

David Hasselhoff**"No, No, No"**

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(Jae Millz)

Yea . . . you know we had to do this right here
All hoods, stand up
All rude bwoys

(Cam'Ron)

It's the remix, Killa, Dip Set
Harlem, mo say, chrome holla at me

(Verse)

Doggy I seldom stunt, but got some pell 'em stunts
Call 'em dunts, tell them hoes go sell them cunts
Roll hella blunts, and I'm only gonna tell you once (No,
No, No)
So you should tell a friend, to tell a friend, to tell a bitch
Tele-a-thon, telescope, televise, can tell I'm rich
Cause I sell my bricks, call hoes pultry that smell like
fish, bitch
You rockin' Dada Dot, me I keep a Prada box
Ak', gotta rock the rocks, now I got the rock of Roc's
(Minimum)
And I cop a top, ak chop a glock, suede, beige, knock a
knock
System in the drop of drops, get the mobstered
mopped
Get the poppas popped, top a top, shot the pawn
Dog, they'll be shotters shot, I done shot a lot
Shot the nine, shot the rock, sure shot, shot for sure
But I'm secure, no security, killa keep glocks and fours
Plus blocks of raw, probably popped your whore
But I'm not for sure, bitch wanna hop aboard
Hit up the docks and shores (No, No, No)

(T.I.)

I know these ho niggaz hate this, I know this niggaz
hate this
Fake until you make it nigga
If I wanted to be me as long as wanted to be I'd hate
me too nigga, you know

(Verse)

It's your decision, we can do it however you want to
Fight or shoot it out, look the choice is on you
You could swindle a lame, but the gangstas ya don't
fool
Young pimpin' wont lose nigga (No, no, no)
We can beef if you choose, but if we comparing the
crews
If we ever meet cha, we gotcha for keepin' ya jewels
Keep your raps on the beats . . . and the talkin and keep
talkin
Cause is that what you wanna do nigga (No, no, no)
Well I suggest you invest in vests and count your
blessings
Keep that smith and wesson, heckler cotch, whatever
you got
Cause what I come with too heavy to cock, clearing the
block
Nigga beggin' me to stop talkin' bout (No, no, no)
Ain't this what you niggaz wanted to get, wanted with
Tip?
Get hit up in your stomach then get hit for runnin' ya
lips
Spit each and everyone in the clip, and one in your whip
Ambulance just wasted a trip (Come if you want to
man)
Combat time, was flat lines, to back grime
Nigga runnin' actin' like a Nissan and Pathfinder
(Sfffmmmm)
When the lead flyin' it's bed time, the head lyin'
The paper in the morning saying (No, no, no)

(Jae Millz)

Yo I been spittin, been gifted, been crazy flow
Wize, been attent, shit you can call me Benjamin
Brethren, I don't ball with dopes
And you can call me anything you want, just don't call
me broke (No, no, no)
Most hated, M to the izz H phenomenal
Get up and one'll stretch, direct through your
abdominal
I'm warning you, stop your blood clot cryin'
Stop lyin' cause theres no stop in dyin' (No, no, no)
Picture me passing my chain, or getting smacked by a
lame
That's like runnin' up on Father Zeek, and Matches
Lane
It just dont sound right, I get your team devoured
So don't even TINK about it (No, no, no)
you just a server shorty, I'll leave ya king stun
I'm a king son, in Kingston, I bling dumb
Only rapper you seen walkin' icy in the terrordome

Holla back, how real is that (No, no, no)
No I don't wanna stop, I gotta 'em sick
So I'mma keep going, keep flowin'
Benz backin' up so I'ma keep rollin' bent
And I'm stilla heavy spitter, plus I'm good with the
pitbull
The tech missiles and the heavy hitters
SUCKAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS

(Jae Millz)
Those my peoples, N Y C
Killa, Dip Set
They know, T.I. grand hustle
What up
They know who I am
Jae Millz, call me whatever, just don't call me broke
Wanna WHAT!?

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