

Bos Stef

"Family Ties"

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[Verse 1 - 40 Cal.]

Y'all niggaz down on ya hard luck
You must be takin' bird baths we can all see you're
washed up
See we the shower posse, throw you in the dodge trunk
Treat you like a large blunt and smoke you in ya Von
Dutch
You think you live real, Its realer here
Niggaz'll cut ya arm mail it to ya mom as a souvenir
We smack niggaz like the dvd
And say 40 ain't the sickest nigga rappin' since Easy-E
I'm too strong for you, you need to go to GNC
You're like 14 days too weak for me (two week)
Look, I blow easily, beat emcee's repeatedly
Your mouth is where this heat'll be, I just did it recently
I'm the best ain't no bargainin' B
The way I son rappers, you'll be the new Father MC
But my truck is why the haters hate
They think I'm drivin' attention cuz it comes wit deep
dishes and paper plates
I'm in ya hood, sparkin' at ya peephole
You can ask Suge all the hardest rappers he know
Started at a c-note, bargain at the kilo's
Now my pockets like I took the Carter after Nino
Car jackin' steelo, pull up next to ya whip
Wether snub or the club it's consecutive hits
Dissin' niggaz in the yard doin' eleven to clip
And Wreck Rock and Dipset doin' sets to the Dips, Holla

[Verse 2 - Cam'Ron]

From the back of the cop ride, the black on black black,
when we cop rides
I will not hide, Hi Ma, Hot thighs, dick on her nose now
she's cock eyed
From whippin'up bacon rolls to outside whippin the
bacon rolls
Saniyah Lathan knows, I rakin' but makin dough
Eighty holes in ya shirt, there's ya own Jamaican
clothes
I ain't talkin to pokano's, I'm talkin to aspens the slopes
we go

You get the okie do, play me baby I hope he know
We break noses, call 'em baby Pinocchio
I hold wit wit blue mittens, two pigeons, what the fuck
are yooou pitchin?
One house, Two kitchens, who's bitchin'
I'll bring the diesel, won't see the Fu-Schnickens
And I don't trust a hoe, that's mother to baby mother
motherfucker, you look like a lady lover
I'll touch slap her, dap her, plus clap her
Tell her drink cum, get drunk, its nutcracker
And it's well known, that Rell's home
Yep, hit E.T. up on the cell phone
Ask ya family thighs, and my family rise
Call the network Dipset, Family Ties

[Verse 3 - Hell Rell]

I got niggaz that's locked up in Attica El Mara
Up in the mess hall, tellin' niggaz that Rell's fire
Smack ya pops, sell coke to ya mother
And my weed's the color purple like Oprah and Glover
And fam tell me how you gettin extorted by Tom, Dick
and Harry
And all them niggaz is gay Tom kissin' Harry
I got proper work if you wanna cop some work
Diamonds in the ring the color of Papa Smurf
Dipset worldwide now you haters kno us
Beaver bedspreads, alligator sofas
Range candy paint, Now or Later rovers
Go to sleep so high I don't know how I wake up sober
Went from livin' in the hungry ghetto
To white girls sayin wow, what a lovely bezel
Diamonds in there, yummy yellow
You just another funky, haters wanna snub and pump
me
And Pataki wanna lock me up and double bunk me
Get on my feet wit the hard white a couple junkies
I know I'm a piece of shit but my mother loves me
Kill you take my ass to another country
Fuck New York get my coke from another country
Got Africans that's comin to America
With the best dope thats comin' to America
And yo own man's don't acknowledge yo G
Cuz you ain't wanna go to war like Muhammad Ali
Dipset, bitch..

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