four to even the score

Graveyard shift it's best that y'all believe in the law

[Rocky Marciano]

Flipmode like Mary Lou Retton

Suede ballie, shoe steppin do the best that I can can

Like Pointer Sisters, who could join the wizard?

[Busta Rhymes]

Talkin outta place I pick the knife up and cut the tongue

Right outta your mouth and fuck your life up

1- repeats in background

HOOK:

This for my niggas, y'all come get wit us

More raw hardcore shit just for you

YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU

This for my sistas, we know y'all miss us

Flipmode got raw shit just for you

YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU

[Rampage]

Before all the plaques and the source awards

Y'all niggas wanna dick ride so jump aboard

It's a first class ass whippin, Rampage, I aint trippin

Check all the magazine clippins

[Spliff Star]

Yo I pluck pigeons, get brains in Expeditions

Cause friction, every chick I stick my dick in

I'm not trustworthy like midnight I'm pickin

Spliff keep it warm like wool caps to mittens

[Lord Have Mercy]

Watch for me in a new milli, kick up dust with my shoe
shitty

New Jack City, wicked ways move wit me

Holla mine, any violent times crooks bear malice

White collar crime, Columbine, weak clear classes

[Rocky Marciano]

Burn a nigga into ashes, how I mashes ass like Cassius

Finger jabs, I got it mastered, fantastic

Writin half ass shit, splash kids

Poke em with the bassinet in the neck, graphic

[Baby Sham]

Can't tell I'm from QB the way that I talk
Speakin in tongue, with six blocks callin my dun
Bogie collapsed lung, big and small gats we brung
Bangin your drums with hot shit and more to come

[Busta Rhymes]

But then we manifest the truth
The niggas like predictions from the Bible
Betrayal for niggas is suicidal

[Rah Digga]

Kick swift shit niggas rock harder than Limp Bizkit
Dirty Harriet floodin all through your district

1- repeats in background

HOOK 2X

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