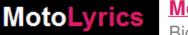
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"Tommy's Theme"

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Made Men, motherfuckers (motherfuckers) L-O-X, motherfuckers (motherfuckers) Made Men, motherfuckers (motherfuckers) L-O-X, motherfuckers (motherfuckers) Made Men, motherfuckers (motherfuckers)

Yeah, yeah, yo, yo

[Jadakiss & Styles]

Runnin' your mouth, I'd have you with a gun in your mouth

Two in your throat, look now, your son is in doubt Whether or not he should think of pulling his glock Matter of fact, my nigga got a gun to his back Squeeze three, turn him around, and he gave him a smack

Take the joint off his waist and hit him with that Shit is for real, so niggas better get in and chill It ain't the bullets that'll kill, it's a nigga wit' will Just give me the word, all my niggas get it with birds I'm from the 'hood, so I stood on the curb, nigga, ya heard?

Die in the war, I'd probably resurrect on the floor Then get up, yellin' for more, bangin' the four Nigga, we made, touch more niggas than AIDS Bust my gun at the sun just to sit in the shade We livin' it up, got big niggas shrivelin' up Sick in they house, dyin' with they dick in they mouth Pitch and I swing, you oughta be kissin my ring I'm doing my thing, lawyer money, outta the bing You gonna either be a coward or king, cream of the crop

One phone call and the Neena's a pop Lovin' the wealth, fuck it- I'ma do it myself For my juvenile niggas (what) State Penn niggas (what) LOX niggas (what) And Made Men niggas (what)

[Sheek] Run in the truck, hit the dashboard, turn on the lights (uh huh) I hit the switch twice, some shit come out (what, what) Descendin' your life, we use revolvers, no shells Who the fuck gon' tell? If for the big crews, I let my shit go Parat-a-tat-atat at y'all fairies Watch, I make a POW like the World Series is won I told y'all about fucking with son Steady my guns, from the biggest to the littlest ones .22 behind the ear and the big shit that we kill deers with Be on the roof, on some Dead President shit Long scope, barrel open to the public, I love it Fuck it! I hafta take a rifle home and hug it Whatcha know about that, love? Black gloves No back up, only this vest Only these teffs, only these lefts Fishermen knives that cut in your chest If I get jerked, it's like on nigga in the Army fuck up The whole squad gon' do pushups til somebody page me But instead of calesthetics, y'all gon' push up daisies You crazy?

Now, what the fuck was y'all thinkin?

I leave your body where your boys be at for a weekend Niggas comin outta the store like what the fuck is that stink, bitch?

[Made Men]

Word, I stay strapped with the Platinum gat I stay raps over hangman tracks And make hot wax, nigga, with the Lox cats Bad Boys and Made Men matinee mayhem We'll leave you all tied and shot up at the Days Inn Sprayin' rounds in you from heavy level caliber My calicos, automatically mechanical Botanical Garden, douja, fuck a sergeant with my folder

Roll like Red October over Small Soldier You're flack-jacking, won't react when I splat shit Your domes gon' patch it off my laser beam gadget Steal your bitch like a base in a game of baseball And don't sweat, lookin' for heat, I can't wait to face y'all

If my names carved out, y'all niggas gon' fall outta position

Cuz punk MC in this light snitchin'

Get hung from third tier, in your underwear Pour lighter fluid in your hair, spart it up for the New Year With eight pounds of Heavy Metal like a rock star Twin Barettas, I owe vendettas, postions locked down I'm with the Lox now, you better play your block now My gat, in average, slay a thousand, a major league I make ya bleed, my aim's bueno, we play no Gamed with you niggas cuz you small pressed (small pressed) I clap you in your ballway, rup you for all your riches

I clap you in your hallway, run you for all your riches While bums fucking all your bitches

I played it back, press playback, you know that My team wanna hear that

They blood thirsty, certainly kill those who hunt me My Made Men worthy, putting slugs through your derby (yeah)

Benzito make you fanito (what)

You're all done (what)

Don't trust a nigga in the back while you ridin' shotgun

I get you wild criminal, skill to kill when the beat spill Spark into a windmill, cold hearted- feel the chill In a nationally known, nationally recognized Locally accepted from my peeps on the streets Cuz they know I rap it Don't get caught in the path of something that is Man Made

Something Hell raised, breed, twisted niggas sideways It's wild all over, they startin' out young

The shells come and Hell come, they kickin' dust from (dust from)

The South's dirty dirty, up North is filthy The East is a jungle, the West is wild Feel me?

So, I spit the hot shit like glock clips symphian You feelin' and receivin' what the expression of other in Jesus got the strength of 20 men high off the Henn Got no other way to live my life but to live it in sin (in sin)

Cuz Rosemary's baby got the Devil within (got the Devil) I make it hot when you wanna blow the spot Say when, or say Lox and Made Men, nigga

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